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GERMANY,

FROM 1760 TO 1814;

OR,

Sketches of German Life,

FROM THE DECAY OF THE EMPIRE TO THE EXPULSION OF THE FRENCH.

14219

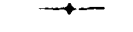
BY

MRS. AUSTIN.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1854.

PRINTED BY
JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR, LITTLE QUEEN STREET,
LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON.

PREFACE.



The materials out of which this little book is chiefly made are as follows.

Three Articles which appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review,' in the years 1842, 1844, and 1847, respectively; together with some part of an Article, on the Life of Steffens, printed in the 'British and Foreign Review' in 1841; and lastly, a fourth unpublished Article, suggested by the third, and intended as a sequel to it. I had long ago been compelled by illness to lay it aside, and had nearly forgotten its existence, when the appearance of several new and important works relating to the period of which I had intended to speak, made me think that such an account of them as I could give might not be wholly unwelcome to the English public.

It then occurred to me to consider these trifles as a sort of whole; connected together by slight and irregular links, it is true, but still pervaded by one predominant interest, and tending to one important point,—the influence of the social and domestic life of a nation on the great collective life called its History, and, on the other hand, the effect of the political character and fortunes of a nation on the lives and characters of individuals.

These are considerations of so high and serious a nature, that I should have shrunk from any attempt to deal with them, had it been proposed to me in the outset. But they grew out of my subject; I was led into them by imperceptible degrees, and I now find myself—not without some alarm—far beyond the modest limits I had originally prescribed to myself. Yet, as will be seen by those who have the patience to go to the end of my solemn and eventful story, I have, as much as possible, kept to my calling of translator; and, at the risk of wearying them with extracts and quotations, have secured myself behind the welcome defence of inverted commas.

It is probable that by putting all these bits of ore into the crucible, and casting them into one sym-

metrical mould, I might have made a more readable book, and one which I might with greater show of justice call my own. But I have an unconquerable prejudice in favour of the genuine and authentic; I have no ambition to call original what must in fact be borrowed; and in the choice of many an eloquent and touching passage I have, I confess, been led, not only by the matter, but by the form. I have indulged myself in what I may call the dilettantism of a translator.

I quote chiefly from Autobiographies. Their value, even to the historian, is more and more appreciated; and for one whose sole aim is to give glimpses of the internal life of a people, they are the only sources to which to repair. Till within the present century Autobiographies or Mémoires were rare in Germany: she had nothing to oppose to the abundance, variety, and charm of the literature of that kind for which France will ever stand unrivalled. I remember hearing Tieck assert that there is no such thing as an uninteresting autobiography, if it be but tolerably true; and I am inclined to agree with him. Unquestionably this is one of the manifestations of the reigning desire to occupy the attention of the public with the

person of the author; but it is the most unaffected, sincere, and innocent. In novels, poems, travels, note-books, etc., the reader is, in the first place, cheated,—for the work professes to treat of external things, and not of the author's idiosyncrasies; and, secondly, the writer escapes responsibility; he is Janus-headed, and can always turn to the reader his real or his poetical face, as it suits his purpose.

But the fashion of writing autobiographies which has for some time prevailed in Germany is not to be ascribed solely to the garrulous self-display of the age; it has another and a more respectable source. The men are fast moving off the stage of life who have lived through the two greatest revolutions that Germany ever knew,—the revolt against established opinions and tastes which dates from the youth of Goethe, and the revolt against foreign domination and internal misgovernment, which may be regarded as a consequence of the former. The few remaining actors in these scenes have lived through times which can never return: they have seen the subjugation and the deliverance of their country; and we cannot wonder if they are reluctant to leave the world without recording every link by which their indi-

vidual existence was connected with the great life which developed itself with so much energy and with such important results.

As a further apology for venturing on so grave a subject as the War of Liberation, I must add, that it was impossible to live in Germany, and in intimate intercourse with Germans, many of whom had acted and suffered in that war, so long as I did, without catching some of the enthusiasm with which they spoke of it. And accordingly, during my residence at Berlin in the winter of 1842–43, I read everything I could find on that subject, and listened with unwearied interest to the conversation of those who had shared in the ruin and the restoration of Prussia.

In other parts of Germany, though the subject was less prominent than in Prussia, allusions to the "French times" were of continual recurrence; and thus the dismal picture of a conquered people was filled up by what I gathered in the South.

In retracing these scenes, I have been surrounded by those sadly-pleasing ghosts of the Past, which people the solitude of one to whom the Present can hardly be said to exist; and words which I heard

long ago have come back to me with such vivacity that I have not been always able to resist the temptation of recording them. Few, alas! of the persons I have ventured to quote are living to receive my apologies. Those few will, I trust, if they know of my offence, forgive me. They must remember that they, and such as they, inspired me with the strong affection for their country, the deep interest in her past fortunes, and the indestructible confidence in her future greatness, which have found an imperfect utterance in these pages.

My German readers, if I have any, will doubtless find many errors in them; they will find no wilful perversions, and I have had too much experience of their indulgence to fear that it will be withheld from me now.

I know that it may be objected that the splendid display of patriotism herein exhibited led to a very incomplete result, and that the remarkable constellation of men who had rescued their country, were incapable of giving to it a government such as its heroic sacrifices had deserved. There cannot be a more instructive proof that courage and honesty, united to the highest intellectual power and culture,

do not suffice to qualify men for political action. The Germans had been too long confined to the domain of speculation, which is beset by no obstacles, and circumscribed by no limits, to be fit for the combined action in which a man finds himself hedged in on every side by limitations, and compelled to innumerable concessions; and in which that object so mortifying to human pride, some qualified and possible good, is all that can be attained.

Even now the Genial is too much the national idol; and a more dangerous presiding deity of statesmen can hardly be imagined. To its worshipers, perseverance in a definite course is "Starrheit" (rigidity), and a concentration of the views on certain fixed and practicable objects, narrowness. The mixture of violence and feebleness, of boundless pretensions and pitiable short-comings, to which 1848 gave birth, showed but too clearly that the propensity to blind imitation, and the utter disdain of the Possible, which characterized Germany formerly, were not yet extinct. Change of habits, especially habits of thought, is a slow operation; but the manly spirits and high intelligences of Germany will assuredly in time devote themselves to the practical service

of their Country, and secure to her a government worthy of men who freed themselves from a foreign yoke.

I have expressed in the text, but I am anxious to repeat, my earnest hope that the pictures of a conquering army and a foreign domination which make up a considerable part of my fourth chapter, may not be thought to be given in any spirit of hostility to the French people. Fortunately I cannot now be suspected of pandering to national antipathy, since that has given place to more rational and generous sentiments; and if I had written under the guidance of personal feelings, I could have expressed no other than the admiration, attachment, and gratitude, inspired by my own knowledge and experience of France. It happens that, in the great Drama before us, the corrupting part of conqueror and irresponsible master is the one in which we view the French. That part no people has ever acted without exhibiting the worst qualities of our nature. The display of these qualities was never made on a wider scale, nor on a more lofty stage, than in the subjugation of Germany; but we have only to look to the conduct of the English (till within the last thirty

years) in Ireland, or the conduct of the Austrians in Italy, to see that no people can occupy such a position without incurring the hatred of the subjugated, and the severest disapprobation of all good men.

In disclaiming all antipathy to the French, however, I have not the least intention of disclaiming the utmost aversion to the man who made that high-spirited and amiable people

"His instruments of death and tools of war;"

who flattered all the worst, and stifled all the best parts of their nature, and turned their marvellous talents and aptitudes into channels immediately destructive to others, and permanently injurious to themselves. A country so ruled and so occupied as France was during the reign of Napoleon, is drained of the political ability and vigour which render a nation the firm and temperate mistress of her own fate, the maker and maintainer of her own institutions.

I cannot help quoting the remarkable words which cheered the constant and prophetic spirit of a German patriot in the darkest period of his country's ruin:—"Rapta, sed trepida manu obtinentur sceptra; omnis in ferro salus est. Quod civibus tenetur

invitis solummodo strictus tuetur ensis. Ubi non adest pudor, neque cura juris, nec pietas fidesque, haud stabile regnum est*."

S. A.

Weybridge, May 30, 1854.

* Seneca. Written by Count Münster in the margin of his Memoirs, in 1806.

GERMANY,

AT THE

CLOSE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THE authors of the works which gave occasion to the following pages* were, in their day, among the most popular female novel-writers of Germany, and some of their productions are still held in estimation. Madame Schopenhauer also published travels in France, Belgium, and England, and a little work of some merit on old German art, entitled 'Van Eyck and his Contemporaries.'

* *Jugendleben und Wanderbilder.* Von JOHANNA SCHOPENHAUER. (Recollections of my Youth and Wanderings. By JOHANNA SCHOPENHAUER.) 2 vols. Brunswick, 1839.

Zeitbilder—Wien in der letzten Hälfte des Achtzehnten Jahrhunderts. Von CAROLINE PICHLER. (Sketches of Bygone Times—Vienna in the Latter Half of the Eighteenth Century. By CAROLINE PICHLER.) Vienna, 1839.

This lady's life was a varied and eventful one. It was her lot to live through, and partly to witness, some of the greatest events and the most portentous changes of modern times. Her infancy was troubled by the dismay spread through her native city by the dismemberment of Poland. Then came the American war, which excited such intense sympathy throughout Europe, and stirred up that spirit by which it is still agitated. Her first visit to Paris was during the mutterings of the storm which soon burst over France. She was present at Versailles the last time Louis XVI. and his unfortunate Queen were permitted to celebrate the Fête de St. Louis. She saw the last gleam of their setting sun. She lived for some years in Hamburg, whence, after the death of her husband, she removed to Weimar. She had not been there a fortnight when the battle of Jena fell like a thunderbolt upon Germany. She has left a circumstantial and lively account of the scenes of which she was an eyewitness at that terrible moment. At Weimar she lived in the closest intimacy with Goethe; and her house was the resort of the eminent persons who were attracted to that remarkable court.

Unfortunately, from the year 1789, the whole of this eventful history exists only in brief notes and frag-

ments. At the age of seventy-two she sat down to put her 'Recollections' into regular form and order; but she had got little beyond the period of her early marriage, when her hand was stopped by a sudden but placid death. The last incident recorded in them is the arrival, at Danzig, of the news of the destruction of the Bastille. Her daughter*, upon whom devolved the duty of publishing these Memoirs, chose rather to give them in their fragmentary form, than to fill up the chasms from her own knowledge of her mother's history; and though such a work could never fall into more competent hands, we admire the good taste which influenced her decision. She has added nothing but the few words absolutely necessary to explain the circumstances under which the book was given to the world.

Madame Pichler's work also consists of Reminiscences. True, however, to her vocation as a novel-writer, she has strung her amusing 'Sketches' of the society of Vienna at the end of the last century, on a thread of story. This detracts from the air of truth which they would otherwise have; while, as the story itself is of the feeblest texture, it adds nothing to the

* Since the above was written Adèle Schopenhauer has followed her mother to the grave. What she has left in writing gives no idea of the acuteness and originality of her conversation, nor of the extent of her acquirements.

interest. The scenes she describes lose the character of a report of an eyewitness, which is the greatest merit such a work can possess. Madame Pichler is inferior to her northern contemporary in many respects, but especially in the candour which ought to preside over all comparisons of different ages or countries. She is more prejudiced in favour of the 'good old times,' and more apt to lament over the degeneracy of modern manners.

It is, doubtless, extremely difficult to compare the amount of the changes wrought in the aspect of society in any given periods or lapses of time; since the mutations which lie nearest to us are far more obvious and distinct than those which blend in the vapoury distance behind us. Perhaps, therefore, every generation of men that has walked the earth has thought, as we do, that never were the traces of former things so quickly effaced; never were the thoughts and habits, the works and ways of men subjected to so complete and rapid a change as during the period embraced by their own memory, or transmitted to them with almost the distinctness and vivacity of actual observation, by the lips of their parents or other immediate predecessors on the high road of life. Few inquiries can, we think, be more attractive than that here suggested; in the first place, as to the

facts; in the second, as to the causes which retard or accelerate such changes, or affect their nature for good or for evil. To those who believe in the gradual progress of the human race, and in the possibility of eradicating some of the errors and prejudices most pregnant with evil, it is one of the most profoundly interesting: to those of a different way of thinking, or to the still greater number who do not think at all, it is one of the most amusing. We are therefore extremely grateful to the aged who, before they quit the world, will take the trouble to tell us how it looked when they opened their eyes upon it; especially if they write in a cheerful, ungrudging, and unprejudiced spirit, which does not discolour the present, because the eyes that behold it are dim with age.

It appears to us that this is a service which women are especially fitted and called upon to perform. They are gifted with the delicacy of tact which enables them to seize the shades of character, and to recognize the outward indications of what is passing within; and this peculiarity of their organization is kept in perpetual exercise by the necessities of their subordinate and dependent position.

Society is so much the province of women, that it seems as if they were the natural and proper historians

of its changes,—changes on which so much of their own happiness depends. Like other historians, too, (deserving of the name,) their business would be not only to record, but to analyse, to compare, to philosophize; to trace results to their causes; to try with an impartial judgement the great cause of the Present and the Past, and to endeavour from the decision to arrive at some guiding principles for the Future.

Perhaps few of the labours of the historian would be more valuable to the cause of human progress. Indeed such researches lead us to the very heart of the great question, what *is* progress? and till that is satisfactorily settled, all other questions are uninteresting, blank, and objectless. For what does it signify, that in such an age, this or that country was the most powerful, this or that family enthroned, or in obscurity? What avail territorial divisions, military successes, or even political institutions and physical discoveries, if the heart of man is not at peace in his home; if he is enslaved by the tyranny of custom; if his childhood is embittered by needless harshness, or prematurely worn out by more pernicious excitement? if woman have no hold on any but the lower appetites or the despotic tempers of men, and is the spoiled and exacting plaything,

the useless and fretful clog, or the timid, servile drudge of her master? if the high and the low live as enemies? if, in short, life is saddened, or poisoned at its core, and dissatisfaction with what is, gnaws at the heart of almost all classes of human beings?

It is certain that there have been epochs in which men seemed little disposed to question Providence, or that human providence called Government, as to the measure of suffering allotted to them. They bore it as they might; with the sort of acquiescence in the Inevitable, which results from absence of thought, or with the better resignation inspired by faith. There have been other epochs in which the hopes of men were high, and they thought they beheld the dawn of a new and brighter day. Such, pre-eminently, was the period just preceding the French Revolution. There have been epochs in which, on the contrary, doubt, dissatisfaction, scorn, and despondency were rife: such, indeed, have naturally followed on the former. Men had cheated themselves with sanguine dreams, were angry at their self-inflicted disappointment, or too impatient at their tardy and partial success, even to admit its existence. All these great moral and intellectual revolutions are reflected by the incidents of social life, as from the thousand faces of a prism; the school, the road, the ball-room,

the theatre, nay the very centre and penetralia of domestic life, are coloured by the prevailing tone.

The two works before us, with some others to which we shall occasionally refer, will enable us, we hope, to lay before our readers some curious and amusing details illustrative of the tone of thought and social phenomena of Germany towards the end of the last century.

The progress made by England in what the French call material civilization,—in all that conduces to the splendour, comfort, and convenience of physical life,—has been so much more rapid than that of the nations of the Continent, that fewer remains of the domestic life of the last century are to be found among us than among any other people. Less than half a century has totally changed the habits of our middle classes. In Germany, where the change is much more recent and partial, an Englishman is still continually reminded of the customs and the traditions of his childhood, especially if that childhood was passed in a provincial town. In the more remote parts, we find a state of civilization which we have been accustomed to regard as past for ever*. The observant and reflecting traveller meets, with a kind

* The reader will bear in mind that this was written ten years ago. Though still to a great extent true, it is daily becoming less so.

of delighted recognition, some custom, some saying; some implement, dress, or viand—perhaps some sentiment or opinion, for these, too, have their day—of which he has heard his parents talk with the fond recollection of early years. He finds the garment for which his mother's hoards were ransacked; and which, once the dress of the higher classes, is now become the distinctive costume of a retired peasantry not yet infected with the rage for imitation. He will hear with surprise the traditions of his paternal house, and the sayings of his ancient nurse. In one district, he will find the undoubting simple faith of his forefathers; in another, the feudal attachment to the immediate lord, or the blind and affectionate loyalty to the hereditary ruler, for which he must look through a long vista of centuries at home. In this or that free city, he will see the coarse substantial comfort, and the strict adherence to the manners and pleasures of his class, which once characterized our citizen. He will see in operation what to him is extinct, and will be able, in some degree, to estimate what society has gained or lost by the change.

It would not be easy to point out a field in which so rich a harvest of curious and amusing traditions of this sort might still be gleaned, as in the Free Imperial cities of Germany. Their political importance

is gone, or at least changed; but there are vestiges enough remaining to show what they once were. We have often wondered that, in learned and industrious Germany, no one has undertaken a history of these remarkable communities,—exhibiting their quaint customs, as well as their political and municipal institutions. To particularize only two of these cities, —Köln, whose Roman origin and ecclesiastical government form two curious *substrata* to its strongly-marked burgher character and its sturdy democratic spirit; and Nürnberg, the younger sister of Venice, whose institutions she copied, as far as national differences would permit, and whose Geschlechter (*gentes*, or patrician families) affected to tread in the footsteps of the merchant princes of the south.

In the former city are to be found the descendants of the sturdy *bourgeoisie* which once drove out the nobles, and (good Catholics as they were) would not allow their sovereign Archbishop to sleep within their walls, still carrying on a quiet but dogged contest with the Rhineland aristocracy. The democratical spirit, partly transmitted to them by their ancestors, partly, no doubt, the result of their contact with France, has probably led the more ignorant writers of that country into their confident mistakes, as to the love of the people for French domination.

Many curious proofs of the force and tenacity of the municipal character might be found in Köln. And in social life, while the wealthier citizens enjoy their well-stored tables and joyous amusements, without the smallest desire to intrude themselves into the ranks of the nobles*; while they retain much of the coarse joviality and sturdy independence of their forefathers, the people have not lost their southern taste for out-of-door shows and amusements, their singular talent for decoration, their hearty familiar manners, or their jocular temper. Köln was one example, among many, of the old saying, "Unter dem Krummstab ist gut wohnen"—(It is good living under the Crozier.)

And indeed the government of the Ecclesiastical Electors was liberty itself compared to that of the civic oligarchy of Nürnberg. This was so oppressive and arrogant, that the tempest which swept it away, together with crowns and diadems, was hailed as a

* In England, classes are so blended, and the shades which divide them are so imperceptible, that we have lost all notion of the pride of the citizen as distinguished from, and opposed to, that of the noble. But in Köln I found it still living. I knew a case in which a brilliant and unexceptionable offer of marriage was refused by a girl of high mercantile race, solely on the ground that the suitor was noble. Her parents did not coerce her; but she thought, as they did, that it was lowering the dignity of the class to which she belonged, to match out of it.

deliverer. The traveller, who stands amazed before the matchless treasures of art with which the patrician families encircled their city; who looks at the gorgeous windows placed by the piety of the Hallers, the Behcims, the Tuchers, the Löffelholzers, and the Holzschuhers, in her beautiful churches; who sees himself surrounded on every side by traces of their antiquity, their munificence, and their taste, feels the melancholy with which fallen glory inspires every generous mind. There is an exquisite portrait of one of the Holzschuher family, painted by Albrecht Dürer in 1526, which, by the courtesy of the present head of that most ancient house, is shown to strangers. When we stood before it, and thought that then—more than three centuries ago—the Holzschuhers were already a time-honoured race; that, in the year 1291, Herdegen Holzschuher was elected to the seat in the Senate or Supreme Council, which his descendants, in unbroken line, filled down to the dissolution of the Germanic Empire; when we turned over the vellum pages containing the effigies and armorial illustrations of these potent and reverend Councillors, we fell unwittingly into a fit of veneration for purity and antiquity of descent, unworthy of Englishmen, justly proud of the mixed blood and confused heraldry of their own aristocracy. We were ready to do homage to the modest

and blooming daughter of the ancient race, who with simple courtesy placed this authentic record of a long line of ancestors before us, as to a princess of high and august lineage.

But the smallest inquiry into the condition of the people under this oligarchy soon dissipates all sentimental regrets. No sympathy with the fallen fortunes of individuals can prevent our rejoicing in the overthrow of a tyranny the more intolerable from its proximity. We have heard an aged Nürnberger contrast the haughtiness and *morgue* of his former masters, who never suffered their servants to address them without the magnificent title of 'Hochfreiherrlicher Herr,' with the plain habits and easy manners of their present Sovereign. It reminded us of the *naïf* wonder expressed by Madame Schopenhauer, then fresh from her free city, and full of republican pride, at seeing the young reigning Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin take out a flower-girl to dance in the public walks at Pyrmont. "What," exclaims she, "would the Danzigers say if their reigning Bürgermeister were to demean himself so in public?"

In later times, arbitrary and rapacious exactions were added to the insolent domination of the hereditary senate of Nürnberg. It had no hold on the popular sympathies, and its fall is spoken of without

regret. In Nürnberg, therefore, we must seek not so much the peculiar stamp impressed on the popular character, as the recollections connected with its picturesque streets, and with the domestic habits of its inhabitants. How strongly does every house bear the stamp of an opulent merchant city, as distinguished from the feudal aspect of Prague or Ratisbon! How distinctly do we trace the impression which Italy, then the queen of commerce, the nurse of municipal independence, had left on the minds of these travelled burghers! We have seen a curious letter addressed by the patrician citizens of Nürnberg to the senators of Venice, requesting a copy of the regulations of an orphan institution, which they were ambitious to imitate. Time and change have swept away both these bodies,—the loftier with a ruder and a more desolating storm, the humbler by a gradual decay. Retired from the trade which gave them all their importance, unacknowledged by the old territorial aristocracy, and disliked by the present new race of traders for their pretensions to birth and rank, the few remains of the ancient Geschlechter are become, as a Nürnberger said to us, "neither fish nor flesh," and share the nullity which attends all pretensions, the basis of which is wanting or decayed.

But customs long survive those who institute them.

In the magnificent church of St. Lawrence may yet be seen massive carved oaken chairs, bearing the symbols of the trades or guilds of the city. In each of these sits, on a Sunday, a sworn master (*Meister*) of the trade; before him stands a plate, on which are deposited the alms of the congregation. After service, each Master carries his contribution into the vestry. This is a curious relic of the *Zunftwesen* (guild-system) which we have never seen noticed. If such are the things which strike a passing stranger, what might not be told by old inhabitants of the city? what might not be discovered by an inquirer who united knowledge and patience with a love for antiquity,—imagination enough to seize the local colour, with fidelity enough to render it exactly? There is no time to lose. The French Revolution, which levelled to the dust all the tottering edifices of the Middle Ages, already dates half a century back, and the living chronicles of what remained of antiquity are fast dropping into the grave. "Any one," says Madame Pichler, speaking of Vienna, "who had gone to sleep in 1790 and waked again in 1838, might have thought himself transported into another planet; so thoroughly is everything altered,—from the greatest to the least, from the most intimate to the most superficial."

We are indebted to Madame Schopenhauer for a

very lively and distinct picture of one of the Hanse towns, while it still retained its ancient form of commercial prosperity and its municipal franchises and its primitive manners. "We brush the walls with our petticoats as we read," said a clever German lady to us of Goethe's descriptions of Frankfort in the last century. This is no less true of the unpretending little book before us. In many respects, Danzig may doubtless be taken as a sample of the class to which it belonged; though each of those interesting cities was strongly marked with a character of its own.

The institutions, customs, and manners of these great and ancient types of trading cities are peculiarly interesting to an Englishman, who can compare them with those which not long since existed in his own country. The civic life of England, as such, is extinct. Municipal institutions remain, but the pomp, pride, and circumstance that surrounded them are gone. What is more, the spirit that inspired them is extinct. Civic honours are become nearly ridiculous, and civic customs have lost their significance. In London indeed the Lord Mayor's show is kept up—as a show; but in other corporate towns many antique and traditional pageants, and peculiar customs, have been abolished.

Who that saw a Norwich guild twenty years ago, does not remember *Snap?*—as necessary an appendage to the mayor as his gold chain—the delight and terror of children, the true representative of the dragon slain by St. George, patron of the city. The monster used to be borne, like a barbarian monarch in a Roman triumph, at the heels of the civic power, opening its wide and menacing jaws, with no more felonious intent, indeed, than the reception of the halfpence which it was the touchstone of infant courage to put into that blood-red and fearful gulf. These gifts were the perquisites of the inner man, the *spiritus rector*, who walked under the scaly hide, flourished the long forked tail, and pulled the string which moved the dreadful head and jaws. The religious significancy of *Snap* had been lost for ages. The protestant and prosaic people saw in him nothing but a child's toy; the enlightened thought such toys absurd and disgusting—and he is no more. With him are gone the Whifflers, the last depositories of an art so long forgotten beyond the walls of the venerable city, that commentators on Shakspeare were at a loss for the meaning of the word. Their gay dress of blue and red silk, the wondrous evolutions of the glittering swords which they whirled in the faces of the half frightened crowd, tossed into the air and caught with

astonishing dexterity—all are gone. The office and art of whiffler was hereditary. The last whiffler is dead and has left no heir, the office is abolished, the art extinct.

These things had become shadows, and like shadows they have departed. But an equal and more important change has taken place in the social and domestic character of our provincial towns. They are all now imitations of the capital: there is no originality, no escape from the eternal repetition of men and things, the "*ewige Einerlei.*" Fifty years ago, manners in London differed essentially from those in country towns, and those again from each other. The relations of the different classes of society to each other were still more different. In the old manufacturing cities, there was a regular burgher aristocracy, connected for generations with the staple and permanent manufacture of the place;—men of substance and credit, to whom the lower classes looked up with deference. They filled the civic offices, and never relinquished the honoured title of "Mr. Justice," which the highest of these offices conferred. The young men of such families were sent to some correspondent in Germany, Holland, or Italy, to "learn the languages," and to see other forms of commercial life. Their return to their paternal city was an

event. They were the travelled beaux who imported foreign airs and foreign fashions. They dressed and danced and wore their swords with the newest grace. But they soon settled down into the habits of their fathers, and, in one city we have heard of, might be seen every day at noon sitting in a row on a low church-wall opposite to a noted tavern, taking a glass of sherry "as a whet," and discussing the politics of the greater or smaller state.

The more we go back to the recollections of what we heard in our childhood from our fathers, the nearer do we approach to the manners of Germany; in many respects, to those of the present day,—in more, to those existing at the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century in that country. The Germans are generally unaware of the existence of such resemblances. They take their idea of England solely from what they have read of London, or from the falsest of all guides, novels. It has often happened to us, when describing the early hours, the simple methodical habits, and the primitive domestic festivities of English country towns half a century ago, to be interrupted with a general exclamation, "But it is not England that you are describing?" Fortunately, or unfortunately, for her, Germany is embarked on the same stream with our-

selves, and will be hurried along by the same current; but there are many causes which will render her progress less rapid than ours, and we may for years continue to find, especially in her remoter districts, traces of former times which have long been effaced at home.

The similarity we speak of is, of course, subject to large deductions for national character and peculiarities. Thus, on comparing the domestic life of the two countries, we remark that the ties of blood had a force in Germany, which they had lost, or never possessed, in this country, unless indeed we include Scotland in our retrospect. We do not make the comparison to the disadvantage of England. The obligations of kindred have been made a pretext, often a justification, for as many base and unjust acts as any set of motives whatsoever. The morality of women has especially been contracted and perverted by it. With an ordinary mother, as with a thorough-going sectarian, all means are good that lead to the desired end—the prosperity or fancied happiness of her children. There is no immorality like that which is practised with a quiet, nay with a complacent conscience; and the permanent interests of mankind are thus often sacrificed to the "duty of providing for one's family."

Heinrich Steffens*, who was nearly a contemporary of Madame Schopenhauer, has some remarks on the decline of this clan-morality, which are worthy of notice. Speaking of a friend of his father, he says, "He belonged to a class of men who were more common in the last century, and in the quiet orderly habits of life which then prevailed, than now. Even distant relations held together. Classes, trades, families segregated themselves from the mass; and it was thought fair and reasonable, nay even a duty, for each of these separate sets or bodies to strive to gain an advantage for itself. It cannot be said that the State (*or, as we should say, the public*) was designedly cheated by this system: it hardly could be said to exist, nobody thought of it, for even the rulers of nations were mainly moved by their personal interests. Frederic the Great shone forth in the character of a true king; Joseph II. tried to imitate him; but these examples were rare. An honest and active man who had to provide for a large family might therefore very well regard it as his duty to gain every advantage he could for all the members of it, near and remote. The most determined nepotism had become a principle."

* Was ich erlebte. Aus der Erinnerung niedergeschrieben. Von Heinrich Steffens. Breslau, 1840.

The deference paid, externally at least, to parents or heads of families, was certainly greater, even in England, a century ago than it is now. We ourselves can recollect the daughters of a country gentleman of old family, who never entered or left the room in which their mother was sitting without a low curtsey at the door. But we believe at no time was it comparable to that exacted in some other countries. The universal spirit of freedom, the independent manners of our public schools, the wide range for enterprise presented by our insular position and colonies, rendered it impossible to enforce such authority over young men; while the peculiar construction of our aristocracy, by annihilating the rules of equal-blooded (*ebenbürtig*) alliances, placed marriage upon a totally different footing from that on which it rested (and to a certain extent still rests) in France and Germany; and conferred upon both sexes a freedom and independence of choice and action in the most momentous event of their lives, which naturally reacted upon their whole character.

As an illustration of the patriarchal authority exercised in Germany even within the nineteenth century, we shall give our readers a Danzig scene, described to us by an eyewitness*. "Not more than a

* Adèle Schopenhauer. *Vide* p. 3.

quarter of a century ago," said she, "there existed in every principal family of that city a family tribunal (*Familiengericht*), to which every member was amenable, and over which the head of the family presided. When a young girl, I accompanied my mother on a visit to the city of her fathers, and was taken to be introduced to this awful assembly. We went in full dress, and found the old man of eighty seated in the *Grossvaterstuhl** at the top of the room, and the other members arranged in a semicircle on either side, according to age and precedence. I was presented by my mother, and welcomed as one of themselves, though a stranger. I made my obeisance, and we took our seats. Shortly after, two very young men of the family were called up by the patriarch, and, in presence of the whole company, severely reprimanded for some misdemeanour—I think it was getting into debt. They stood perfectly abashed, and pale as death. Their parents sat by, scarcely less so, but not daring to interpose a word in their behalf. The rebuke ended, they were dismissed." Does not this appear more like a scene in the tent of an Arab

* Grandfather's-chair,—*Easy*-chairs were unknown. The only sort of arm-chair was called *Grossvaterstuhl*, and was exclusively reserved for the dignity and the feebleness of age. Even now, this name is commonly applied to easy-chairs, which are lamentably rare in Germany.

Sheik, than in the house of an inhabitant of a great trading city in our own days? But if such was the influence of the idea of kindred over the minds of citizens, what might it be expected to be over those of noble descent? In some of the noble families of Germany, we have heard, something like it still exists; and, in cases of *mésalliance*, a man is sometimes compelled to change his name, and to relinquish his claim to be considered a member of the family.

But the dire restraints and obligations imposed by noble blood; the degree to which individual character, tastes, and affections are sacrificed to the preserving of its current pure and unmingled; the advantages and disadvantages of an aristocracy of mere birth, with whom the people can never mix and never sympathize—having no root in the inferior classes, and no independent political power; as compared with those of our own mixed-blooded, wealthy, and puissant aristocracy, growing out of the people, and sending down its younger branches again into the parent earth to seek strength and sustenance;—these are matters too weighty to be discussed here.

Madame Schopenhauer introduces her "Recollections" in the following passage:—

"A somewhat weary traveller, but still with fresh

feelings and a vigorous enjoyment of life, I stand on the height overlooking the last stage of my journey. Once more I look back on the long road I have traversed; on the lovely valleys in which I have wandered; on the rugged and thorny paths through which I have struggled; and though the retrospect awakens a mingled feeling of joy and sorrow, I am well content, on the whole, to have arrived so far on my way.

"Sixty or seventy years ago, before there was even a talk of *chaussées* or railroads, life glided or crept on as slowly and quietly as the traveller's carriage through the deep sands of north Germany: after enduring a few inevitable jolts, one arrived, half-asleep, at the goal prescribed to all. In the real as well as the figurative sense, how utterly is everything changed, during the period in which the larger half of my existence has fallen! Life, as well as travelling, goes on with threefold rapidity. . . . Whether the travellers will have as much to tell on their return home, as their more slow-moving predecessors, is doubtful: it is at least to be hoped that they cannot bring back less information than most of the English tourists who now crowd the highways.

"To narrate! the favourite amusement of age! And why not? 'That every fool nowadays has his own

history to tell, is not one of the smallest plagues of these evil times,' sighed Goethe once, when he was condemned to listen to the long stories of a worthy person; and this has made me deliberate; but it is easier to lay down a dull book than to turn a tiresome talker out of your house."

The venerable reciter probably thought, as we do, that Goethe's lament did not apply to a lively and faithful record of events and objects, but to the effusions of restless vanity—the confessions of what nobody is interested in hearing, or ought to hear—with which the public is now so often regaled.

"Since the sullen peace which succeeded the Seven Years' War," she continues, "my life has fallen in most eventful times. From the revolt of the Americans in 1775, to this present 22d of January, 1837, on which the acquittal of Prince Louis Bonaparte is the latest piece of news, I have had ample time and opportunity to observe what is worthy not only to be remembered, but recorded. I will try then to sketch, with slight but accurate touches, a portrait of the times in and with which I have lived,—those venerable times, whose manners and usages now appear to lie as far behind us as if they were divided from us by centuries. I will give the truth, the pure truth, without any admixture of fiction; but I shall not trouble

the reader with the details of my own life, which can interest only the few who are attached to me. I shall spare the world the history of my love affairs (*Herzens-Angelegenheiten*). To affirm that I have had none, were as useless as it were silly—for who would believe me?" It was as usual, as the old song says,—

> "Ä bisserl Liäb un ä bisserl Treu,
> Un ä bisserl Falschheit war och mit dabei."

Johanna Troziener, such was her maiden name, was born in the year 1766, on the shores of the Baltic, in the then free city of Danzig, of which her father was an eminent merchant. The portraits of her father and mother, and their two faithful servants, Adam and Kasche, are drawn with great vivacity, though in few words. We quote the following passage for the sake of one remark in it:—"My father," says she, "was a man of violent temper, but a certain oldfashioned gallantry to the sex prevented his ever forgetting himself in his behaviour towards my mother. This feeling is now so completely out of fashion, that my readers will hardly understand what I mean by it. It extended even to us, his daughters." If ever that sort of deferential courtesy to women, as women, which went under the name of gallantry, and was formerly a distinguishing mark of the breeding of a gentleman, was common in Germany, the change

is certainly as great as Madame Schopenhauer represents it. It has greatly declined, even in its birthplace, France. In England, if there is but little of this shadow of chivalry remaining, it has been succeeded, among cultivated people, by an easy and equal tone of intercourse; implying, perhaps, a profounder and more flattering sort of respect than the generous consideration for weakness which lies at the bottom of the old gallantry. Men of sense and learning in England talk to women without altering the matter or manner of their conversation—(supposing always, of course, that their hearers have sense and taste enough to relish such conversation); without any of the *ménagemens* or the trivial compliments which imply such profound and almost unconscious contempt for their understandings. From what we have seen, and from the tone of German literature, it does not appear to us that the women of Germany are treated either with the refined politeness of a former age in France, or with the tone of frank, respectful equality—the civility neither of condescension nor adoration—which characterizes the best society in England.

On this subject we find the following passage in the autobiography of Frederic Jacobs*. He was ap-

* Personalien. Von Fried. Jacobs. Leipzig, 1840.

pointed teacher in the Gymnasium at Gotha, in 1785, and his remarks apply to that period.

"At that time, social life had a totally different aspect. The fashion of clubs was in its infancy, and women were not driven to seek amusement and conversation by themselves. Besides a weekly assemblage of the principal families in the town, there were frequent little parties in the houses of the middle classes, to which the youth of both sexes were invited. Every age and each sex found its account in them. The old played cards; the young amused themselves with music or dancing; new dramatic works were often read aloud; proverbs or little plays were acted. The tone in these little parties was at once polite and lively. The young men gave themselves the trouble to converse agreeably with the women, who, on their side, were willing listeners. That there was a good deal of falling in love, follows of course; but the eye of the mother watched over her daughter, and the salutary constraint thus imposed on both parties heightened the charm of their intercourse, and gave rise to connections less rapidly formed, but more enduring, than those which we now witness."

Where such a separation of the sexes, as Jacobs deplores, takes place, it is evident either that the men

are impatient, or incapable, of the decorum and courtesy imposed by female society; or that the women are impatient, or incapable, of such conversation as alone can or ought to interest men;—or perhaps both are true. In either case, good manners and good conversation cannot exist. The reciprocal endeavour of either sex to recommend itself to the higher tastes and qualities of the other, is, we believe, the fine, but safe and powerful spring of really good (*i. e.* refined and enlightened) society.

We find in Steffens's description of his boyhood in Denmark a remarkable confirmation of this statement of Jacobs.

"The school-life of that time was very favourable to study. Primitive simplicity of manners still prevailed among the middle classes, luxury was wholly excluded from domestic life; clubs had but just risen into existence, and were few and humble; private societies consisted always of both sexes, and were enlivened by conversation, moderate play, and often, reading; social intercourse was unconstrained, but decorous, and far removed from that indolent, slouching ease, which, together with the indispensable tobacco-pipe, has scared away women. School-boys were not admitted into such societies, and as there were no other amusements, they were the fonder of

school, where alone they found companions. Up to my seventeenth year, when I left school, I recollect no such diversions as the youth of the present day are accustomed to. My acquaintance was confined to a few friends; my pleasures consisted in conversation with them, and my highest enjoyment was a walk with some of them to a neighbouring wood, where the fruit we carried with us allayed our hunger, and a fresh spring under the trees quenched our thirst. We never thought of entering an inn or coffee-house."

We shall have occasion to revert to the subject of the sparing use of excitement at the time we are speaking of. The constant administration of stimulants, which now begins from the cradle, is one of the most striking features of the days in which we live.

Madame Schopenhauer describes her mother's education as "that of her time. A few *Polonaises* on the harpsichord, a song or two accompanied by herself, and reading and writing sufficient for domestic use, formed the sum of her learning. Till the appearance of 'Sophia's Journey from Memel to Saxony,' she had read very little but Gellert's writings; indeed his 'Swedish Countess,' of most tiresome memory, was the only novel she had read."

Steffens says, that 'Sophia's Journey from Memel

to Saxony' (the very title carries the mind back to the days when steam and railroads were not) excited a great deal of attention in his childhood, and adds:—

"When we compare those times with the present, it is indeed striking how slender were the means the writer had to employ in order to interest and charm the reader; it is equally remarkable how long such simple novels retained the reputation they had once acquired. Subsequently, the stimulants which it was necessary to apply, in order to make an impression, were gradually made stronger and stronger, but, in the same proportion, they lost their effect. The more the feelings are wrought upon, the more quickly are they blunted; till now, spite of the use of the most violent expedients, the book is no sooner read than it is forgotten."

In all the memoirs of the age to which we refer we trace the influence of English literature on Germany. Richardson's novels produced a vast impression. It is impossible to take up a book referring to this period, in which they are not mentioned. Steffens (born 1773) says "they flooded not only Germany but Denmark," and ascribes to them a marked increase in the refinement of the women*. Unhappily, however, they gave birth to that odious race of sentimental

* We think we remember a remark of Niebuhr's to the same effect.

novels, which for a long time were believed in England to form the standard literature of Germany. It is worth while to undergo the tedium and disgust of reading one or two of the most celebrated of them, as indications of a certain state of popular taste and feeling, which, though no longer existing, has left but too perceptible traces in the national character and literature. There is an admirable critique of Jacobi's 'Woldemar,' by Frederic Schlegel, which we recommend to any reader who is inclined to know more of this form of mental disease. We shall have occasion to speak more of it hereafter.

Among the philosophical and poetical influences which determined the direction of his mind, Steffens mentions the writers of our own country who seem to have formed the *obligé* English reading of all Germans of that age, as Byron and Bulwer do of this: the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' the 'Sentimental Journey,' Young's 'Night Thoughts,' and, above all, Shakspeare. English novels still form a great part of the reading of German young ladies: the reason alleged is, that they are the only ones fit for girls to read. We are very sensible to the compliment paid to the purer taste and morality of our country; but we must be permitted to question whether the knowledge of English, so generally diffused in Germany, might not

be turned to better account. Nor are the best of our novels those which enjoy most popularity, or are most extensively known. We have been frequently surprised and mortified to witness the enthusiasm for English works which appeared to us the most questionable in taste or in tendency; while the names of Inchbald, Austen, Ferriar, and others, who have drawn such delicate and faithful pictures of English life, were entirely unknown*.

When we spoke of the slow pace at which change proceeds in Germany, we ought certainly to have excepted all that regards literature. Who that takes up a half-yearly Leipzig Catalogue, would believe that the men are yet living who remember the state of things which Madame Schopenhauer alludes to? Who that goes into a German reading-room, and sees the innumerable Journals—the *Blätter*—Leaves, count-

* Since this was written the character of English novels has undergone a remarkable and not very agreeable change. I remember recommending a very powerful and painful modern novel to a German friend,—one who had lived in an atmosphere of refined criticism. "The novel is very clever," she wrote, "but oh, how different from the charming, graceful, cheerful novels that used to come to us from England! What has happened to your society, that it can furnish or relish such painful views of life?" Formerly, indeed, a novel afforded refreshment for the weary spirit, repose for the over-wrought brain, relief from the hard and sad realities of life. The appearance of one of Scott's novels was hailed as the birth of a new solace and joy to the world. The entertainment now very commonly presented

less as those that "strew the brooks in Vallombrosa," would believe that, in the year 1788, "the meagre blotting-paper journals of the capitals appeared," as C. J. Weber tells us, "at the utmost three times a week? The 'Reichs Postreiter' (Courier of the Empire) was a sort of luxury for the higher classes; as the 'Journal de Leyde,' published in French, was for statesmen and politicians. The reading public were obliged to wait with eager impatience for a number (*Heft*) of Schlötzer's 'Staats Anzeigen' and 'Briefwechsel' (Public Advertiser, and Correspondence or Newsletter), or for a new volume of 'Nicolai's Travels,' in order to enjoy the delight of a little gossip, home or foreign."

Madame Schopenhauer gives us a minute description of her father's household, which is extremely vivid and touching. Kasche, the Polish nurse-maid,

to us consists either of scenes in the Folterkammer—the Rack-chamber—of human life, researches into the dark and dirty corners of our nature, or polemics on political and social questions, disguised under the form, and carried on with the unscrupulous exaggeration, of fiction. In spite of the vast talent, and the very surprising acquaintance with the unlovely secrets of our poor nature, which many of these novels display, and of the good intentions manifest in others, one cannot but deplore such degrading and unfair uses of Art. There are moral diseases and deformities which it is the painful duty of humanity to explore, and of science to describe; but it is the glorious prerogative of Art to ignore them; it is her beneficent mission to carry our thoughts into purer and higher regions.

her songs, her simple lessons of piety, and her devoted attachment to the family of which she felt herself an integral member; Adam, the "Maître Jacques" of the household, to whom everything was confided, and who provided everything, "even to the fat ox, which, according to universal custom, was bought and slaughtered in autumn for a winter store," are living pictures of old-world fidelity. Adam understood and humoured the infirmities of his master's temper: he dealt with them as we do with the faults of those we love, when parting is out of the question; they never occurred to him as a reason for leaving the house to which he entirely belonged. "Adam," says our author, "was the only one in the house that understood the art of doing everything as my father liked; in return, he now and then ventured to speak a word, but never impertinently, and soon retreated within proper limits. 'Our master is mad,' soliloquized Adam once, as he retreated from a storm which he had suffered to burst over his head in silence. 'What do you say, Adam?' said my father, whom Adam did not see so near him. Adam almost sank on his knees with terror, but not a word more passed. They behaved as if nothing had happened." The group is completed by the no less faithful, but somewhat ludi-

crous Moser, the clerk, a genuine "Nürnberger Pürger," with his love for politics and his talent for story-telling; thrice happy when he could exhibit himself on holidays "in his grass-green coat embroidered with gold, his bag-wig, huge rings, and paste buckles, covering the whole front of the shoe." Such was the household in which our authoress was born and grew up; for we need scarcely say that with these excellent people there was no thought of change. They took root in the soil where they had been planted, and shared, in the fullest sense, the life and fortunes of their masters.

There is perhaps no department of social life in which manners have undergone a more complete revolution throughout Europe than in the relation between master and servant. At the time which Madame Schopenhauer treats of, the old feudal feeling, which formed a tie wholly independent of personal qualities, and had pervaded the whole of society, was not yet extinct; indeed it survived to a much later period in the very city she describes*.

* Mdlle. Schopenhauer told me that she paid a visit to Danzig long after her mother had quitted it, and was attended while there by a Polish woman, who had formerly been in the service of her family. On her return from balls and parties she invariably found this woman, at whatever hour, standing in the open entrance to the house, with a lantern in her hand, ready to light her mistress up the stairs. It was in the depth of a most severe winter,

Even we ourselves can look back on a few venerable specimens of this extinct race; one especially, in the love and reverence of whom we were nurtured. He had been rendered completely independent of his former masters; but nothing could have tempted him to call his best friends by any other name than that, or

and the cold in that northern latitude was hardly endurable. Mdlle. Schopenhauer expostulated with her, and desired that she would not persist in giving her such painful proofs of devotion. So far from being grateful for the consideration which prompted this command, she looked hurt, and said, "I hope I don't now want to be taught my duty. I might have fallen asleep upstairs. At any rate you would have had to wait while I came down." Mdlle. Schopenhauer said she was persuaded the devoted creature would have died there without the smallest idea of having been hardly treated. I shall scarcely be suspected of regarding this as a desirable, or a tolerable, state of things; but, human infirmity being what it is, it is quite certain that a connection of any kind which is to last only until one of the parties has cause to be displeased with the other, will not last long. In the case of children, nature has generally provided in the parental relation a store of love which is proof against defects and disgusts: and where this is wanting, law and public opinion afford security against caprice. In the conjugal relation, human institution and divine command come in aid of our impatience, our restless hopes, and exaggerated expectations, and relieve us from the burden of a liberty too heavy for man to bear. But as matters now stand, what is the bond between master and servant?—a relation so obnoxious to all the chances of passing disgusts. Here, as in so many of the relations of human society, we are in a state of transition. The acquiescence in a certain amount of evil, which was produced by authority and tradition, no longer exists; and, as yet, the acquiescence which must in time result from reason, and from an accurate estimate of the evils attendant on every condition of human existence, is not attained.

to consider himself as less belonging to them. With what reverential love were those words pronounced which many now regard as badges of slavery and humiliation! How were all the turbulent and troublesome visits of "my young masters" hailed as a favour; the little cupboard of gilded books and toys (the store which for twenty years delighted and amused successive generations of children) was opened; the old dog, humble, peaceful, and contented as his master, was called in to be tormented or caressed, or accompanied the good old man when the children were permitted to take a walk with him, "out of the gates." We see him now, with the neat brown coat and breeches, the grey stockings and silver buckles in the shoes, and the close brown wig, come in to wish joy at "my young mistress's" wedding, and made, with infinite struggles, to sit down and drink a glass of wine, with tearful eyes, and wishes, the sincerity of which no one doubted. We hear his affectionate welcome to the first grandchild carried to see him, and his tranquil moralizing on the rapid passage of time. We see his woe-stricken face at his beloved master's sufferings, contrasting in the most touching manner with the patience with which he bore his own. We look back upon the contented monotony of his blameless, peaceful life, almost every joy or sorrow of which

was drawn from a source entirely beyond the sphere of his own personal interests;—and we ask ourselves, where are the successors of such men, or what have we better and happier in their place?

The inquiry into the causes which unite or disunite the various classes of society, always one of the most interesting in the world, has now assumed a fearful importance. On the satisfactory solution of it rests the sole chance of stability to the social fabric. It is evident that the bonds are most relaxed, and yet are felt to be most galling, in the most advanced countries; and that impatience of all restraint and of all superiority, so far from increasing in the ratio of the severity of the restraint, or the degree of the superiority, is precisely inverted. The sentiment of *belonging to another human being,* in any sense, or from any cause, seems to be becoming more and more intolerable, and personal independence to be esteemed the most indispensable of all possessions. This sentiment lies at the root of a vast proportion of modern literature. Whether it be in favour of human happiness or not, is a great and weighty question. Without pretending to resolve it, we must admit that, in shaking off the ties and obligations which bound them to others, men virtually renounce the claims which correlate to those obligations, and can, with no sem-

blance of justice, expect protection or help, where they refuse obedience and duty. Thus, women who desire to be freed from the marital authority, must be content to bear an equal share of the ruder conflict with life, and can put forward no claim to marital protection. Thus children who emancipate themselves from the parental authority, have no right to complain if they no longer receive parental care and support; and servants to whom the feeling of belonging to one particular household and master is intolerable, can hardly look for maintenance or affection when their years of activity and usefulness are over. Every connection between servant and master, workman and employer, is then a mere contract *ad hoc*, and neither party can claim anything beyond his bond. As no expectations are either raised or entertained of a provision for old age, to be made by the employer, the servant has nothing to look to but his own providence, or his own rapacity, for an escape from want; and in the latter case, there begins that struggle which, in one shape or other, is now the curse of domestic life. The forms it takes are endless. While London servants are suborned by tradesmen, by whom they are corrupted and whom they corrupt; and while London masters and mistresses, "for quiet's sake," shut their eyes to their own loss and their servants' immorality, German ladies are

locking up the bread and butter, counting the lumps of sugar, and serving out "*portions*" to their households. It is difficult to say which state of things is the worst, or has the most depraving effect on the characters of all concerned. Where anything of the old feeling of *belonging to a family* subsists, we generally find the old respect for the master's property, as the common fund out of which all were to be maintained in youth and age, sickness and health.

We are not advocating this or that state of manners; we are only stating the fact. It is no doubt an evil, that one human being of mature age and intellect should be dependent on the will of another, and we have no doubt that the relaxation of this bond is a necessary step in the progress of mankind. But nothing is gained by treating it as an unqualified good, or by attempting to underrate the vast evils attendant on the present dislocation of society. A return to the former constitution being simply impossible, even were it desirable, the only reasonable course now is to try to regulate the use of independence; to substitute for obedience to an individual, obedience to law and morality; for attachments to a family, benevolent dispositions towards society; for narrow views of self-interest as connected with the interests of a few, an enlarged and enlightened consciousness of the

remote but permanent and inseparable community of interests which God has established among his creatures; but which is overlooked by their blindness, and thwarted by their perversity.

It is certain that the benefits by which those who exerted power and imposed constraint, sought to indemnify the subject and the submissive for their loss of independence, were often demoralizing to both. If the authority of parents and heads of families was more willingly recognized, on the other hand, the inferior members were conceived to have claims for help and support as against the community, utterly inconsistent with good public morality.

But we must return to Madame Schopenhauer and to her native Danzig.

Every city may be viewed as, in some sort, an expression of the character, wants, and tastes of its builders, and of the state of society amidst which it arose; and the peculiar character it has received it reflects back again on those born within its precincts. Even in England a native of Exeter or of Ely is very distinguishable from a native of Brighton or of Birmingham. How much more is this true of the cities of Germany, which retain so many of their ancient characteristics! "I had read," says Immermann, "Emperor Otho's Charter, granted in the year 940,

for founding the city of Magdeburg. I saw his statue on horseback, with the crown on his head, the sceptre in his hand, and the imperial mantle on his shoulders, standing in the old market. I heard that all the roads were measured from that statue; and I knew that the fishwives who stand there in rows with their tubs and paniers, decorate the pedestal with May on the Saturday before Whitsuntide, and serve a breakfast to the imperial effigy. I saw him lie in white marble by the side of his Editha, in the choir of the cathedral. These local sympathies grew up in the heart of the child with the very sight of familiar objects. Each city had its individual history and its individual affections*."

Madame Schopenhauer might well be attached to the striking and peculiar scene of her childhood. "The main streets of Danzig," she says, "are much wider than those in any other old town. Two or even three carriages might pass abreast between the houses, and yet leave room for a commodious foot-path; yet the actual room for passage is so small, that the most experienced coachmen can hardly avoid collision, and the foot-passengers have enough to do to escape with whole limbs. The flights of

* Memorabilien von Karl Immermann. 3 Bände. Hamburg, 1840–43.

steps before all the houses, of which those in Hamburg or Lübeck are but the shadow of a shade, are the cause of this strange appearance. I know not how to convey an idea of these singular *propylæa*, which give to the northern city something of a southern character, and in which, during my childhood, a great part of the household business was carried on, with an openness incredible now, almost as publicly as in the street. They are not balconies; I might almost call them spacious terraces, paved with large stones, and extending along the front of the house, with broad easy steps to the street, from which they are separated by a stone parapet. These terraces are divided from each other by a wall four or five feet high. The most capricious of all rulers, fashion, has taken so many despised things under her protection, under the name of *rococo*,—may it please her to watch over the Danzig steps! She will hardly find a more *grandiose* piece of *rococo*. And what an incomparable play-place! So safe, so convenient! close under the eye of the sewing or knitting mother, yet secure from scoldings for making a noise."

But before we proceed with our author's series of sketches, we must say a word of her education. It is but too true that we are nearly in the dark as to the degree to which the character of the man may be de-

termined by the systematic training of the child; or what are the class of impressions which may be calculated upon *with certainty*, as leading to given results. Education has hitherto been little better than tentative; nor can it be denied, that if unremitting watchfulness seems to have been favourable to some, others, who have been left nearly to themselves to work out the great problems of life, have shown a passion for knowledge and a steadiness of virtue which it is perhaps impossible by any extrinsic means to inspire. Such being the obscurity which hangs about this most important of all questions, we hail every accurate register of the events and impressions of a childhood, as an important contribution to the data on which any effective system of education can be built. It was Madame Schopenhauer's singular good fortune to be educated chiefly by men, under the eye of her mother;—a conjunction of influences the most likely to produce pure, sound affections, and a cultivated reason. To this was added another privilege, now become extremely rare—access to books "above her years." Children who are confined to the society of children, and to the reading of children's books, can hardly be other than intellectually and morally stunted, if not deformed. The great interests of humanity are never mentioned in their presence. History, wholly disconnected

from the present, is to them a mere "lesson." Their world lies within the walls of the nursery and the school-room, and is entirely factitious; the real life of man never reaches them in any form. Our little heroine, on the contrary, lived with her parents and their friends, and saw from her infancy the real and earnest side of human things. At seven years old she received the first shock of that great public calamity and public wrong, effects of which may be traced through her whole history.

One morning she was surprised by an unwonted bustle in her father's house and in the streets, and alarmed at the consternation which marked every face. "'Sit still, dress your doll prettily, and give her her breakfast, but make no noise,' said Kasche, leading my sister and me to our play-corner. 'Kasche, dear Kasche, we will be as still as mice; but do tell us what is the matter, I am so afraid.' 'Matter enough! but you children don't understand it. The Prussians are come in the night,—so be good children,' added Kasche, and left us. Had she said a lion is come, a tiger, a bear, I should have connected some idea with it,—but the Prussians! I understood not what she meant; but this only increased my fear."

Such were our author's recollections of the day

which commenced the ruin of her paternal city—the destruction at once of its municipal freedom and its commercial prosperity; the day of the investment of the immediate neighbourhood of Danzig by the troops of the great Frederic.

The impression which this event left on her infant mind was never effaced. We shall presently see the traces of it in her choice of books, her sentiments and opinions; it almost seems to have determined her choice of a husband.

In the numerous German Memoirs, Reminiscences, etc., in which we have sought for information, we are struck with unanimity on one point,—the mighty impression made on all minds by the American war. This event seems to have startled Europe to its remotest bounds and its obscurest recesses. All these writers, however distant the places of their birth, however different the circumstances under which they lived, refer to this as one of the most vivid and indelible impressions of their childhood. What Goethe says of it must be familiar to many of our readers. He, however, was a native of a great and much-frequented commercial city: but in the remote and tranquil seclusion of the small town of Norway inhabited by Steffens, or (as we learn from Madame Pichler) even in the gay, contented, and loyal Vienna, the

hearts of men were stirred with strange hopes and lofty aspirations for their race. We must not stop to ask how these have been fulfilled, in the land whither freedom and justice were to retreat from oppressed and corrupted Europe. To those who estimate human progress by miles of railroad and bales of cotton, or by rapid increase of territory and population, the result is probably satisfactory; but those who wish to retain any hope of the emancipation of mankind from the tyranny of base prejudices and evil passions, —of their elevation above sordid and short-sighted interests,—their obedience to justice, reason, honour, and humanity, must look forward into more distant regions and into a remoter futurity. If a people neither coerced by foreign domination nor by internal tyranny, neither cramped by nature nor stinted by fortune, can attain to no higher moral development than that which America now exhibits, whither is the philanthropist to look, or what are the circumstances which will justify his hopes*? Unfortunately, when individuals or nations are regarded as the representative of principles, their crimes or vices dishonour not only themselves but those principles; and it is thus the reign of fraud in America, like the reign of

* This was written at the moment when the non-payment of debts had just been consecrated as a principle in the United States, under the now familiar name of Repudiation.

terror in France, puts weapons into the hands of the enemies of free institutions, and reduces their champions to silence, if not to despair.

"My father," says Steffens, "loved conversation, and when he returned from his patients he was generally in the best humour, and very communicative to us children; thus we became acquainted with the most important military events which set Europe in a stir; —the consequences of the American war, the war in the Mediterranean, the events in the island of Majorca, the remarkable siege of Gibraltar, the enormous armaments of the French, and the gallant defence of the rock by Elliot, were among the earliest scenes of war which excited the interest of the boy. I was also fully acquainted with the causes and objects of the American war, and took the liveliest interest in a people which struggled so bravely for its freedom. Washington and Franklin stood preeminent among the great men of that time. There were few young men of spirit in our peaceful land who were not attached to the American cause, and my sympathy was stimulated, if not first excited, by my father's opinions. When we consider the character of this war,—by which the lighted spark was thrown, not only into France, but into all the nations of the civilized world,—it is not uninteresting to ob-

serve how that spark was silently tended in the tranquil bosoms of the families of remote and peaceful lands, and how the earliest and most vivid conceptions of children blended their own destiny with the future fates of Europe. I have still a lively recollection of the day on which the treaty of peace, which announced the victory of struggling freedom, was celebrated in Helsingör and in the roadstead. It was a beautiful day; the roads were filled with the vessels of all nations, and among them, some ships of war. In a state of the most eager excitement we watched for the break of morning; the ships were all dressed; the long streamers and pennants fluttered in the breeze, and the masts were covered with flags. This unusual decoration, the thunder of the ships of war, and even of every merchant-vessel that had a few guns, the joyous crews that crowded the decks, made it a festival to us all. My father had invited a few guests. The triumph of the Americans, the cause of popular freedom, was eagerly discussed, and a sort of presentiment of the great events which were to proceed from this triumph floated before the minds of the party. It was the lovely and cheerful dawn of the bloody day of history.

"My father tried to explain to us clearly the significancy of this day of rejoicing; and while the pro-

sperity of the new republic was drunk, the Danish and American flags were hoisted together in our garden. We made a bonfire, had our glasses filled with punch, and were allowed to hurrah as loud as our elders, which delighted us not a little."

In Madame Schopenhauer's ninth year, we find her listening, in like manner, with intense interest to all the details of the American war, which had just broken out. "Washington and his associates," says she, "were my heroes, and rivalled Mucius Scævola and Cincinnatus in my affections." With the latter she had become acquainted in a translation of Rollin, which she read by stealth in corners, "often in the wood-loft under the roof. Four thick octavo volumes! With what ardour, with what indescribable interest, did I read them, and read them again, and, as a particular treat, turn to my favourite passages*!" The

* We remember hearing an Englishwoman of the last generation, whose intellectual qualities were only inferior to her moral (if indeed we can separate what had the same stamp of energy, justness, and greatness) say, that the earliest book she remembered being interested in was Rapin's 'History of England.' Her sister, two or three years older than herself, read it to her aloud: it was their free, unbidden choice. We imagine the two little girls seated on low stools, the elder with the huge folio on her knees, the younger in all the radiant beauty of a golden-haired English child, with her doll in her arms, listening with fixed attention, and day after day following the driest of historians through his ponderous work. Exquisite and true picture, which we commend to any painter who could conceive

successor and rival of Rollin was what she truly calls, "the incomparable *Contes de ma Mère l'Oie;*—a shabby little book, printed on coarse grey paper, the clumsy German translation by the side of the original, and, prefixed to every story, a little print." "What a treasure was this! Bluebeard, as he was there depicted, seizing his wife by her hair, with a sword in his hand twice as long as himself; the discreet Finetta, the charming Cinderella—how did they all enchant me! Above all, Puss in Boots, in honour of whom the whole volume was christened the Cat-book, shared my heart with the heroes of Rome."

Compare the vivacity of these impressions, the awakening of the curiosity, the judgement, the ima-

it! he will find no living models for it. In this case, not only an intellect and a character of the highest order were developed, but a style of writing and speaking distinguished for vernacular purity, clearness, and precision, was formed, by the mere access to a library, composed of the classics of the English language: nothing else came in her way. She was taught little (which, with an over-estimate of what she did not possess, she always unduly regretted), nor was she either commanded or forbidden to read anything. She had much to do, and little external excitement; it was presumed that reading must be her pleasure, and her father possessed no trash. We have quoted an individual case, because we happen to know it intimately; but we have had an insight, less near, but still sufficient to corroborate this, into several others, especially among women. Nearly all those we have known, who rose much above the average of their sex, had pretty nearly a similar mental training, or rather growth.—*From an article on Children's Books* (British and Foreign Review, No. XXXIII.) *from the same hand.*

gination, and the affections, with the effects produced by the lifeless skeletons called abridgments; or by the mawkish stories of the unnatural puppets called good boys and girls. We once heard Tieck say that he never would suffer a child's book to come into his house while his children were young. Without joining in this absolute proscription, we must confess that, as the sole food of growing minds, they appear to us meagre and enfeebling.

As this is one of the most important points on which the present age is at issue with the past, our readers will forgive us for quoting one or two examples of the kind of reading which formed the best minds of Germany in the last generation. "At that time," says Goethe, speaking of his childhood, "there were no so-called children's books. The old writers had childlike ways of thinking, and found it easy and agreeable to communicate what they knew to their posterity. With the exception of the 'Orbis Pictus' of Amos Comenius, no books of the kind came in our way; but the great folio Bible, with prints by Merian, was frequently turned over. Gothfried's 'Chronicle,' with engravings by the same master, taught us the most remarkable incidents of history; and the 'Acerra Philologica' contained all sorts of fables, mythologies, and wonders."

To these succeeded Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' Fénélon's 'Télémaque,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and Anson's Voyages; and lastly, that exhaustless mine of entertainment contained in the *Volksbücher* (People's Books), the great manufactory of which was at Frankfort; where countless editions, printed on the coarsest blotting-paper, supplied the never-ceasing demand. "We children," continues Goethe, "had thus the happiness of daily finding these precious remains of the Middle Ages on an old book-stall, and of becoming possessors of them for a few kreutzers. The Eulen-spiegel, the Four Sons of Aymon, the Fair Melusina, Emperor Octavian, the beautiful Magelone, Fortunatus, etc., the whole tribe, town to the Wandering Jew, were at our command, whenever we preferred them to cakes and sweetmeats. The great advantage was, that when one was fairly worn out, it could be bought again, and again devoured*."

Jacobs was born fifteen years after Goethe; but habits and ways of thinking had undergone no perceptible change in that quiet period:—"The absence of external excitement," says he in his 'Personalia,' "rendered the instruction we received, however scanty, more fruitful than the more ample and varied intellectual food set before a palate palled with excite-

* Aus meinem Leben. Erster Theil.

ment. Our course of instruction was extremely meagre; but as we had little or nothing else to do, as no amusements presented themselves, and the vivacity of youth required occupation, *ennui* itself drove us to labour. We found our stimulus in my father's little library, which contained the best poets of that time. We read what came in our way, and imitated it. We described nature like Kleist and Zacharïa, wrote idylls like Gessner, and travels and adventures, the great difficulty in which was, to find names. As Busching's ponderous geography filled us with awe, we undertook a description of the globe ourselves, and began it, I know not why, with Turkey; perhaps because, to the childish imagination, the strange is always the most attractive*."

Steffens tells us that his father's library consisted chiefly of medical books and of a few of the older German poets. An old botanical work in folio, with rude woodcuts, seems to have had the greatest attraction for him, and to have fostered his taste for natural history; while passages from Saxo Grammaticus, given in all their *naïf* details, in a long and tiresome history of Denmark, filled his imagination with those minute and vivid pictures which alone can render history either interesting or intelligible to

* Jacobs' 'Personalien.'

children. Like almost all children who have been remarkable for any superior intelligence in after-life, he was left to choose the intellectual food which suited his mental appetite and digestion. "Luckily," says he, "boys at school were not at that time so overloaded with lessons as to have no free action of their choice. . . . I had leisure for much that interested me, and the silent enjoyment which this afforded me, when, in these days of unspoiled childhood, nature and history and religion filled my mind, rendered the two years I spent at Roeshilde among the richest of my life." The following passage contains a remark very much at variance with the received plans, but which we believe to be profoundly true and very important. Speaking of his solitary tastes and studies, he adds—"One amusement I shared with my brothers. Richardson's novels, and still more 'Tom Jones,' interested us extremely. Tom was our favourite. *Whatever there is dangerous in the book we were not old enough to be hurt by.*"

If it were possible to prohibit the reading of any books of doubtful tendency till the season of youth were over, it might perhaps be better to do so; but since that is impossible, and since the emancipation from the strict supervision of childhood coincides with the first tumultuous awakening of the

passions, it may well be doubted whether it is prudent to reserve the whole force of such influences to the age at which they are the most dangerous.

Whatever were the defects of the education of that time, it had many advantages. The minds of children had then much freer play than now, and were allowed to develope themselves according to their individual nature. If, by this treatment, the more sluggish never attained to any development at all, on the other hand, those which contained a strong principle of life acquired a vigour and originality which seems to become daily more and more rare.

But let us turn from the effect of books to the still more powerful and important influence of living men. The most interesting portrait in Madame Schopenhauer's book, is that of her neighbour and friend Dr. Jameson, the minister of the English colony or factory which had long been settled at Danzig. He was a native of Scotland, and, we conclude, a member of the Scottish church. This is not explained; probably, in those less polemical days, this did not occur to the English who invited him over, as an objection. We scarcely remember to have read a more touching picture of evangelical simplicity and benevolence than that which our author draws of her early friend. We contemplate it with a just, at least a pardonable

pride in our countryman,—a pride which we never conceal when such characters come in the way of our notice. His humble, blameless life—his simplicity and truth—his warm, active pity for every pain and every distress—his love for children, occasionally dashed by a tinge of no less gentle melancholy, the trace, as it seemed, of some early and secret wound—his enthusiasm for all that could enlighten and ennoble the human race—his truly Christian piety and charity, were well fitted to draw all hearts to the service of Him whose minister he was. In this lovely and venerable form did religion first appear to the opening eyes of the little girl. He was the next-door neighbour of her parents.

"Kasche," she says, "carried me out on our terrace one bright morning for the first time, to show the new comer to our reverend neighbour; he took me, with a pleased smile, in his arms, and this moment seemed to bind him more closely to my family.

"As I grew up, Dr. Jameson was my teacher, my guide, my counsellor: he watched over my young soul, and never left me till the day when another received, together with my hand, the charge of my guidance and well-being."

Her regular tutor, Kuschel, was a sort of youthful Parson Adams; uniting perfect simplicity and pro-

bity, a warm heart, kindly temper, and unpretending merit, to singular awkwardness and ignorance of the world. Like the greater part of the clergy of the Lutheran Church at the present day, he was the son of parents in humble life. He was the sole support of a widowed mother. The sequel of his history is one of those noiseless tragedies which are but too frequent among men of his character and class. At an early age he sank under toil and privation, deferred hopes and exhausted powers; the afflicting end of many a blameless, joyless life like his.

The evils incident to studious poverty in all ages, were much aggravated by the austere discipline which then prevailed in the Lutheran Church.

"The dress of the candidates for holy orders was entirely black, with the exception of the bands which marked their calling. A *calotte* of black velvet, about the size of a dollar, on the crown of a curled and powdered periwig, also a badge of sanctity, and a narrow cloak, half covering the back and reaching to the ground, which the wearer was bound to gather up in graceful folds when he walked along the streets; such was the dress enjoined by the dreaded head of our church, the very reverend Dr. Heller. These young divines must have trusted to the inward glow of faith for a defence against the cold, which often

reached twenty degrees of Réaumur; for great-coat or fur-mantle were not to be thought of. Woe to the unhappy candidate who was caught beyond the bounds of his own four walls in any other habit than the one prescribed! All hope of a living was lost to him for ever; for Dr. Heller regarded such an offence as equal to the most abominable heresy. Not only the candidates but the officiating preachers, and even their wives and daughters, were forbidden to go to plays, concerts, or any other public amusements. The utmost they dared venture on was a modest game of ombre, and that only among friends, and under the strictest seal of secresy."

This rigid discipline is, we believe, no more to be found. The reverence for "the cloth," as Parson Adams called it, has also declined; and individuals are now everywhere tried pretty much according to their individual merits, real or supposed. A great deal of the altered feeling towards the protestant clergy may perhaps be ascribed to the polemical character of our times. The clergy are now regarded as a sort of spiritual athletes, whose business it is to interest and excite an audience, and to contend for victory. Their triumphs may secure them admirers and partisans; but they will not, in the long-run, succeed in exciting those sentiments of love and

veneration which involuntarily follow the steps of the man in whose everyday acts the Gospel has a living illustration.

Jacobs says that in his youth the religious opinions of Germany were much what Luther had left them. "The reverence with which the Bible was regarded was in a degree shared by the clergy, who called themselves the servants of God's Word; and, in that character, enjoyed a respect which is constantly on the decline, and which certainly will not be revived by higher stipends and more sounding titles."

"Now, the divisions are endless. The faith of the church and of the school are different; that of the enlightened clergy is another; in every State it varies. While one protestant community is accusing another of heterodoxy, the Church of Rome maintains her steadfast march, and strengthens her ranks with those who, longing after a positive faith, and unable to find it in the confusion of opinions, turn to her, from whom they receive it unquestioned."

It is worthy of observation that this was written seventy years ago.

We have already spoken of the intolerable yoke of a burgher aristocracy—of the *hauteur*, far exceeding that of kings and princes, which rendered the

downfall of the patricians of Nürnberg a triumph to their subject fellow-citizens. There, indeed, the constitution of the city was oligarchical; but it is curious to see how the same temper manifested itself in a city where perfect equality was assumed as the basis of society; and how pride, servility, and worldliness went hand in hand with pharisaical rigour.

"This aristocratical spirit," says Madame Schopenhauer, "bordered on the ludicrous. At every public, and especially at every religious, ceremony, at marriages and christenings, and even at the Holy Supper, before God's altar, it broke forth in a flagrant manner, and gave occasion to the most disgraceful scenes, especially among women.

"On no account could I have been confirmed in public with the other children of the town—this was esteemed proper only for the lower *bourgeoisie*; nor could the minister be invited to perform the ceremony in my father's house, in the presence of my family and intimate friends. This was the practice in the Reformed (*i. e.* Calvinistic) Church, and in our Lutheran city we strove to keep our Lutheran usages unaltered. So willed the still dark spirit of that time; there was not the least conception of the light which has since broken in upon us, and cleared and tranquillized all minds.

"Among other remains of former days which were obstinately adhered to, I may mention the custom of private confession, which was very like that of the Catholic Church. Nobody who had not confessed, could be admitted to the Lord's Supper. The fees derived from this source formed a considerable part of the income of favourite preachers; for every one was at liberty to choose his confessor, without reference to the parish he inhabited. This was not much calculated to promote brotherly love among the clergy.

"With lively emotions of piety I followed my parents on Whitsunday into the *Graumünchen* Church, which was decorated, according to custom, with flowers and fresh May. I was led by my mother, who was equally moved, through the church to the confession-room, commonly called the Comfort-room (*Trostkammer*). A crowd of people of the lower classes were waiting before the door. Many, it was evident, had waited longer than they could well afford, till as many as could find room could be admitted; when they were confessed, admonished, and absolved in a mass, and paid the indispensable confession-fee (*Beichtgroschen*). On our arrival however they were doomed to a new disappointment: they were sent back, and only we three admitted.

Our spiritual guide sat enthroned in a comfortable easy-chair in full canonicals. Kneeling before him, we made our confession. My father had condensed his into a few brief expressive words; my mother had chosen a verse of a spiritual song; and I, a very short one out of Gellert's Odes. The whole was despatched in a few minutes; we then seated ourselves opposite to his reverence, heard an admonition, and were absolved. After a little conversation about wind and weather, the last news, and, above all, polite inquiries about our health respectively, which my father, out of pity for the poor people waiting, cut short, we returned."

Revolted by the indecent precedence given to wealth and station, wearied by the admonition, and somewhat scandalized by the sight of a bottle of wine and glass in the room devoted to ghostly comfort, a lasting shock was given to our heroine's piety, "by the appearance of the ducats which her father secretly, but not unseen, slipped on the table near the reverend divine; and the sidelong glance with which the latter ascertained whether the usual number had received an addition of one, in consequence of her presence, together with the unctuous smile with which he nodded his thanks to her parents."

In spite of the rigid Lutheranism of Danzig, liberty

of conscience was complete. The Roman Catholic religion was not only tolerated, but the monastic orders lived as unmolested in their convents as in a Catholic country. There was also an ecclesiastic of that church, whose presence and functions in a Protestant city presented a singular and unexplained anomaly. He bore the title of the Pope's Official, and was in fact a sort of Nuncio. Not only were Protestants who married within the forbidden degrees obliged to get a dispensation from Rome, but the Official had the power of performing the ceremony of marriage for Catholics or Protestants, without the consent of parents—without license or witnesses—in a little chapel attached to his house; and a marriage so contracted was as valid as any other. This strange privilege remained unimpaired down to the time of the occupation of Danzig. The official lived in the greatest retirement, and was hardly ever seen. Madame Schopenhauer says she never knew anybody who was acquainted with him, and that a sort of mystery hung over his whole existence.

The following Christmas scene is picturesque and touching:—

"Every Christmas-day, three of the Brothers of the order of Mercy, in the black garb of their order, bowing humbly, entered the dining-room, just as we

were assembled for dinner. They brought a quaintly-formed silver plate, on which were a few coloured wafers stamped with a crucifix; and a box filled with snuff, which they prepared from herbs in their convent, and sold for the benefit of the poor.

"My father rose from table, and advanced a few steps to meet them. We children each received a wafer; he took a pinch of snuff out of the box, and laid some money on the plate; the monks bowed again and retired, as they had entered, in silence.

"The whole transaction, during which not a word was spoken, made, probably for that reason, a solemn and at the same time melancholy impression upon me. I was almost ready to cry. I knew that these venerable men lived lives of the greatest privation, received into their convent the sick of whatever faith, even Jews, and carefully nursed them. Adam, who was himself a Catholic, and had been cured by the good fathers in a severe illness, always told us about them after their visit."

It will be a misfortune for the world, if narrowed views of religion on the one hand, and an extravagant abuse of philosophical speculation on the other, should conspire to rob Germany of her fairest and noblest characteristic—one which she will ill exchange for any that she can borrow from her neighbours—a pro-

found and prevailing religious sentiment, united to complete toleration and Christian charity. We have more than once heard even the common people speak with an honest pride of the harmony in which they lived with their neighbours of a different confession. They were evidently conscious that it was a distinction, and justly valued themselves upon possessing it. In a considerable part of North Germany this complete tolerance is combined with a strict adherence to the forms instituted by Luther, and with the more cheerful spirit which distinguishes his church from that of Calvin. Saxony (royal and ducal) naturally retains the strongest impress of the Lutheran character and traditions. There is a great difference, for example, in the manner of observing the festivals of the Church, at Dresden and at Berlin. Nothing can be at once more solemn and more festive than the observance of Christmas-day at Dresden. Soon after midnight you are awakened by the salvos of cannon which announce the great festival. A few hours later, choral music comes floating through the silence and darkness as if from heaven: the choristers of the *Kreuzschule* are singing their beautiful hymns on the outer gallery which surrounds the lofty tower of the *Kreuzkirche*. At daybreak the fine military band parades the principal streets, playing, as a *réveillé*,

the venerable and noble carol which the church of Luther has sung from its infancy—the greeting of the angels to the shepherds:—

"Von Himmel hoch nun komm ich her
Und bringe ihnen neue Mähr."

Soon the huge deep-toned bell of the *Kreuzkirche* swings through the air with its long and harmonious vibrations; and the streets are filled with well-dressed people thronging to the churches. A little later you may see the Catholic monarch of a Lutheran people, with all the members of his house, devoutly joining in the offices of a church which they have no other means of upholding, than by the warm charity of their hearts and the spotless purity of their lives. The whole scene is at once religious, antique, and joyous, and realizes all our conceptions of a Festival of the Christian church.

But the reverence for Luther, and the adherence to the forms which he instituted, are still more unshaken in the country lying on the confines of the Saxon duchies and electoral Hesse. Here he still lives and reigns, in spite of Rationalists or Hegelians, Papists or Pietists. A year or two ago, two travellers stopped to dine at Eisenach, under the very shadow of the Wartburg. While they were at dinner, a choir of scholars, in their long black cloaks, came

under the windows and sang several hymns. The travellers inquired whether it was any particular festival. "No," replied the waiter, "it is an ancient traditional institution established by Dr. Luther (*eine alte herkömmliche Anstalt, von Dr. Martinus, eingerichtet*). We give two dollars and a half a year, and for that the poor scholars must sing twice a week before our house; and for that they receive their learning (*und dafür bekommen sie ihre Studia*)." We are sorry we cannot do justice in English to the *naïf* and formal pedantry of the whole speech. Our esteemed friend the waiter of the *Ruthenkranz* was however mistaken in ascribing the invention of this custom to "Dr. Martinus." That great innovator was far too wise a man to reject any institutions of the church he overthrew which could be useful to that he founded. To him, reared in Catholicism, the School and the Choir were the necessary and inseparable appendages of the Church. He speaks of learning music as a religious duty,—a sentiment which he shared with all the pious founders of cathedrals and religious houses throughout Europe. It was the more fanatical sects of Protestants who brought about the unholy divorce of Religion and Art, which has inflicted such wounds upon both.

Many of the illustrious scholars of Germany earned

their education by this street-singing. Döring, whose edition of Horace was republished in London in 1820, and who was rector of a school at Guben in 1781, complains of having to sing before the doors of the citizens of that town on holidays; but adds, that the fees made up too considerable a part of his salary for him to discontinue the practice.

In a small and thriving town called Ahlfeld, in the country of the whitehaired Catti, whose blood is as unadulterated as their faith, the same travellers stopped at the inn in which the stout-hearted Reformer slept, on his way to the Diet of Worms. It bore, and doubtless still bears, the sign of the Swan, in memory of its illustrious guest, whose name is the Sclavonic word for swan. So our travellers were informed by the host, a most respectable man in manners and appearance, who assured them that the inn had descended to him in a direct line from his ancestor, the host of Luther. He also told them that such was the reverence with which the old house was regarded, that a schoolmaster of Eisenach and all his scholars had walked from that town to see it, and that such pilgrimages were not unfrequent. We see no reason to doubt the statement, which was further attested by the antiquity of the house; we remember certain rafters of a bulk worthy to support

the massive frame of the Reformer. The district in question is a very German, as well as a very Lutheran part of Germany. In the bordering country of Hesse, the manners of the peasantry are little changed; they are still clad from head to foot in the stout linen woven in their own houses, decorated with large metal buttons, and have a singularly primitive air.

Like all commercial cities, and especially seaports, in that age, Danzig presented a variety of costumes, and of striking national characteristics, of which we can now form no idea. Its situation was peculiarly favourable to this motley grouping. The march-stone of civilization, as Madame Schopenhauer calls it—the point at which the Slavonic and Teutonic races blended —at which the more polished nations of the south and west met the semi-barbarians of the north and east, it was necessarily rich in varied and picturesque figures. Poles,—from the splendid and haughty Starost, who looked as if the earth were not worthy to touch his yellow boot, attended by his running footmen, habited to their very shoes in white, with long ostrich feathers in their caps, streaming as they ran panting by the side of his carriage,—to the half-naked Schimkys, who navigated the rude barges, laden with corn, down the Vistula, and the wretched Marutschas, flocking in troops to weed the fields around the city

for the barest pittance; the rich Jews of Warsaw and Cracow in their stately Oriental garb, and their wives in rich brocade, covered with gold chains and pearls and antique jewellery; Russian merchants, with their singular dress, rude Istwostschichs, and the ponderous bags of roubles carried behind them, attesting their ignorance of the commercial transactions common to civilized Europe; M. de Pons, the French resident, distinguished by his red-heeled shoes, and the English consul, Sir Trevor Corrcy, by "his splendid equipage, and his negro-boy Pharaoh;"—these, and many more, were the foreign elements in this gay picture; while the adherence to the established dress of the various professions and classes among the natives, completed the motley variety.

Among the most remarkable of the latter were the physicians. Madame Schopenhauer's father was the first to brave the prejudice against inoculation, which seems to have been as strong in Danzig, as, according to Goethe, it was among the free citizens of Frankfort. After reading the following description of the doctors, we can easily imagine what a determined opposition they would give to "theory," or experiment.

"The character of our Danzig physicians of that day left my father not the faintest hope of effecting

his purpose by their means. In the first place, they were, all and several, extremely old, and petrified in obstinate prejudices. Whether they had ever been young, where they had lived, and what they had done in their youth, I know not; but up to the twelfth or fourteenth year of my life, I had never seen or heard of a young physician. These reverend gentlemen enjoyed the title of Excellency, and not only in their own houses and from their servants, but in society generally; only very intimate friends could sometimes venture on a respectful 'Herr Doctor.' Their head was covered with a snow-white powdered full-bottomed periwig with three tails, one of which hung down the back, while the others floated on the shoulders. A scarlet coat, embroidered with gold, very broad lace ruffles and frill, white or black silk stockings, knee and shoe buckles of sparkling stones or silver-gilt, and a little flat three-cocked hat under the arm, completed the toilet of these Excellencies. Add to this a pretty large cane with a gold head, or mermaid carved in ivory, upon which, in difficult cases, to rest the chin,—and certainly every one will admit the impossibility of so much as thinking of an innovation in their presence."

England, the leader in all enterprises, seems to have mainly contributed to the spread of this great dis-

covery in Germany. Goethe speaks of "travelling Englishmen" as the only inoculators in Frankfurt; and the Dr. Wolf, who introduced the practice into Danzig, "came from England recommended to Dr. Jameson." Madame Schopenhauer remarks, that "he was one of a race of physicians who just then came into fashion; they set at defiance all the established rules of decorum and civility, and affected a simplicity of manners bordering on rudeness. Probably from contrast, they were the especial favourites of fine ladies and princes."

The description of our heroine's inoculation, the preparation for it, the anxiety and terror it occasioned, and its final success, is amusing enough. But, we have not room for it.

It is impossible to praise too highly the good-natured impartiality with which Madame Schopenhauer describes the absurd and troublesome fashions, the follies and the abuses, of her early days; she sees them with as clear and unprejudiced an eye as if they were not surrounded with the bright morning mist of youth.

"My emancipation from the school," says she, "fell in the spring; balls, concerts, plays, etc., had ceased. A few late evening parties alone remained; the brilliant part of these was the two hours' long hot

supper under which the tables groaned. In Danzig, as everywhere, supper was the social meal; dinners were not thought of. To such a party, for the first time in my life, was I invited, as a confirmed (*i. e.* grown-up) young lady, of scarcely fourteen years of age. With a *frisure* in the most fortunate state of preservation, I had alighted from my father's carriage; not a grain of powder had fallen from the lofty tower, the broad summit of which was crowned with a labyrinth of feathers, flowers, and beads; my new silk gown rustled proudly over the large and stately hoop. Holding the hand of the eldest daughter of the house, who had advanced to meet me, I tripped lightly on my gold-embroidered shoes, with heels at least two inches high, up two steps leading into the room. Never had I been so handsomely dressed—never had my heart throbbed so violently—the folding-doors were thrown open,—ah!"

Some entanglement of the long trains, some slip of the high-heeled shoes, threw our young ladies prostrate on their noses, and overthrew the glories of our heroine's *début*.

We cannot refuse our fair and youthful readers—if indeed we dare flatter ourselves that we have any such —a little deeper insight into the mysteries of their grandmothers' toilet.

"Ball-dresses," she continues, "properly so called,

we had not; for the simple reason that the varieties of spider-net, tulle, organdie, gauze, or whatever be their names, which now float like a mist around the graceful forms of young ladies, as yet reposed in the wide and distant domain of the possible. And yet we danced in our heavy silk 'company' gowns—danced with passionate glee; were sought, admired, and now and then a little adored; just exactly as our granddaughters are at the present day. How this was possible, in the disguise we wore, is still a mystery to myself. Our mammas were more richly dressed—in other words, more heavily laden—than their daughters. Paris sent them its fashions, somewhat obsolete indeed, and deformed by exaggeration, but still they were eagerly received. One alone formed an exception—*rouge*. The few ladies who dared to act in defiance of the opinion that it was sinful to wear rouge, were forced to do it with the utmost secresy, if they did not wish to expose themselves to a public rebuke from the pulpit."

It seems, from Madame Pichler's Sketches, that the consciences of the Vienna ladies were less scrupulous, or their spiritual guides more indulgent. There, the same rule obtained as in Paris: married women alone were permitted to wear *rouge*, as a sort of symbol or *affiche* of the franchises conferred by mar-

riage. We have always wondered why the whole virtuous horror of artificial aids to beauty was directed against red and white paint. Ladies are delicate casuists; and we should like to see a treatise from some fair hand, on the innocence of a "front," the veniality of a "tournure," and so on, through all the gradations of criminality, to *rouge*. In what part of the scale *patching* would come, we know not. Madame Schopenhauer does not mention any attempt of the clergy of Danzig to repress this practice, though nothing could be more felonious than the *animus* it displayed.

"Another fashion found great acceptance with our fine ladies, so absurd that I should have doubted the possibility of its existence, did I not remember the long flat little mother-of-pearl box, with a looking-glass in the lid, which often served me as a plaything. This all ladies carried about them, that whenever a patch fell from its place, the void might instantly be filled. These little bits of so called English plaister were cut in the form of very small full and half moons, stars, hearts, etc., and were stuck on the face with a peculiar art, so as to heighten its charms and increase its expression. A row of moons, from the very smallest, gradually *crescendo* to larger, at the outer corner of the eyelid, was intended to add to the

length and brilliancy of the eye. A few little stars at the corner of the mouth gave a bewitching archness to the smile; one in the right place on the cheek, set off a dimple. There were larger patches in the form of suns, doves, cupids, etc., which were called *assasins*."

We were going to remind our fair readers of the exposition of the art and policy of patching, by the delicate hand of Addison;—but we forget—young ladies nowadays do not read the 'Spectator.'

"Everything," continues Madame Schopenhauer, "in domestic, as well as in social life, wore a different air from what it now wears, even the greatest joy of youth—dancing. The elegant dancers of the present day would hardly bear the tedious vandalism of a ball of that age for an hour; and no doubt they will pity their grandmothers in their graves, when they hear that no dancing soul among us dreamed of such a thing as waltz, gallopade, or cotillon. These dances are all of South German origin, and had not yet found their way to the shores of the Baltic and the Vistula. Our northern popular dances were the Polonaise and the Mazurka, and are so to this day. Then, as now, the ball opened with a Polonaise. But what a difference between that stately and graceful dance, and the lazy, slouching walk which has

usurped its name! To understand what I mean, it is necessary to see it danced by Poles. Our trains having been carefully fastened up by our mothers, an Anglaise followed, then Mazurka, quadrilles, and lastly minuets; till an abundant hot supper, which neither young nor old disdained, was served. After this, dancing was resumed with fresh vigour, and continued till morning broke."

Madame Pichler, in her description of a Vienna Carnival ball in the last century, laments over the disappearance of the graceful and decorous Allemande (as the slow waltz of that time was called all over Europe), which has degenerated into the whirl we now turn from with dizzy eyes. The only merit of a waltzer of the present day seems to be the power of spinning round like a frantic Fakeer.

We rather wonder that some of the venerable chroniclers of German manners have not moralized upon this, as a symbol of the change which seems to strike them more than any other—the incessant demand for novelty, the restless whirl of society, and the no less constant weariness and lassitude consequent upon it. Things which were formerly events, are now every-day occurrences; and pleasures which were looked forward to for months with beating hearts, are now regarded as childish, insipid, and tedious.

Steffens gives a striking description of the impression made on him by the first sight of a play, which, as he says, formed an epoch in the life of a child. He makes some very just reflections on one of the great moral diseases that now afflict the world, undermining the health, destroying the usefulness, and withering the capacity for enjoyment in the very morning of life,—the craving for excitement generated by the cruel recklessness with which it is administered in childhood. The kindly bounty of nature, which has formed these little ones to be happy with a flower or a pebble, while their busy minds are working their hidden way through a thousand mysterious processes, is thrown away upon us.

"Generally speaking," he says, "it was not the custom then, as it now is, to cram children with pleasures. If the instruction was scanty, so were the playthings and amusements. Now, people seem anxious to exhaust everything, of every kind, as soon as possible; and the result is a weariness of life, a thorough disgust, which, early excited, exchanges one saticty for another; and strives to abridge the intervals between true living and productive enjoyment with such fearful rapidity, that it can nowhere take root and come to maturity. Thus the child turns with disgust from its heaps of toys; the youth from his

oppressive mass of undigested acquirements; and both have to regret the loss of epochs which ought to have had a vital influence on their whole future lives, but which are faded, withered, fallen. The boy is prematurely knowing,—the youth, a critic. Thus is our life dried up at the core; the fresh productive power is destroyed; the holy faith that guards the mystery of existence is annihilated. It is not the English lord alone to whom nature and men are become objects of loathing; our very children are *blasés*, and look back to their past days with scorn. Our philosophy is a series of definitions, and our poetry a satire on life."

And if Germans find cause to complain of this rapid and wearing action of all the wheels of life, what shall we say of our vast and tumultuous metropolis, compared to which the capitals of Germany are quiet, homely, and stationary?—where almost every drawing-room contains representatives of races, tongues, manners, interests, the most diversified; where the mightiest and most exciting questions are discussed over every dinner-table with a freedom terrific to a German Rath; where your right-hand neighbour has probably been to the North Pole, and your left is just returned from Central Africa; where inventions and discoveries spring up under our feet, and where a

large class of the wealthy and the idle are ever at hand to encourage and reward every attempt to minister to their comfort and amusement? But as the distance between given points may be equal, though the point of departure is different, we have no doubt the change is quite as great in Germany as in England. We remember to have heard or read of nothing at home like the absolute monotony in which, according to Jacobs, childhood was passed in Gotha,—then no doubt a fair specimen of the smaller cities of Germany. Such a state of existence would now be thought fit only for a penal colony, or a bettering-house. If we had not good evidence for it, we should be unable to believe that children grew, prospered, and were happy in a life so entirely *grey upon grey* (to use an excellent Germanism). We forget what a glow and brightness are diffused over all things by the sunlight of youth; how the imagination of childhood (if not blunted by excitement) can give shape, colour, life, meaning, to the most ordinary objects, and find, not "sermons," but romances and dramas, in stocks and stones.

"The life of the middle classes," says Jacobs, "was then very simple. My father's income was precarious, and we grew up under restraints which would now appear melancholy and oppressive to chil-

dren of our class. But the amusements to which the children of the present day are accustomed, were unknown to those of a former; and they missed not what they did not know. Spacious buildings, which kept asunder the members of a family, were rare, and those who had them used them only on rare occasions. Parents and children were generally together in one room; the children worked and played under the eyes of their parents, and a great part of education consisted in this companionship. Filial obedience, the source and foundation of all domestic and civil virtues, was a matter of course; and parents were the better for the constraint which the presence of their children imposed on their words and actions. The respect which parents (with few exceptions) inspired, spared them much admonition, teaching, and preaching;—the cheap but feeble substitutes for practical education. So, at least, was it in our house. Company was hardly thought of; at the utmost, families assembled after afternoon service on Sundays; the women to discuss the sermon, the men to talk of business or news, or, if they had nothing to say, to play backgammon. Family festivals were rare. On New-year's-day and birthdays, relations wished each other joy: the boys generally in a Latin or German speech, got by heart. Presents were not

thought of. Those for children were reserved for Christmas Eve, when the tree, with its sweetmeats and angels and wax-lights, gave an appearance of festal splendour to things which were in fact mere necessaries. Bethlehem, with its manger and crib, was indispensable; and this sacred spot was surrounded with a blooming landscape, gardens, and ponds, which my father had for weeks employed his evening hours in decorating with his own hands. He thought his labour richly rewarded on the long-expected evening, by our delight and admiration. The narrative of St. Luke, which it had not at that time occurred to anybody to regard as a myth, was always read. The joyous recollection of this pious festival caused me and my brothers to retain the same custom with our children. With this exception, our winter pleasures were confined to a not very spacious court-yard, exchanged in summer for a little garden within the walls, which my father hired. We took no walks. Only once a year, when the harvest was ripe, our parents took us out to spend an evening in the fields."

We have from Goethe's master-hand a perfect picture of contented monotony in advanced life, pourtrayed with that matchless combination of accurate detail and poetical colouring peculiar to himself. He

tells us that, in his grandfather's house, every day the same business was followed by the same simple pleasures, in exactly the same order. In such a life, disappointment was scarcely possible. The old man's expectations were extremely moderate, and he knew exactly what he expected. "In his room," says Goethe, "I never saw a novelty. I recollect no form of existence that ever gave me to such a degree the feeling of unbroken calm and perpetuity." Yet this was in the busy and wealthy city of Frankfurt, on the high-road of Europe.

Even the tumult and luxury of the capital of the Empire did not materially disturb the tranquil and regular habits of its citizens. Let us see how they lived in the gay, the gorgeous Vienna, of which the natives tell you with such exulting emphasis, "Es giebt nur *ein* Wien." (There is but one Vienna.) The following is Madame Pichler's description and summary of the life of a Vienna *employé* in her youth:—

"Between sixty and seventy years ago, the income of a K. K. Hofrath (an imperial Court Councillor), who generally had, besides his salary, official rooms, enabled him, with good management, to live in a respectable manner, keep an equipage, and still lay by something yearly. He and his wife thus lived in

tranquil comfort, and in the enjoyment of competence; they settled themselves in the dwelling which cost them nothing, as handsomely as was consistent with an accurate calculation of their means; and in twenty or thirty years died in the midst of the same furniture, pictures, etc., with which they had first adorned it. The effect of this unchangeable plan of life on the character and happiness, was incalculably different from that produced by the restless, striving, all-attempting, all-overturning existence of the present generation, both for good and for evil. And if we hear those times spoken of as *perruque,* and reproached, not unjustly, with routine, *Philisterei,* etc., I must still think that the absence of the continual exciting movement which now prevails, favoured the possibility of deep thought and steady feeling: the character, though more one-sided and narrow, had a depth and consistency which is now rare."

In all Madame Pichler's personages of the middle class, we find the contentment with the uniform and inflexible recurrence of the same amusements, which characterizes children. Children in a natural state prefer an old book, a story which they have heard a hundred times, to any thing unaccustomed. The narrator who thinks to please them by various readings and new *fioriture,* finds himself completely mistaken.

At the smallest departure from the authentic version, he is called to order, and brought back to the established form of the history, every deviation from which is a disappointment. So it was with the amusements of our ancestors. Each holiday had its appropriate and *obligé* diversion, its peculiar dish or confection, its fixed form of salutation. To alter these was to invert the order of nature. Surprises were unwelcome: people liked to know exactly what was coming,—what they had to see, to feel, to say, and even to eat.

Madame Pichler's description of the observance of the holidays at Vienna, with all the peculiarities of dress, viands, etc., sacred to each, is very amusing.

Easter Sunday, with its consecrated meat, distributed as presents among the friends of the house, and the ceremonious visits "to wish a happy festival, and that the meat might agree with them," accompanied, on the part of inferiors in rank, with a mark of respect still to be seen in Russia, Poland, and even in Bohemia,—the kissing the hem of the garment*.

* I was walking with the late Countess T—— H—— near her magnificent castle in Bohemia, when we met a peasant-woman. The Countess spoke to her with her usual kindness, and passed on. Perceiving that the woman stopped, I looked round, and saw her hastily kissing the hem of Countess T——'s dress. The noble and excellent lady looked half-embarrassed that an Englishwoman should witness

The procession of bakers on Easter Tuesday, which originated in a tradition connected with the siege of Vienna by the Turks, and was continued down to the year 1783. The Eve of St. Nicholas, on which the Saint appeared in person, questioned the half-believing children, rewarded the good, and held up the rod with threatening mien to the naughty. Christmas Eve, with its strange mixture of fasting and jollity, of solemnity and mirth, to which the prophetic Lesseln (pouring melted lead or wax into water, and reading fortunes in the fantastic forms they assumed), or the fleets of burning walnut-shells, each

what might seem to her an act of degrading servility; and said something of its being "a foolish custom." To me, who knew her, and the ceaseless beneficence of which the people around her were the objects, no homage could appear excessive; and I was not disposed to quarrel with the form. The misfortune is, that such demonstrations are degraded by being paid to mere power.

In my walks in and about Carlsbad with the late venerable and pious Ladislas Pyrker, Archbishop of Erlau, I frequently saw men and women come softly behind him and kiss the skirts of his coat with the most fervent reverence, often with murmured blessings. This never surprised me. All the holiness, purity, benignity, meekness, and patience of the religion he professed and exemplified, were legibly written on his pale and suffering face. The poor people also knew the works of enlightened charity and piety to which he devoted his time, his thoughts, and his princely revenues.

I must add, that I never happened to see the same homage offered to any of the princes and potentates who resorted to Carlsbad. Pyrker's dignities, as Magnate of Hungary and Prince of the Church, were lost and forgotten in his Christian perfections.

containing the name of one of the company, and set afloat in a large basin to seek its destined partner, were indispensable. These, and many like these, were the amusements which every revolving year brought round;—perhaps with pretty nearly the same unequal results as our more varied, costly, and exciting pleasures; for if many were more wearied than amused, so are they still.

We have already noticed the broad line of demarcation which formerly existed between the several classes of society. It was the object of the legislature of every country to perpetuate this; and one of the expedients most commonly resorted to was, the enactment of sumptuary laws. By no class of rulers were these more rigidly maintained than by the municipal aristocracies of free cities. Even in Madame Schopenhauer's youth they were still in full force.

"At the weddings of the wealthiest and most respectable artisans, an officer, whose especial business it was, invariably presented himself in full dress, with a sword by his side, to count the guests and see that they did not exceed the prescribed number, and to ascertain that the bride wore no forbidden ornaments, such as real pearls. But the fear of being ridiculous in the eyes of neighbours and equals was still more powerful than the law. No woman of that

class thought of wearing the hoops, the richly-trimmed trains, or the high head-dresses of the ladies."

"No woman of that class," or of any class, in England, has now the least idea that any dress is unfit for her station which it is in her power to buy. The rage for *déclassement* is far greater than the desire for good, or even becoming, clothes. Hence the innumerable shams and counterfeits which follow the appearance of every new and handsome fabric, as shadows their substance. Hence, the preposterous appearance of our serving-women, the ridiculous transformations of the Cinderella into the Princess, which are daily operated by our kitchen hearths. Hence too, the deplorable and discreditable appearance of the women of the lower classes, who look as if clothed from the refuse of the *fripier's* shop. In this respect we are far behind France, Belgium, Holland, and indeed, we fear, all Europe. We have often had occasion to admire the substantial, characteristic, neat, and becoming dress of French working-women, and to contrast it, with no little mortification, with the draggled trumpery, the paper flowers, the wretched burlesques of "fashions," exhibited by the corresponding class at home.

We find Madame Schopenhauer's statement corroborated by Madame Pichler's description of the Vienna citizen of the same date.

"The wealthy saddler, who was supposed to be able to leave each of his three sons thirty thousand florins, lived in a few simply-furnished rooms, surrounded by his family and journeymen, ate well, but without elegance, dressed the same, and placed his pride in never affecting anything above his station. For this reason he never allowed his wife to wear any dress worn by women of the higher ranks; no hoop, no open gown —that is, a gown with folds hanging from the shoulders and ending in a sort of train*. These were peculiar to ladies. The citizens' wives wore those folds confined at the waist by a black silk apron, and ending at the feet. The worthy citizen's rigour was so great, that he once hacked to pieces a beautiful lace cap which his wife had made in secret, that she might see it was not the cost, but the pretension, of such luxury which he objected to."

"So thought, so lived the Vienna tradesmen sixty or seventy years ago. Their journeymen ate with them at the same table; the discipline, though paternal, was strict, and often enforced on both children and workmen with the stick or the strap. Rough words and coarse jokes formed the scanty conversation at table.

"On Sunday, after the huge and indispensable roast was despatched, the party separated to their se-

* Is not this what was called a sack?

veral amusements. The master and mistress went to church to hear the benediction, which they received with great devotion and then returned home. The Sunday clothes were now laid aside. The master went with a few neighbours to a grocer's shop, and there indulged rather freely in an Italian salad and foreign wine; while the wife regaled herself and her gossips with excellent coffee served in a massive silver pot. At eight or half-past eight the master came home, somewhat more excited than usual, joked a little with one of his pretty neighbours, gave his wife a hearty smack to appease her rising jealousy, and ended the Sunday with the same homely simplicity as he began it."

In justice to the present age, upon which it may be thought we, as well as our gossips, are rather hard, we must express our surprise that none of them have said anything about the astonishing decline of drunkenness in Germany. "Not a century ago," says Carl Julius Weber, "German sotting (*saufen*) was proverbial. Different towns and cities claimed pre-eminence in it. To drink *more palatino*, was to get dead drunk. The collections of antiquarians are full of drinking cups and horns not made to stand. *Trink alle aus*, was the motto of the Oldenburger Wunderhorn. The last Count of Gorz used to make his

children drink at night, and, if they wanted to go to sleep, he grumbled at their degeneracy, and doubted if they were his own children. The Hohenlohe deed of investiture (*Lehensbrief*) required the claimant to drink out (*vel quasi*) the great feudatory goblet (*Lehensbecher*), as a proof that he was a German nobleman and an able-bodied warrior. In that principality, even about fifty years ago, there were no glasses holding less than half a schoppen (a half-bottle). The Homburger chronicle records the feats of *two sisters*, who drank thirty-two schoppens at a sitting, and then walked quietly to their home, half a league distant."

There were Temperance Societies (*Mässigkeits-Orden*) in those days, but—hear it, Father Mathew! —they thought they had accomplished great reforms when they restricted the members to fourteen cups (*Ordensbecher*) a day.

The Ecclesiastical Courts were distinguished for their jovialty. It was a canon of Mainz to whom the world was indebted for the admirable excuse, that "there was too much wine for the mass, and too little for the mills."

There is still a good deal of drunkenness among the lower classes in some parts of Germany, though not nearly so much as in England. Among the higher classes it is become rare in both countries. The

beer-drinking of the students is not to be classed with ordinary intemperance. It forms part of a system (the *Studentenwesen*); and, whatever their admirers at home or abroad may tell them, not the best part. It is difficult to understand the enjoyment of pouring down the throat gallons of beer, neither pleasant to the taste nor exhilarating to the spirits. But "sic *Dii* voluerunt"—so the *Burschen* have decreed. It begins by being a fashion, and ends by being a want; like its kindred abomination—smoking.

Madame Pichler, who, as we have remarked, is apt to insist on the degeneracy of the age, laments over the galloping speed at which Austria has joined in the mad race after novelty and change. This will surprise our readers, who are accustomed to regard Austria rather as the drag on the wheel of European life. We should have thought that the easy, contented character of the people, and the insurmountable barriers which surround the higher ranks, would have kept down all ambitious imitation and restless change.

In some respects we venture to think the progress is not alarming. Madame Schopenhauer's description of the precautions of the police on the Austrian frontier forty years ago, is wonderfully exact to this day. You are still detained half an hour, at the least, while the accomplished functionary is spelling

out your passport; you are still asked your religious confession, the maiden name of your grandmother, and other particulars not less important to the interests and safety of the Austrian empire; but all this is done with extreme quietness and civility, and if two *zwanzigers* are accidentally found to have insinuated themselves within the folds of your passport, you hear nothing of searching. We have always admired the simplicity and directness with which Mr. Murray's Handbook fixes the price of the virtue of a K.K. Custom-house officer. The writer evidently knew his men. The good Austrians are the last people to take this amiss: hypocrisy is not one of their faults*.

Should we enter on the subject of changes in all that relates to travelling, we should never have done. England in this matter took the lead of all other countries, and for many years was immeasurably ahead. Her superiority is still very great; but the demand and the money of her own wandering sons have forced the countries through which they pass in swarms, into some approach to her own condition.

* It is needless to remark on the new light which broke upon Europe on this subject in 1848. No people were, we believe, more astonished at the events which happened in Vienna than the Austrians themselves. Yet, in spite of political convulsions, the remarks in the text are not less true than when they were written: so much more easy is it to overthrow a Government, than to alter the habits or the prejudices of a people.

The Zollverein has put an end to half the vexations of travellers. Fifteen years ago, the Custom-house officers of M. de Nassau and M. de Bade (as M. Victor Hugo, in his work on the Rhine, thinks it graceful or witty to call the hereditary princes of those states) were troublesome and inquisitive—exactly in an inverse ratio of the magnitude of their sovereign's territory. Now, having shown your passport on the frontiers of Prussia, where you rarely find either incivility or exaction, you may go from Aix-la-Chapelle to Carlsbad without a question.

The diffusion of a taste for travelling, like all other changes in manners and habits, may however be viewed from opposite sides, and we find some of our chroniclers very severe upon a class of persons of whom Englishmen were regarded as the type. We have seen that even good-natured Madame Schopenhauer cannot refrain from a passing *coup de patte* at English travellers, and at the intellectual results of their long wanderings; and in many other writers we find sneers at their wealth, their insolence, their eccentricities, and their blunders. We wish we could affirm that the race which provoked these sarcasms were extinct.

Immermann concludes some remarks on the impatient temper and superficial tastes of our age with the following passage.

"Another symptom of the restless state of men's minds is the universal travelling. Formerly the travelled were few, and those few travelled with some distinct aim of business or knowledge. The character of the mere traveller, which was formerly confined to the English, is now common in Germany. They travel for travelling's sake. They flee from the monotony of life, and want to see something new—it is indifferent what. We do not blame this taste; it is an inevitable consequence of the stormy excitement men have passed through. As to its effects, travelling enlarges the mind, but chills and hardens the heart; the genuine traveller is a thorough egotist. Those he meets with are merely means to his ends."

The "stormy excitement" to which he refers is, of course, the French Revolution, and all its consequences. It is strange however that he did not see how little that could have to do with a taste which was long peculiar to England.

But in this, as in many other social changes, the evil is obvious and immediate, the good indirect and slowly developed. Whatever may be the absurdities and the shortcomings of English travellers, they have been the pioneers of every enterprise, and have contributed more than any other people to tear asunder the veil which hid man from man, and nation from nation.

Valuable truths have penetrated even through their ignorance or their prejudice; and their intolerance and disdain have not been able to stop the growth of that humaner and more cosmopolitan spirit to which increased intercourse inevitably gives birth.

The Germans are, next to the English, the greatest travellers, and however Immermann may lament this, we regard it as a great advantage to Germany and to the world. They have more knowledge, simpler habits, less arrogant nationality, and less intolerant prejudices, than any other people. These qualities eminently fit them for travellers; and if they do not yield to their besetting inclination to imitate the faults of their neighbours, they may render excellent service to humanity by spreading accurate information and just views of other forms of society.

From the French, with some brilliant exceptions, less is to be expected on this field. With them, France, or rather Paris, has too long been the pattern upon which all human society ought to fashion itself, to render any great enlargement of their social horizon possible. It is a misfortune for the world that the incurable tendency to regard all things through a French medium, and to refer all social forms to a French standard, should unfit writers who handle the pen with such matchless dex-

terity for the office of reporters on the social aspects of other countries.

We have seen that among Madame Schopenhauer's earliest recollections, was the sudden blow given to the franchises and the commerce of her native city. Her whole youth was passed in witnessing its convulsive struggles and long agony; and when we read her description of the barbarous and destructive form under which monarchical power first presented itself to her, we cease to wonder, or even to smile, at her stiff-necked republicanism. It is impossible to read, without indignation, of a free, peaceful, industrious population, whose prosperity was their own work, whose institutions were sanctified by time, handed over without appeal to the brutality of a foreign soldiery and foreign *douaniers*, their trade destroyed by ignorant and arbitrary legislation. We readily allow for all the resentments and prejudices of the sufferers.

Her description of the deplorable and exasperating circumstances of this partial and, as it were, collateral consequence of the partition of Poland in 1772, are painfully interesting. The free city of Danzig stood conditionally under the protection of Poland, and its ruin was one of the evils consequent on that iniquitous measure. By a sort of

mockery, the city itself was not occupied, but it was surrounded with a cordon of Prussian custom-houses, so near as to render it impossible for the citizens to go backwards and forwards to their country-houses, without being exposed to the brutal insolence of functionaries whose whole office and existence was new and hateful to them. Ladies and children were forced to stand in rain and storm, while every corner of their carriages was searched. Even their persons were not respected, and the women of the lower classes were exposed to the grossest insults The rage of the citizens, which a consciousness of their own impotence had heightened into almost frantic desperation, gradually subsided into a profound and suppressed hate of Prussia and everything Prussian.

Such were the circumstances in the midst of which Madame Schopenhauer grew up. We need not wonder that the spirited reply of a young Danziger to a Prussian general, which won the hearts of all his fellow-citizens, made a deep impression upon hers.

"A Prussian general was quartered in the country-house of one of the most eminent merchants of Danzig. He offered to the son of his host to permit the forage for his horses to enter the city duty free. 'I thank the General for his obliging offer, but my stables are for the present well provided, and when my stock

of forage is exhausted, I shall order my horses to be shot,' was the brief and decisive answer. It was soon known through the town, and the more admired, because the young man's passion for his beautiful horses was notorious. Nobody delighted in it more than I, though I knew my republican countryman only by sight."

The republican countryman was Heinrich Floris Schopenhauer, to whom, soon after, at the age of nineteen, she was united. Not long after, this patriotic citizen went to Berlin, and requested an interview with the great Frederic. It was immediately granted, and Frederic, struck by his frank, upright character, and his knowledge of commercial affairs, pressed him to settle in his dominions, and offered him every possible privilege and protection. M. Schopenhauer was beginning to feel the resistless influence which Frederic exercised on all around him, when the King, pointing to a heap of papers in a corner, said, *Voilà les calamités de la ville de Danzig.* These few words broke the spell for ever; and though Frederic afterwards repeated his offers, the sturdy patriot never would accept the smallest obligation from him. At length, seeing that all hope of the deliverance of his native city from a foreign yoke was at an end, he determined to quit it for

ever, and to seek a freer home. In this determination his young wife fully concurred, and they set out on a tour of observation through the Netherlands, France, and England. The free citizen was well matched. They stopped a short time at Pyrmont,—then, except Carlsbad, the only one of those German baths whose names have since become Legion;—and here the republican bride, together with a sister Hanseate from Hamburg, had a glorious opportunity of showing their disdain of courts and sovereigns. The then reigning Duchess of Brunswick very good-naturedly asked to have these young ladies presented to her. They professed their ignorance of court etiquette, but were told they had only to make an inclination, as if to kiss the hand or the garment of the Duchess. This was too much. "We, free-born women, subject of no prince, kiss the hand of another woman, neither our mother nor our grandmother? The very thought made my republican blood boil, and, supported by my Hamburg friend, I declined the proffered honour."

Here we must leave our pleasant gossip;—not without expressing our regret that so true and delicate a painter did not live to fill up the outline she had marked out.

DISSOLUTION OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE.

In the foregoing pages we attempted to place before our readers some pictures illustrative of the state and aspect of German society before Europe had felt that mighty convulsion which shook all the relations of social life, and all the ideas upon which those relations rest, or by which they are governed. We say advisedly, all; for we are persuaded that there is no corner, however secluded, of social or domestic life, through which the vibration has not been felt, or which it has left unchanged.

We have drawn upon contemporary sources, and have chiefly relied on descriptions traced by female hands. We have tried to catch some of the tranquil

Memoiren von Karl Heinrich, Ritter von Lang: *Skizzen aus meinem Leben und Wirken, meinen Reisen und meiner Zeit.* 2 Bände, Braunschweig, 1842. (Memoirs of Charles Henry, Knight of Lang: Sketches of my Life and active Career, my Travels, and my Time. 2 vols. 12mo. Brunswick, 1842.)

yet varied aspects of domestic and social life throughout that great Empire, which contained within itself almost every political, civil, and religious element. These various elements were reflected back by no less various social peculiarities; though, in the midst of the diversity, German society had a common character of placidity and *bonhomie* which it is a sort of repose to contemplate.

German life, as we have seen it, was inextricably bound up with the existence and character of the Germanic Empire. Danzig or Nürnberg could have been no other than free imperial cities; Gotha or Weimar, than the capitals of small principalities. The Ecclesiastical States, again, had a character of their own,—and one, we may add, on which it is allowable to look back with a sort of regret, as models of mild, pacific government. Towns, insignificant as to size, wealth, and population, had a moral and intellectual importance, to which the provincial cities of France or England presented no parallel. With the overthrow of the great body of which these were the various and widely differing members, their peculiar life was overthrown; and it is impossible to detach the consideration of the one from that of the other.

We are now coming to a different phase in the social history of Germany. The placidity has sunk

into torpor, the *bonhomie,* into feebleness; ancient institutions have lost their force, and ancient forms, their meaning; the vitality of the mighty frame is gone, and corruption is taking possession of it. We shall see the august and venerable Holy Roman Empire exposed, by the parricidal hands of its sons, to the insults and lacerations, and betrayed by their meanness and selfishness, to the rapacity, of the stranger.

We bid adieu with a sigh to our venerable ladies, the loyal Viennese and the sturdy Hanseate, and to all their pleasant gossip and affectionate lookings-back at the dear old times, and are fain to take our information from the harsher pens of men, inspired by indignation and disgust at the scenes they were compelled to witness. If, in the following pages, we are forced out of the province of domestic and social life, which is more agreeable to our taste, we entreat our readers to recollect that it is the inevitable consequence of the evil times we are fallen upon.

The further we advance in the great historical drama, the more will domestic life fall into the back-ground; or rather, the more deeply will it be coloured by political events. Without therefore abandoning the domain of "Manners and Customs," we shall see, first, how these affected the political condition of

the country; and may perhaps afterwards try to show how they were again reacted on by the overthrow of monarchs and states.

We must premise that the work of Ritter von Lang gives the most unfavourable picture of the last days of the Empire;—indeed, of all that it describes. The author belongs to a class of men for whom we entertain neither admiration nor respect. He is essentially a *derisor;* and, like all writers of that temper, seems never so well pleased as when men act in so base and absurd a manner as to justify contempt and derision. While they fancy themselves emancipated from prejudice, and believe that they take a large and dispassionate view of human things, such men are in fact condemned to the narrowest one-sidedness; for what is a more miserable defect of vision than to see only the deformed? Yet, as is undoubtedly the case with the book before us, they often reveal truths from which a more earnest mind may draw useful as well as grave reflections. All that they see *is there;* but there is a great deal which they do *not* see: they want the appropriate moral sense.

We shall find a curious example of this partial blindness in Lang's account of the coronation of the Emperor Leopold at Frankfurt, in which there is not a single incident nor image that is not exquisitely ludi-

crous and mean. If we turn from this to Goethe's description of the same ceremony, at the coronation of Joseph II. in 1764, we shall see how true it is that *omne receptum modo recipientis recipitur.*

Lang says, in his few words of introduction, that he shall give "Wahrheit und *keine* Dichtung" (Truth and *no* Poetry); and inexorably has he fulfilled his promise in the latter respect. As to the former, it is difficult to believe that he has been equally scrupulous. Yet we must confess that, much and justly as the book is disliked by all people of good taste in Germany, for its sneering and cynical tone, we have not, after some inquiry, been able to learn that anybody has contradicted the facts it contains*.

We have heard Germans who love their country regret its publication, and seem distressed that strangers should read so unfavourable a picture of it. We think this a mistake. It is only by comparing what Germany was in the last century with what it is now, that we can appreciate the progress that has been made, or console ourselves under the disappointment that the progress has not been greater.

As a bright and salient point in the social picture, we

* Droysen calls it "a work more deserving of credit than our national pride is willing to admit." "*Vorlesungen über die Freiheitskriege.* Kiel, 1846."

may cite the character of the Courts in Germany; for whatever may be said of the enormous difference between court and people, we doubt whether it is ever very great. We are convinced that the court is, generally, a very fair expression of the current morality of the people; partly, because it is sure to influence them by its example, and partly, because no Court would dare to indulge in shameless depravity in the face of a virtuous people. Who that thinks of the brutal orgies of Frederic William II., or the remorseless debaucheries of Augustus the Strong, can look at the domestic virtues now enthroned at Berlin and at Dresden, without confessing that a new standard of morality is accepted by rulers, as well as by their subjects?

Ritter von Lang tells us that he presents us "with the shadows of a past world, which few of its descendants can understand; of the ruins of a worn-out empire, and of a conflict between old and new manners." Matter enough, it will be acknowledged, for interesting contemplation.

The first scene of the curious drama of which our author is the hero, is laid in one of the small independent principalities, of which the French Revolution left so few standing, and even those few retaining scarcely the shadows of their former independent exis-

tence. With the Empire, vanished the power and consideration which they enjoyed as members of that august and time-hallowed body. Those which have been spared, subsist only by the mutual jealousy of the Great Powers, and look with an anxious glance into a dim and uncertain futurity. We have heard the balance of good and evil resulting from their existence discussed often enough among those most interested in the question. Yet we confess ourselves unable to pronounce on it with the happy facility with which such trifles are commonly disposed of. To a Frenchman or a Prussian, the doubt must appear the result of imbecility; and truly, if greatness and power, conquest and domination, are the sole ends of social and political life, he is right. But spite of the evils of a little court which is at everybody's elbow,—the trifling occupation it gives to men's minds; the tiresome monotony of its gossip; the tendency to shut out the larger world, and to contract all the views and ideas,—small States have advantages and blessings of their own, which wisdom and humanity will not overlook. This is not the place to particularize them; but as the picture we are going to offer our readers is not a very flattering one, we are bound to say that another might be drawn, equally true, and in much fairer colours.

France exhibits the most complete and striking example of a great and richly gifted country, in which all the vital energy is withdrawn from the extremities, and concentrated on one point. We have had some opportunities of comparing the intellectual poverty of French provincial towns with the culture and resources of a small German capital. Even the smallest of these is a very metropolis of instruction, taste, and intellectual life, compared with most of the large trading cities of France. Nor have the political results of this torpor of the members and hypertrophy of the heart been so satisfactory, we should have thought, as to provoke the envy of Ger many.

Heinrich Lang was born in 1764 at Balgheim, a village in the district called Riess, one of the most beautiful and fertile in Swabia; in which, though lying on the frontier of both Franconia and Bavaria, the Swabian character and dialect reigned in all their freshness and purity. The land formed part of the extinct ecclesiastical principality of Oettingen-Oettingen, and was at that time in the possession of another branch of the princely house, called Oettingen-Spielberg. His father was pastor of Balgheim. He was descended from a line of foresters (*Jäger*), who, for

a time beyond the memory of man, had possessed the Forsthaus, or, as we should call it, the Ranger's House, at Morbach, which, together with the calling, was transmitted from father to son, as of right. Many posts and employments in Germany had, by the mere sanction of time and custom, acquired an hereditary character, which no one ventured to dispute. Lang's family was of great antiquity; the name occurs in the archives of the Empire in the year 1290, as possessors of land in this neighbourhood.

The destiny of our author's grandfather was decided in the following curious manner:—"At a magnificent boar-hunt, my great-grandfather, Jäger Johann Conrad Lang, complained bitterly to his princely master, that among his many sturdy boys he had one (my grandfather) of whom he could make absolutely nothing; he couldn't even send him to cut oats, much less to take a boar or a stag. 'I'll tell you what,' said the Prince, 'let the chap (*Kerl*) learn Latin; I'll make him my clerk.' This useless boy became the confidential man-of-business, or agent, of the Count of Wallerstein-Oettingen, who, in 1731, was the reigning prince." We must remark, by the bye, how long language retains the impression of institutions after the substance is destroyed. Nothing is still more common in Germany than to hear the actual

possessor of a title and estate—the *present* Earl, as we should say—called "der regierende Graf,"—the reigning Count. In Austria this has a meaning, for though, as towards the Government, the nobles have been stripped of all political character, as towards their tenants (or subjects, as they are called) they still possess many of the privileges of sovereigns*. But in other parts of Germany, the nobles are not half so well entitled to be called *regierend* as they are in England; since they have neither retained their old privileges, nor acquired legislative power. With these old Counts of the Empire (*Reichsgrafen*) the case was far otherwise: they enjoyed not only every title and symbol of royalty, but also all its substantial and absolute power.

The following incident is like a scene in a sentimental comedy, where superhuman justice is done by some *bourreau bienfaisant*. The succession had been contested, and the above-mentioned Johann Lang had adhered with unshaken fidelity to the infant son of his old master. When the young Count died, and his uncle, the Count of Oettingen-Wallerstein, the adverse claimant, succeeded, everybody gave the faithful Johann up for a lost man. He went with the other

* Further changes in these relations have taken place since the revolutionary movement in 1848.

members of the Council to the "Huldigung" (act of homage) at the Castle, but the Count did not deign to look at him, nor was he called to do homage or asked to sit. He remained standing humbly behind his sovereign's arm-chair for above an hour, when suddenly the Count started up, and turning abruptly to him, said, "What do you stand here for? Why won't you swear allegiance to me? Do you think I don't know how to value your fidelity to your old lord?"* And at the same moment he presented him to the astonished Council as the new Director of the two Chambers (*i.e.* Treasuries) of Oettingen and Wallerstein. Master Johannes, terrified at this sudden elevation over the heads of his kinsmen and gossips, used all his eloquence to decline the distinction, seated himself at the lowest place at table, and the same evening fled home to Oettingen. "But the next day a Reiter, heavily armed, alighted at his door, mounted the stairs with clanking spurs, and stamping with his foot (three times, we presume—according to the ancient form prescribed to heralds or messengers) delivered to him the written decree, on which was

* This is spoken in the third person singular—the form in which superiors formerly addressed their inferiors: "Why does *he* stand here?" etc. It is now generally regarded as an insolent and coarse mode of address, and has given way to more reasonable and humane manners.

the superscription, 'To my Kammer-director, whether he will or not, Johannes Lang;' and with it a French note from the Count, directed 'A Monsieur Lang, Directeur de ma Chambre, bongré ou malgré lui.'"

The worthy Johann's reluctance did not arise from humility alone. Such honours were often perilous and costly, as he had seen in the example of his own father-in-law, who had been the Prince's Tax-secretary and Rent-meister (we leave our readers to find the analogous titles). The poor and prodigal lords of that time purposely placed men of property at the head of their affairs, that they might use them for the support of their own tottering credit. When the sponge was squeezed dry, they threw it away and took another. The following is a literal translation of the order sent to Balthasar Reiner, the father-in-law of Johannes Lang:—

"By the Grace of God—We, Ulrich Ernst, Prince of Oettingen-Oettingen, (and so on:)

"Well-beloved and faithful,

"Since our Princely Consort's Highness has graciously determined to take a journey to the baths of Pyrmont, for which purpose a sum of 500 ducats in gold is indispensably necessary for travelling expenses, we graciously command you to send us the

above-mentioned sum out of your official chest; or, in failure thereof, out of your own funds, within twenty-four hours, under pain of an execution."

The terrified Rent-meister sent an immediate reply, to the effect that, the day before, his Highness's faithful servant had sent 150 gulden out of his own private purse into the court kitchen, without which the usual provisions of the day could not have been bought; and that there was not the least prospect of any money from the official treasury for the Princess's journey. Hereupon this message instantly followed:—

"Well-beloved and faithful,

"Since we perceive from your most obsequious (*unterthänigsten*) reply, *de dato hesterno et presentato hodierno*, that *pars prima rescripti nostri* is not practicable, it follows that *pars secunda* must be executed without fail."

i. e. the 500 ducats must be raised on the credit of the Rent-meister. And this was the ordinary course of things.

"If it came to a dispute, *Partiales* and *Impartiales* always maintained that not the Most Serene drawer, but the most faithful and obedient (*treugehorsamste*) acceptor must pay. At length the tormented Rent-meister could go on no longer; being creditor to his princely master to the amount of 27,000 gulden, with-

out current interest. The Count, who was distressed at nothing but the drying-up of such a source, dismissed him with these words, 'Go home, and a decree shall follow, with which you will be satisfied.' This decree was as follows:—'We, etc. etc. Since we have graciously resolved to make a reduction, both in our civil and military establishment, in which you are included, we lose no time in communicating to you,'" etc. etc.

And this was the end of the song. The heirs produced the proofs of the debt before the two sovereign courts (*Aemter*) of Oettingen and Kirchheim. After being bandied from the one to the other for a hundred years, in the year 1813 our author, in the name of all the creditors, accepted the sum of 3000 gulden as payment in full of all claims.

Monstrous and ludicrous as such a tyranny, set off by the Tom Thumb etiquette of such a court (whose highest ambition it was to emulate the grandeurs of that of Ansbach), must appear to us, yet, on the whole, Lang admits that the condition of the subjects of these little princes was not an unhappy one. "The children of the servants of a sovereign house, male and female, could reckon with certainty on an hereditary provision; in return, an inviolable respect for everything princely and lordly was incul-

cated on them from the cradle. Thus the happy Forester's house in Norbach sent forth a rapid succession of foresters, rangers, house-stewards, and chief butlers; and, at a later period, of learned and reverend divines."

Lang's description of his grandfather's house may remind our readers of some remarks of the venerable Jacobs of Gotha*, who was born in the same year as our author, as to the changes in the social habits of Germany. "The manners in the house of Johannes Lang," says his grandson, "were those of Old France. Not a day passed without its regular morning and evening visitors; the former were invariably welcomed with sweetmeats and liqueurs, the latter with a glass of wine; no stranger was suffered to depart without being pressed to stay to dinner. There were as yet no houses of public entertainment or meeting. Every evening the head of a family assembled about him the different members of it, and his intimate friends. The house of every acquaintance stood open, without any laborious inviting or dragging people together. Tobacco and beer were not seen. The dress had a sort of formal elegance; the men did not venture to appear in boots and long coats. Dancing was reserved for weddings. . . . Such was the quiet and

* See page 28, *ante*.

regular life, public and private, led by Johannes Lang for twenty years."

We must pass over the childish reminiscences of our author,—even the delightful earthenware pelican on the top of the stove, with its splendid red beak, which he used to sit looking at for hours from the little stool at his mother's feet; though we are abundantly sensible to the charm of it. His father was bred to the church, and seems to have been not only a worthy and pious Pastor, but a man of singular and various erudition. And here we gladly record one characteristic feature of German manners which is not yet effaced*. Very near his father's house was a convent of Benedictine monks. Not only did the learned protestant divine live on terms of perfect amity and good neighbourhood with the good fathers, but he voluntarily gave the younger monks instruction in the oriental languages and in mathematics. They were always sure of a friendly and hospitable reception at his house;—though once on a time our author remembers to have heard his mother call out hastily to the maids to take in a large cake that had been set out before the door to cool, for fear the sight of it from the convent windows should bring

* Since this was written, a retrograde movement towards religious intolerance has been made in some parts of Germany.

her an inconvenient visit. "Not less friendly were the good Pastor's relations with the synagogue, where he sometimes attended divine worship. On these occasions the elders always handed him the sacred books, and he, to their great delight, read aloud the lesson for the day in Hebrew." So did the excellent man understand, so practise, Christianity. On such teachers of the people their Master's lessons and example are not thrown away. They know the extension He gave to the word *neighbour*, and they act upon it. We have, alas! learned to give it a narrower interpretation.

At a very early age our author lost his father, and was taken by an uncle, to reduce the burden of the numerous family which pressed upon the widow. In the year 1771, this uncle, George Lang, removed to Hohenaltheim, where the Prince of Wallerstein held his court. The little boy was dazzled with the magnificence around him,—the soldiers, the musicians, a steward, a court gardener, an apothecary, a head-forester, etc. "How did I stare," says he, "at the running footmen with their silver-fringed aprons, the black servants, the huge dogs!—how did we run when we heard the cry, the Prince! the Prince!"

Nor were these sovereign Counts by any means the smallest of their class. The Reichsritter (Knights

of the Empire) were, though lords only of a few hundred subjects, not only more absolute than the King of England, but, as members of the Germanic body, to many intents, and especially in the important matter of intermarriage, the equals of the Electors of Brandenburg or Bavaria.

We remember to have heard, from our learned and excellent instructor in the German language*, a very *naïf* description of the awe with which as a child he regarded his own Sovereign, a Knight of the Empire. "I heard of the Emperor," said he, "but all that was too remote: the greatest man living in my eyes was the lord in whose small territory I was born." To this body of high and independent nobility belonged the austere and heroic Stein. Though his sympathies with the people, and his efforts in favour of popular institutions were not less active than those of his friend and fellow-labourer Niebuhr, (who was no less proud of his peasant descent,) he had a high sense of the dignity of the ancient aristocracy of which he was a member.

At Hohenaltheim, though only four leagues from their former residence, and, like that, in Swabia, the Lang family found totally different manners, customs, and dialect. It was one of those singular villages called

* Mr. Heilner, author of an admirable German Grammar.

a Freidorf, or free village, possessing a democratic constitution. Every year the community elected five representatives, who were called the Five-men (*die Fünfer*), in whose hands the whole police and administration of the village was vested. The Prince, as sixth-man, presided, in the person of his head forester. The election was preceded by divine service, and followed by a dinner, at which the clergyman always formally claimed the right to give his opinion in all the proceedings of the new Five-men, connected with morals and religion;—a claim which the peasants silently admitted, but which the Prince's commissioner, before whom the election took place, as invariably refused to acknowledge. The Fünfer met every Sunday after church, in a little house in the churchyard destined to that purpose; and whenever the business required the presence of any of the other parishioners, the clerk called out aloud at the end of divine service, "Let every man who belongs to the parish remain standing"—(Wer zur Gemeinde gehört, der bleibe stah'n.)

We should like to know whether there remains any memory of this curious and interesting little fragment of free communal institutions, in a country which is now the classic land and paradise of "Beamten." Whatever may be its other diversities, there is scarcely

any part of Germany, in which the idea of political power, *underived from the Government*, would not appear one of the wildest and most mischievous of dreams.

A less edifying sort of freedom was that enjoyed by the Free people (*Freileute*); wandering gangs, who seem to have had many of the attributes of gipsies;—the lawless life, the pipe and tabor, and the stealing of children.

Curious vestiges of fist-law existed even among the peasantry; such as the wild violence with which the bride was seized at her father's door by the bridegroom and his friends on horseback, and carried off to her future home, full gallop, and holding a hen decked with long fluttering ribands, struggling and screaming, in her arms.

Nor were the village stories, the *Sagen*, extinct. People still told of the wonderful great serpents (*Unken*) that lived peacefully under the peasant's roof, drank milk with the children out of their pot, wore crowns on their heads (which they laid aside when they played with them), and discovered hidden treasures to godly women. The favourite hero of the peasants was Hans Däumling—*Anglicè*, Tom Thumb—whose usual post of observation was the ear of his father's plough-horse. Can anybody calculate the

amount of human enjoyment produced by a fairy tale? Like the winds, its origin is often beyond our ken; we know not whence it comes, nor whither it goes. All we do know is, that it leaves freshness, fertility, and fragrance, wherever it passes. Incomparable Tom! type and symbol of the triumph of intelligence over brute strength! how joyfully do we meet you again among the simple and good-natured Swabian peasants!

Our author's early life was that of a man who has to depend on his wits. It was as full of variety and adventure as that of Gil Blas, of whose lax morality and biting sarcasm he not unfrequently reminds us. After studying three years at Jena, he went to Vienna to seek his fortune; there he found plenty of amusement, but no employment that suited him, and at length accepted the situation of tutor to the only daughter of an Hungarian Magnate. He accompanied his little pupil and her mother to their castle, hard by the foot of the Carpathians. The description of the life led there is not only very amusing, but throws some light on that curious structure of society, wherein the elements of liberty and slavery, which for centuries stood side by side in rude and abrupt antagonism, are now gradually incorporating

into one fermenting mass. The conquering caste, encamped in the midst of a subjugated and oppressed population, is beginning to feel that the demands of man—whether Magyar or Slavonian—are no longer to be resisted. Already some of the most exalted in rank, and all the most eminent in intelligence among them, are beginning to cease to confound Freedom with Privilege. Opposed on many points to the Court of Vienna,—whose great object it has ever been to obliterate every trace of the principle of self-government,—they are not less opposed to the rabble of their own class and nation, whose only idea of liberty is, exemption from the common duties and burdens of a citizen. As against this latter party, our sympathies are rather with the Austrian Government; which, narrow and imperfect as are its views of the interests of humanity, is yet the sole barrier between the Slavonic population, and that ruthless oppression which results from the antipathies of race combined with the arrogance of rank *. With the party which, in asserting its

* I once said to a Magyar of high station, "Your countrymen say you are unpatriotic,—you lean to the Austrian Government." "I do so," he said, "because the very little that is done for the miserable people is done by the Government." The relation in which the Magyar, stood to the Slavonic population in Hungary, was not much unlike that of the Saxon to the Celtic in Ireland, in the palmy days of Protestant ascendency.

own rights, does not forget the sacred and urgent claims of the subject race, we can of course—as men and Englishmen—only have sympathy as strong as our hopes of their final success*.

To return to the Hungarian castle. Our author travelled with a Vienna music-master. They were met on the road by the Baron's house-steward, *Dominus Sztlanay de eodem,* who embarrassed our hero by addressing him in Latin. Great was the joy in the castle at the arrival of the young tutor: "They had long been tired of the old one, who wore a wig, and could not waltz." All the female hands were set in motion to put him into Hungarian costume. The lady's maids eagerly undertook his education, and laughed heartily at his attempts to imitate the Szrd, Smst, and Wlk, which ran so glibly over their tongues, and which form the Shibboleth of Hungary.

"The whole household, down to the lowest lackey and kitchen-maid, were of good Hungarian nobility†; even the cowherd and the shepherd of the lord's farm

* This was printed in 1843, and was suggested by recent conversations with Hungarians, and Germans who had resided in Hungary. Those hopes—the hopes of the patriots who were labouring for the improvement of Hungary—have since been blasted by the storm of revolution.

† Noble is here, of course, only synonymous with Frank—free-born. One of the stokers on board the Elbe steamer was, as the captain told us, an Hungarian noble.

wore swords as marks of their rank. Noble domestics in the house of a magnate were as little extraordinary as a noble page or chamberlain with us: but it was not permitted to beat them; and the meanest maid-servant of noble blood was allowed a chair in a court of justice to sit on during her trial. The house was very spacious: not in comfortable separate chambers, but in vast rooms, containing many beds, which were often occupied in an evening by twenty or thirty unexpected guests. No traveller of condition ever thinks of going to an inn. The evening was spent in dancing and play. The table was prodigal and luxurious. Behind the chairs of master and mistress stood Pandours with great bunches of feathers, which they constantly agitated to refresh the air. The superior dependants (*Beamten*), and even the sons, rise from table in the middle of dinner, and take their place behind the chair of the master or mistress of the house, till, after a few dishes have been handed, the latter look round, give their hand to the attendant to kiss, and permit him to resume his seat, when another takes his place."

Lang had every reason to be satisfied with the kindness of the noble mother, and the docility and talents of the daughter; but unfortunately the lord of the castle had an insatiable passion for nine-pins,

and the sacrifices of time and patience which he exacted of the tutor for the gratification of this taste were at length insupportable. His humours (though of the mildest sort), bred by uncontrolled power, were disagreeable and fantastic enough. He had a fine library, out of which he never would suffer his daughter's tutor to take a book. In one or two fortunate moments Lang succeeded in obtaining the loan of one: in half-an-hour the Baron sent for it back, alleging, "that the sight of a gap on his book-shelves gave him a headache."

Lang's announcement of his resolution to go was received with grief and consternation by all the family; and even the Baron tried to induce him to recall it, promising, among other improvements of his condition, an entire deliverance from the nine-pin bondage. But all would not do.

Before we leave these eastern regions, we shall give a brief outline of our author's description of the castle of a Servian noble, about a hundred miles (English) from Belgrade; though it occurs at a later period of the Memoirs. He was sent from Vienna on the business of a noble family, whose estates lay in Slavonia proper, or, as he calls it, the kingdom of Slavonia; in the midst of the horrible and pestiferous marshes formed by the overflowings

of the Danube and the Drave. Quitting this deadly region, where the whole air was charged with putrefaction, he visited Belgrade, and on his way back was hospitably entertained by the father of a Vicegespann with whom he had made acquaintance in that city.

"At four in the morning," says he, "the old lord called up his lieges with a speaking-trumpet:—*Domine Pater! surgas! Domine Provisor! Domine Cancellista Frumentarie! surgas!* He did not desist till he saw through the windows the glimmering of their newly-lighted candles, or till he was greeted in return by the morning salutation—*Salve, Domine perillustris!* In half an hour they were all assembled round him to receive their orders for the day.

"The castle stood in the midst of a swamp, where nothing vegetable was to be found but rushes and Indian corn; and nothing animal, but herds of swine and wolves. To keep off the latter, every evening as soon as it was dark a great fire was lighted in the castle-court, by which five-and-twenty Pandours kept watch all night. As a precaution against bands of robbers from the Turkish frontier, all the doors were strongly barred, and arms loaded every night."

"The Slavonian peasant seemed to me little better than half swine, half wolf. He works little, and

drinks and sleeps away most of his time. When he has nothing in the house to eat, he goes to the swamp, catches a pig, kills it, and roasts it whole. Every one who enters the house cuts off what he likes, and this goes on till it is quite putrid."

At length our author quitted these barbarous regions, in company with several other travellers. "We were," said he, "all crowded into a carriage together, the *Dominus spectabilis*, the *Domini perillustres*, myself—*Dominus clarissimus*,—and several *Domini humanissimi*. Arrived at the place where they were to stop, the drivers and Pandours who escorted us, dragged all the luggage out of the carriage, kissed our coats, knelt down to ask us for a trinkgeld, and, as soon as they had got it, set off back again."

This was the state of things in 1790. In 1842 we happened to travel with a Mecklenburger who had lived some years in Agram, the capital of Croatia, and was returning to Mecklenburg with his Hungarian wife. We lament to say, that his description of the peasantry of that country was little more consolatory than this. He said it was no uncommon thing to see a peasant bring his whole crop into the town, sell it, take the money to a public-house, and never move from the spot till he had drunk out the whole produce of his harvest.

Lang's next employment was that of private secretary to Baron von Bühler, Würtemberg Minister at the Court of Vienna. His pay was here, as well as in his last place, two hundred gulden C.M. (about £20) a-year, and free quarters in the house. "My new master," says he, "received me in his powder mantle, with flowing hair, and a piece of wire in his hand, with which he kept incessantly arranging his head-dress." The Baron was a widower. His household consisted of a French governess to his little son, a child of two years old, already ensign in the Russian body-guard; a French abbé, and a valet of the same nation. Our readers have seen that Prince Wallerstein's note (*propriâ manu*) to Johann Lang, was written in French; and incidents scattered throughout the whole of this work—as indeed through all Memoirs of the time—show to what a degree the higher classes in Germany had sunk their own nationality in that of France. Lang says, that Prince Kaunitz, one of the most extraordinary men that Germany has produced, never spoke any other language than French. "He loved," says he, "that his guests should talk freely at his table, and was glad to have artists and men of letters—*that is to say, if they were French.*"

So thoroughly had the desire to imitate what was

known or imagined of Parisian society pervaded the higher classes of Germany, that we even find Jacobs complaining, among other vexations attending his situation as private secretary to the Duke, that he had to conduct a very active correspondence with Paris, sometimes with the most insignificant persons, and on the most frivolous subjects:—"to M. Michalon about periwigs, to M. Kreusler about coats;—all with an expenditure of wit and turns of style, which, to my feelings, were little consonant with the dignity of a German prince."

And, let it be remembered, at the very time that the Duke of Gotha could think it worth his while to expend his wit on Paris tailors and perruquiers, the German Courts were, as towards their own subjects, the ideal of absurd pretension and intolerable constraint. It is within the memory of many living, that the mere fact of being about the person of the Sovereign of Saxony conferred a social importance superior to any other, whether of birth, rank, wealth, or personal merit. What a contrast do the records of that Court afford, to the simple tastes, the kindly manners, the humane sympathies, the respect for merit and genius, of which we have ourselves been eye and ear witnesses!

The lesson which the higher classes of Germany

afterwards received from the country of their predilection, however rudely given, was well worth the purchase. The emancipation of the national mind from this self-imposed foreign yoke preceded—as it must always do—the act of deliverance from the pressure of physical force; and it is the completeness of the former, which is the guarantee for the permanency of the latter. This is the important fact which distinguishes the present, from the past state of Germany*.

Lang relates many anecdotes which prove that the higher classes in Germany were grossly ignorant of their own language. He gives specimens of the ridiculous orthography of one of his ministerial masters. The following passage affords us some insight into his Würtemberg Excellency's conceptions of his native tongue. Every post-day Lang had to prepare a despatch, the matter of which was given him by the Baron. "In about an hour," says he, "I brought it him as he was sitting at his toilet. Looking alternately in the looking-glass and the despatch, he smiled incessantly and called out, 'That's right! good! capital! charming! excellent!' But when he

* The old tendency towards a blind and servile imitation of France has since broken out in another form, and in other classes, than those alluded to above.

read a copy of the same despatch an hour or two afterwards, he exclaimed at the very same passages, 'No —oh dear no! Good God, what is this? Quite the contrary! How ill expressed!' Then he let his hands fall, sank back in his armchair, and said with a sigh, 'How unfortunate am I to have a secretary who cannot even write German!' On one occasion I was led by my wounded self-love to show him the Jena critique of a little book I had written, which especially praised my style. The Baron started from his chair, and exclaimed angrily, 'What does that signify? That is learned German—you may understand that, for aught I know; but that will never be ministerial German'—(Das ist, meine Lebenzeit, kein Minister-Deutsch.)"

The following story is good:—the peep into the diplomacy of the eighteenth century is still better. "Once, at two o'clock in the morning, the valet knocked at my door, and called out hastily, 'Monsieur Lang, son Excellence désire vous parler dans ce moment.' I hurried to his room, to learn what important event had occurred. The Baron opened the door to me, and said, 'Monsieur Lang, I have remarked for some time that you don't put your dots exactly over your *i's*; they are always too far either to the right or left. I have intended several times

to tell you of this; and, as it has now occurred to me in bed, I had you called, that I might not forget it again.'"

A courier arrived one night from Stuttgart. Not only had Lang seen him in his great boots, but the bulletins of the day announced that "Son Excellence, M. le Baron de Bühler, ministre plénipotentiaire de S. A. Monseigneur le Duc de Würtemberg, avoit reçu la nuit passée un courier, qui a remis des dépêches de sa Cour d'une très-haute importance," etc. The Baron not only did not, as usual, show the despatch to his secretary, but preserved the most impenetrable silence as to its contents. This piqued Lang's curiosity so much that he watched his opportunity, and at length contrived to steal a glance at the important document. It was as follows:—"My dear Baron Bühler,—By the present courier, my private secretary Pistorius, I send you a shoe of my princely consort (*fürstliche Gemahlin*), with the request that you will cause twelve pair to be made according to this pattern, by the most experienced shoemaker in Vienna; but with such expedition that the same courier can bring them back in time for the next great assembly on the — inst. As the present letter has no other object than the above, we are," etc.

It is not very surprising that our author conceived

the greatest contempt for his employer. Indeed, his estimate of the art, or arts, of what was then called diplomacy, and of the character and intellect of the corps of whom Baron von Bühler was a member, seems to have been as low as can well be imagined. Such being the state of his feelings, he willingly accepted an invitation from the Prince of Oettingen-Wallerstein to become his private secretary.

Leaving the mean and ridiculous *commérage* of the diplomatic circle at Vienna, the scene now shifts to the court of an Immediate (*reichsunmittelbarer*) Prince at the end of the last century; a form of human things now for ever departed. "Every morning," says Lang, "at eleven, (if we had luck,) or oftener at two, we had to attend the Prince's levee. As soon as the groom of the chambers opened the doors, all those who had been waiting in the anteroom for hours entered; the Marshal, the Stallmeister (master of the horse), the private physician, we secretaries, the court *Jägers*, and any strangers who happened to be there. The Prince was under the hands of the hairdresser. Every one to whom he particularly addressed himself, racked his brain to invent some amusing or witty reply. As soon as he rose, all who were not commanded to stay retired. The Prince then visited the ladies of his family, heard mass, and gave

audiences till dinner, which was often late." We must remark that this is an astonishing deviation from the usual habits of Germany, where, even now, early hours are almost universal. Indeed, we can hardly imagine any measure so likely to exhaust the whole large stock of German patience, or to rouse the nation to a sense of intolerable wrong, as the adjournment of dinner. Germans of the middle classes, *de la vieille souche,* still dine, as we once heard an Englishwoman say, "the first thing in the morning:" one is the usual hour, and even half-past eleven or twelve are not uncommon. Three o'clock is, we believe, the dinner-hour of most of the courts. Prince Wallerstein's supper, however, was never served before midnight. The wretched secretaries were often waiting till two, three, or four in the morning. "He often passed by us poor martyrs in the anteroom, as if he did not see us. When he was ready to get into bed, the valet told him, 'Lang is waiting;' upon which I must go in immediately. Then I was 'poor Lang,' and I must tell him why he had sent for me. As I could not of course do this, I was remanded till next day."

The Prince's scheme for the administration of justice was curious and amusing, but too long for us to recount. The results may be judged of by one anecdote. There

were often five or six different decisions of one cause, so that it was absolutely impossible to bring some affairs to an end. "I know a poor devil," says Lang, "who lay for years in prison, because the magistrates didn't know which of the sentences before them to execute,—whether they should hang him as a thief, flog him, put him in the house of correction, send him out of the country, or let him go, as having undergone his term of imprisonment. At last he came to the best decision himself; he broke out of prison, and ran away."

One more story, and we have done with Prince Wallerstein.

A Hofrath (*Conseiller de Cour*), named Belli, retired. Lang immediately determined to angle for the vacant post. "As I approached the Prince with this intention, he came up to me, and asked me at once if I knew what had happened to him with regard to Belli. What should he do? Where was he to find such a man again? After the most appropriate expressions of sympathy, I endeavoured to slide on to the consolatory hopes of a compensation for this heavy loss. A Prince of such eminent abilities could never fail to form efficient servants, etc. The Prince, assuming an air of being somewhat comforted, looked significantly at me, and said, 'Really, my dear Lang,

do you think so? Shall I find such another?' Determined to spring the mine, I extended my arms as if to meet his question, and said, 'Yes, certainly, your Serene Highness, yes,'—upon which he stopped me short with the words—'But he must be as tall as Belli!' I stood as if thunderstruck. Belli was above six feet high: the most liberal measurement could not raise me above five feet six inches."

Such were the fantastic tricks played before high heaven by some of these "immediate" lords. It must be confessed that, though enough to make "angels weep," they are also well fitted to make vulgar mortals laugh. We beg our readers, however, not to fall into one of the generalizations so common in all countries, and conclude that our Prince was a fair sample of all the lesser sovereigns of Germany. Whatever may be said to the contrary, men really differ more, even in the same country, than sheep in a fold. But it is hard to get this truth recognized in fact and practice. "Vous ne brodez pas, Mademoiselle?" said a French lady, some twenty years ago, to a friend of ours, in a circle of fair *brodeuses* round a tea-table in Paris. "Non, Madame, je ne brode pas." "Ah! les Anglaises ne brodent pas?" "Pardon, Madame, ce n'est pas précisément ce que je disais," was our countrywoman's cautious reply. But alas!

à quoi bon? Our dear neighbours have advanced little further: we are still '*les Anglais*,' who all are, and think, and do, the same thing. Time was, nor long ago, when they were to us *the French*, who passed their lives in dancing and eating frogs.

German Princes then, as now, differed widely from each other; but we may be sure that if there had not been a large share of goodness among them,—a large share of sympathy with their people,—love of the hereditary sovereign and of his house would not so long have been one of the strongest feelings in German hearts. If ever, whether by the fault of governors or governed,—or, as is more likely, by both united,—this loyal and indulgent attachment to the *Landesvater* be rooted out, the country will be launched on that stormy and trackless sea on which France has so long been tossed.

The most remarkable incident of Lang's life, during the time he was in the service of Prince Wallerstein, was his mission to Frankfurt at the coronation of the Emperor Leopold II. The description of this ceremony is one of the most characteristic passages of the book, and we must give it entire. We have alluded to it before, as the reverse of the beautiful medal struck by Goethe. The eye of the poet clothed the obsolete, the worn-out, and the unmeaning, with all their pristine

grandeur and historical significance. We shall here see the scene, stripped bare to the sad and sordid reality, as it presented itself to a man of cold imagination, completely *désillusionné*, and alive only to the absurd, the useless, and the incongruous.

Lang was sent to Frankfurt by Prince Wallerstein, who was head of the Swabian Counts' league (*Grafenbund*). His business was to report to the Prince all that passed, especially all that concerned the interest of the smaller States; "among which the Counts of the Empire had particularly at heart the permission to use the predicate, We," etc.

"I was particularly recommended," says he, "to another Swabian count, the hereditary *Truchsess* (Sewer) of the Empire, Count Truchsess-Waldburg, and to Herr Regierungsrath Pietsch, the deputy of the Counts of the Wetterau. Both of them immediately laid claim to me; the former, to act as a sort of *Ceremoniarius*, or, as it is called, *Gentilhomme*, to him at the ceremony; the latter, to *protocolize* the business of the Counts. I had a special *Protectorium* from the hereditary Marshal of the Empire.

"The first highly important affair that came under my hands was an attempt of the Hereditary Lord Marshal, Count Pappenheim, to procure that the young counts of Pappenheim might be included

among those young counts who have the honour to carry the dishes to the Imperial Coronation table. This however threw all the States of the whole body of Counts of the Empire (to which couriers and estafettes were instantly despatched in every direction) into no small confusion and dismay; seeing that, without prejudice to the personal dignity of the Lords Counts of Pappenheim, their dominion was no genuine *Reichsgrafschaft* (County of the Empire), but only a *Reichsritterschaft* (Knightship of the Empire).

"I was therefore charged to communicate to the old Hereditary Lord Marshal an answer to the following effect:—'That though the collective body of the Counts of the Holy Roman Empire would joyfully and willingly offer their dutiful allegiance to the Hereditary Lord Marshal, in case he were elected Emperor of Germany and King of the Romans, they could by no means admit, or consent to, his exorbitant demand (the consequences of which were too weighty to be calculated or foreseen); viz. that his sons and nephews should be allowed to carry the dishes and wait at the Imperial table, either now or at any future time whatsoever.'

"If I had hoped to see the approaching show in peace, I should have been greatly disappointed. In the midst of the night, another fearful storm broke

out, and I was called up and obliged to hurry to Offenbach, where the Count's deputation was sitting. The office of the Imperial kitchen had sent a list of the dishes,—if I mistake not, thirty-seven in number,—to be communicated to those Counts of the Empire to whom belonged the high office of setting them on the table. Now, ever since the days of *Carolus Magnus*, —or perhaps a *little* later,—the invariable laws and traditions of the Empire required, that the first dish should be borne by a Swabian, the second by a Wetterauer, the third by a Franconian, and the fourth (and of course last) by a Westphalian, Count. But according to this rotation, the thirty-seventh, the last of all, would come round again to a Swabian Count; whereat all the Swabians present, who had come as bearers of St. George's shield at the ceremony, broke out in the most violent indignation; while, at the same time, no other Estate of the Empire would undertake this thirty-seventh dish. Little seemed to be wanting to bring matters to a civil war of Reichsgrafen. The imperial kitchen absolutely refused to leave out the fatal thirty-seventh dish; for which it was not to be blamed, since it could quote all the lists of dishes from Emperor Rudolf to the present time. At length came, as if from heaven, the ingenious idea of dividing this dish into four little ones;

whereupon the last fell, as it ought to do, to a Westphalian.

"As *Gentilhomme* to the hereditary Lord Sewer of the Empire, I had to take part in the procession, and could thus see this piece of Israelitish pomp at my ease, and close to me. The imperial robes and regalia looked as if they had been picked up at an old-clothes fair; the crown, as if the most bungling coppersmith had made it, and stuck it with pebbles and bits of glass; on the pretended sword of Charlemagne was the double-tailed lion—the arms of Bohemia. The degrading ceremonial, according to which the Emperor has every moment to rise up and sit down, to be dressed and undressed, smeared with oil and then wiped clean again—to lay himself on the ground at the feet of the Bishops, with hands and feet extended, and remain there, was just the same in the main as that at the investiture of the meanest mendicant friar.

"The most ridiculous incident in the whole ceremony was, that a Bishop, with a charming nasal twang, addressed the question in Latin to the quire in the organ-loft, whether they would really '*Serenissimum Dominum, Dominum Leopoldum, in regem habere?*' Whereupon the assenting leader of the quire nodded his head, flourished his fiddlestick vehemently,

while the chorister boys and girls sang out at the highest pitch of their voices, *Fiat, Fiat, Fiat!* And so, as there seemed to be no opposition to dread on the part of these little ladies and gentlemen, the crown was hastily put on the Emperor's head, and a great flourish of trumpets ensued.

"After the Emperor, seated on a bare wooden throne, which looked like a hen-roost, had received the congratulations and homage of the Bishops in every possible form of knee-and-back-bending, and was lost in a cloud of incense burnt under his very nose, the candidates for the knighthood were called out, and among them, first and foremost, a Dalberg*, who was standing ready in a theatrical costume.

"From the church, the Emperor, dressed in his shabby mantle, took his way to the Rathhaus, followed by a crowded and disorderly procession. He walked in his old imperial slippers over boards covered with red cloth, which the people, kneeling on the ground with knives in their hands, cut away so close to his heels, that they nearly threw him down.

"Next came the Imperial banquet at the Römer, at which the Duke of Mecklenburg posted himself at the door, with a long knife in his hand, and a white

* Lang says "the real Dalbergs" were extinct as early as the year 1315, when the Chamberlain of Worms took the name.

napkin before his breast,—the 'durchläuchtigster' carver to the 'Allerdurchläuchtigster.' The Truchsess, in a Spanish dress, with flowing hair and gold mantle, then proceeded on horseback to a wooden booth in the market-place, in which an ox was roasted whole. His whole retinue followed in state liveries, and the so-called four *gentilshommes*, of whom I was one, two on each side of his horse. I had to carry the Spanish hat, with blue and white feathers, and my companion a great silver dish. While the Truchsess remained seated on horseback, we *gentilshommes* had to stand in the booth, close to the infernal fire, and in the pestilential stench of the roasting ox; we had then to cut out a half-raw piece, and carry it on the silver plate before the Count. Just as we turned to go, the ragamuffins began to quarrel for the gilded horns, and in the struggle the whole wooden kitchen came down with a crash,—probably as a symbol of what was soon to befall the Holy Roman Empire. At the door of the dining-hall the Truchsess took the dish in his own hands, and kneeling, set this fragrant dainty under the nose of the Emperor, plagued on every side with some grotesque absurdity.

"Nothing could be a truer picture of the condition of the Empire, sunk into a cold petrified dotage, than this carnival mummery of an imperial coro-

nation in tawdry rags. The next day, when it was no longer necessary to consult the sibylline books of the Golden Bull, people went to stare at the Huldigung in the Hessian camp, and the fireworks in the splendid barges of the Ecclesiastical Electors. Wild boars were driven in from every corner in honour of the King of Hungary. The swarms of German professors and doctors who had flocked hither, almost fought for the wet sheets of the new Capitulations, in their eagerness to see at what passage a comma had been changed into a semicolon; and some even boasted that they had brought about this important event. When I say that the Elector of Mainz alone brought a retinue of fifteen hundred people, among whom there were a wet-nurse and a capon-crammer, it may be imagined that there was no want of sensual enjoyments of every kind and degree. The day usually finished with high gambling."

It is not without some misgivings that we have translated this passage, which seems to throw contempt and ridicule on one of the most venerable and (in the best sense of the word) conservative principles in our nature,—the sentiment of historical grandeur,—of the sanctity of the chain which binds together successive generations;—a sentiment which is nowhere more pervading than in England. But if, as a

Frenchman once said to us, "*En Angleterre on se casse le nez contre le moyen age,*" it is because *le moyen age* has bequeathed to us something that has an enduring principle of life; and, like all living and organic bodies, a principle of gradual evolution and appropriate change. Ceremonies that have no root in the popular life, —that stand detached from the Present, its interests and its cares, by the abyss of time, must die. It is their connection with institutions still respected, still useful, that gives meaning and sanctity to every ceremony or garb so long used to adorn a body, of which the most insignificant of us feels that he is a living, moving member. If the Empire had not been already a disorganized body, in which the principle of life was extinct, it would not have crumbled to dust and ashes, as it did, before the first rude assault from without.

We began by saying that we are no admirers of the tone of this author's mind. We have no sympathy whatever with persons of his stamp, who have an eye only for the grotesque and the deformed. But, it must be considered, that if the propensity to degrade the venerable and to deface the lovely is an odious and base one, the contrary propensity,—to cover the feeble and rotten with stately folds; to deck vice with wreaths or with gems; to perpetuate mischievous illusions; to exalt the glittering at the expense of the useful;

in short, to excite and arm the imagination of man against his reason,—is, if not as unamiable, at least as mischievous. It is unfortunate too that poetry and sentiment have erected so many altars to false gods. They have joined with pride and selfishness, to exalt the powerful and to trample on the lowly; to adorn the ravagers of the earth, and to bring neglect and contempt on its benefactors; to throw a halo round those who already "enjoy the bright day" of fortune, and to deepen the shadows round those who sit in the darkness of ignorance and poverty. While therefore we detest and hold far from us the poor and envious spirit which has no veneration for the Great and no love for the Beautiful, we must not suffer ourselves to be imposed on by words; but examine whether that which claims respect is not in fact merely an object of fear, and that which professes to be beautiful is not merely glittering. If they will not stand this examination, the sooner they are stripped of a false character the better: we shall have the more veneration to spare for the truly good.

From the last hollow pageant of the Empire, the transition is as easy as it is melancholy to its tragical and disgraceful dismemberment. The account of the Congress of Rastadt is, historically considered, by far the most interesting part of the book. It is much too

long for insertion. We can give but a faint idea of the general impression of moral degradation and mental imbecility, of shameless rapacity and absolute indifference to public interests, which the whole picture is calculated to produce. We clearly perceive the rottenness of the whole body;—we see that it needed no giant's hand to pull down a fabric tottering with age, and undermined by the reptiles which burrowed under its walls.

After Lang had quitted the service of Prince Wallerstein in disgust, he went to complete his studies at Göttingen, then the most celebrated university in Europe for all the branches of knowledge necessary to an accomplished archivist. Here he attracted the notice of a man who was destined afterwards to play a conspicuous part in the reconstruction of the new political edifice of Germany,— Count (afterwards Prince) von Hardenberg, then minister at Ansbach: which, as our readers may recollect, had been sold by its last Margrave to Prussia. Lang's first connection with this eminent statesman was of a private nature. The reputation he had acquired at Göttingen for historical learning and acuteness, induced the Count to engage him to arrange the archives of the Hardenberg family, deposited at their ancient seat near Göttingen.

"Schloss Hardenberg, called the Vorderhaus (Front-house) Hardenberg," says Lang, "is a modern building, in front of which are the extensive offices, and behind it a little park, with no ornament of flower-garden, shrubberies, or greenhouses; but ringing with the songs of innumerable nightingales. A little further backward rise the picturesque ruins of the old fortress of Hardenberg, with the venerable inscription, *Verbum Domini manet in æternum.* At the foot of the hill on which this stands, are the farm-buildings, called the Hinterhaus (Back-house) of the elder line of Hardenberg, whose head, universally known as the old 'Graf Hans' (Count Jack), resided about a league off, in the convent of Marienstein, which he hired. Near Hardenberg Castle lies the small town of Norten, through which passes the high-road,—a little Catholic island in the midst of a Protestant population; with a Catholic endowment, two Hardenberg *employés*, an apothecary, at whose shop we assembled to drink a glass of wine together, a Rathskeller (Town-hall), a physician belonging to the 'Jurisdiction,' and a tax-gatherer. At the end of the little town lay the 'Hardenberger Krug,' a public-house, greatly frequented by the Göttingen world. The rental of that part of the Hardenberger lordship, or, as the local expression has it, Jurisdiction (*Gericht*), which belonged to the Minister,

was about 30,000 gulden (£3000) a year. The Vorderhaus had the right of fetching out of the common forest as much wood daily as nine asses could carry, for its own consumption."

This primitive scene was suddenly enlivened by the arrival of the Minister, with a retinue of cooks, valets, councillors (*Räthe*), jägers, etc.; and the quiet country-seat was transformed into a little "Residenz." Lang's description of his celebrated employer corresponds with all we have heard and read regarding him. Amiable, agreeable, generous and dissolute, he inspired even a man so little accessible to kindly emotions as our author, with affection; while, on the other hand, his vast abilities, and eminent services to Prussia, could not protect him from the stern and contemptuous disapprobation of such judges as the pure and austere Stein.

While exploring the Hardenberg archives, Lang, as he assures us, stumbled upon the following delicious document, which we shall translate for our readers:—

"In the reign of Count Hildebrand Christoph von Hardenberg (b. 1645), a courtly tone, hitherto unknown, was introduced. Servants, dress, ceremonies, even education, assumed from this time a luxurious air. In former times, when a Hardenberg rode to the yearly fair in the neighbouring town, he

was attended by one groom; but sturdy fellows in gay clothes, standing behind a coach, handing about dishes and changing plates, was a sight yet unseen by any mortal born and bred in the Long Forest (Langforst). The new lacqueys themselves knew not how to behave in their unwonted elevation. Order, cleanliness, and decorous manners had to be beaten into them, by means of unheard-of severity. Steward, valet, pages, lacqueys, grooms, coachman, and stable-boys, composed the retinue of our Statthalter, as long as he resided at the Court of Wolfenbüttel.

"The 'Rules for House and Court,' according to which his Excellency the Lord Statthalter commands his people to conduct themselves, given the 10th March, 1666, begin by declaring to his servants that they are all rude, unpolished, stupid, and inattentive fellows; to whom he is now, with fatherly care, going to give the following rules for the government of their lives and manners; at the same time telling them that he shall take care to make them remember any departure therefrom. Thus, for example, he who can give no account of the sermon, shall eat his dinner like a dog, lying on the ground; whoever swears, shall kneel for an hour on the sharp edge of a plank. Whoever neglects to take the Lord's Supper when it is notified to him, shall ride upon an ass loaded with

heavy weights, or receive a flogging, as circumstances may be.

"Domestic thieves are promised the gallows. Whoever peeps into a letter, even if it lies open, shall have the bastinado three days running, and be sent out of the house as infamous."

We particularly admire the delicate sense of honour which the Herr Statthalter sought to produce, by the severe chastisement awarded to the latter offence. But what a pity the Herr Statthalter had not the composing of a set of 'Rules and Regulations' for the conduct of the servants of government in this matter, in several States rather larger than Hardenberg, or even Wolfenbüttel! What a pity he could not have administered a little of his corroboratives to honesty, to persons a little higher than lacqueys, who are said, even in these our days, to have an unconquerable taste for peeping into letters which do *not* lie open! But let us proceed with these exquisite Rules.

"Before the Statthalter rises, the clothes must be brushed clean, and laid in good order on the table; shoes and boots cleaned, and set under the bench; fresh water and a towel must be in readiness. His Excellency must be most delicately (*subtilstermassen*) dressed, and what he lays aside be carefully put by.

"The meals are to be served in good order, without

spilling, and the dishes to be taken away with a bow. If any one nibbles at things, and puts his fingers or his mouth into the dishes, he shall be made to eat scalding food to cure him of his greediness. Every one is bound, when called upon, to step forward, making a reverence, and to say grace with a clear and audible voice. He who stutters or hesitates shall receive six fillips on the nose (*spanische Nasenstüber*). If any man waits at table with dirty hands, he shall do as if he were washing them, while one pours water over them, and another dries them with two sharp rods till they bleed. In like manner, he who waits uncombed, shall be well curried in the stable, with the curry-comb.

"The tablecloth is to be spread at one cast; every plate to have a napkin, and the saltcellars to be filled with clean salt. At the proper time candles are to be brought, and to be constantly snuffed, every time beginning at the place where the highest guest sits. Lastly, the tablecloth is to be removed in a mannerly way (*manierlich*); and the servants are to retire with a reverence, under pain of six fillips on the nose.

"Whoever *mixes in the conversation,* or grins at what is said, shall be made to blow till he is tired; whoever laughs loud, shall have four raps over the fingers. Whoever fills a glass too full, *and then sups*

it out with his own mouth, shall have twenty lashes with a whip. He who hands a dirty glass may have his choice between four boxes on the ear, or six fillips on the nose. After dinner, a basin of water and a clean towel is to be handed (with a bow) to every guest.

"As it is a scandalous and insufferable thing for servants to be long at meals, those who are more than a quarter of an hour at dinner shall have it taken away from them. He who will not eat what is set before him, shall fast twenty-four hours. If the Statthalter orders a servant to do anything, and he neglects it, and bids another do it instead, he shall receive four boxes on the ear from him whom he so ordered; who, in return, shall have six.

"If any man waits in dirty or torn clothes, he shall run the gauntlet. If two go to blows, they shall fight out their quarrel with staves, in the presence of the house-steward; and he who spares the other, shall have a flogging.

"If any one goes out without leave, or murmurs against his Lord, he may expect to be flogged, put in chains, or tied to a post, according to circumstances."

It is evident that the Lord Statthalter wanted only the fostering sun of occasion to ripen into a full-grown Nero. Who that reads this document but must

pray with fervour to be preserved from power joined with impunity? It is not to be denied that the introduction of cleanliness and order is a great work; and that it is attended with no slight difficulties in a German household, nobody will deny, who sees how imperfectly, two centuries after the date of the above, it is often accomplished. It must be confessed too, that some of the commands and prohibitions argue a state of civilization in these future valets and lacqueys, that rendered strong discipline indispensable. But one thinks with horror of entrusting the destinies of men to the curious ingenuity of the framer of a penal code like this.

At the end of two years' research into the family archives, Lang had to submit the result of his labours to the old "Graf Hans" in person. He was alarmed at the prospect of this interview with the old man, whom he had heard represented as somewhat in the style of one of the rugged tyrants of former days. The old Count was not much enchanted with our author's work; would not believe that could be all he had written in two years, and at length exclaimed, 'But you found that we are descended from Duke Wittikind?' On my honest reply, that I had really found nothing of the kind, and that no archives in the world contained family documents relating to the

old heathen Wittikind, he stopped me short, and told me to go and look in the castle at Rathenburg, where it stood inscribed over the chimneypiece."

The man who first raised the name of Hardenberg to European importance, seems not to have had a trace of these feudal sentiments and habits. Lang represents him as uniformly considerate, affable, and kind to all his dependants. We have been diverted from the current of the more important political narrative of our author, by our desire to give our readers one more striking picture of German life and manners, in their various gradations towards humaner and more refined forms. No one can now reproach the higher classes in Germany generally, with want of humanity towards their inferiors.

We return to the Congress of Rastadt, which took place in the year 1797. In anticipation of the discussions there, Hardenberg (who had had evidence of Lang's talents and attainments) had commissioned him to search the archives of Ansbach for everything that could throw light on the claims and interests of Prussia. Lang executed his task so much to the Minister's satisfaction, that he sent for him to act as a sort of secretary to the Prussian Embassy at the Congress.

He was, of course, thrown into personal contact,

more or less close, with all the men who figured at this singular assemblage. The portraits or sketches he has drawn of them are little flattering, and have no other importance than what they derive from the deplorable result which they all, in a greater or less degree, concurred to bring about. Few of them are sufficiently known to the English public to awaken any interest in the description of their follies or their vices. We have already said, that a more pitiable spectacle than the Congress, as a whole, afforded, can hardly be imagined. Lang calls it a "diplomatic puppet-show;"—a tragical one for Germany! After describing the representatives of the Great Powers, he descends to those of the immediate nobles and the small States. Among them, we have the first glimpse of another of the men destined, at a later period, to assist in the overthrow of the giant before whom all knees were now beginning to bend;—Count Metternich, son of the Imperial plenipotentiary, "then a young man of agreeable exterior, very polite, and never intrusive or arrogant; of whom nobody predicted the great part he was hereafter to play." He was plenipotentiary of the Westphalian Counts. Each body or class of nobles was thus represented. He closes the list with one which is now extinct;—for we will not insult a mighty shade by affecting to regard

the ridiculous assumption of its name as a continuation of its existence. Its mission had long been at an end, and it was already in a state of decomposition and decay. "The Knights of Malta, in their bright red uniforms, boasted of their insatiable thirst for Turkish blood; they seemed however to have very little appetite for that of the French, and were looking about whether they could not get a bit of *terra firma* instead of their island. The moment it was evident that the hour of danger was come for the Ecclesiastical States, they hastened to protest that they were *not* ecclesiastics; and as the star of Germany did not appear just then to be very brilliant, they were devising means for declaring themselves Russians." Dissolute and effete, tyrannous to its subjects, and useless to Europe, "La Religione," as the order is still oddly enough called in Malta, surrendered its impregnable fortress without a blow, and left to the peasants it had trampled upon, to display, in defence of their island, the heroism which was dead in the breasts of the high-born cavaliers.

Lang next enumerates a vast tribe of *Gelehrte* (learned men), and concludes with this remark:—"The most consolatory thing for us was, that Herr Samhaber, professor of law at Würzburg, brought a whole cask of ink with him, which was to be shed

freely in the defence of the High and Mighty Spiritual Lords." Among the "learned" we recognize another illustrious and ever-welcome figure. "The celebrated Humboldt came to visit the French mineralogist Faujas. The latter certainly had never endured such a fright on the most tempestuous sea, as Count Görz (the head of the Prussian embassy) endured at his own table, when Herr von Humboldt, the invited guest, came in amongst the diplomatic divinities, an hour too late, in a frock-coat and boots, heated and dusty, from an inspection of the mountains of Baden. The Count immediately put them *au fait* of so unheard-of an apparition, by saying in a low voice, 'He is a Gelehrter!'"

There was also the usual resort of mere idlers—the scum which gathers on the surface of all such meetings. Even in 1815, after the twenty years of disaster and disgrace which had passed over Germany, Talleyrand could yet say at Vienna, "Le Congrès danse, mais ne marche pas."

"It became a fashion," says Lang, "to come to Rastadt for a few days; to go the round of the ambassadors' dinners; to spy at Mademoiselle Hyacinthe (a French actress) through an opera-glass; to risk a few rouleaus at the French coffee-house; and then, with the list of arrivals, and Count Görz's valet's

receipt for iced punch in your waistcoat-pocket, to take your departure for the interior of open-mouthed Germany."

And now began the tragedy,—the wretched disunion—the treacherous defections—the fearful and scandalous *sauve qui peut*. Almost at the very same moment when the first Imperial Ambassador to the Congress proclaimed with solemn pomp "the integrity of the Empire" (which was received with surprise and exultation by all Germany), the second signed the secret surrender of Mainz; while the third broke out into bitter tears, and entreated the 'Supreme Head of the Empire' (the favourite Austrian phrase) to endeavour to prevent this same lamentable surrender. Congress was opened on the 8th of December, 1797, in the midst of the most enthusiastic hopes. On the 30th of the same month, Mainz was delivered up to the French by Austria. Hardly was this done when the French ambassador declared (19th of January, 1798), in a dictatorial note, that the Rhine was, without further delay, to be acknowledged as boundary; and, without more ceremony, caused the Rhine fortifications at Mannheim to be removed (25th of January).

"Hereupon arose a universal wailing and lamentation, to appease which it was said, that the integrity of

the Empire was not a mere physical, but a symbolical and ideal, integrity; and that, whether the Rhine was boundary or not, the Empire was formed by, and consisted of, the same union between its Supreme Head, and his most faithful Electors, Princes, and Estates; and that the latter would be fully indemnified for what they had lost. Everybody was curious to know where this indemnification was to come from. Those who were in the secret, shrugged their shoulders and said nothing. At length the abrupt declaration of the French ambassador, that the indemnity was to be sought in the secularization of church property, satisfied the public curiosity. The knot was now cut, and the signal for plunder given. Every great State laid its plan to get a bishopric, or a bit of one; the lesser, an abbey; the smallest nobleman, a benefice. The ecclesiastical ambassadors were looked upon as suspected; people got out of their way. It rained claims for compensation for losses on the left bank of the Rhine, together with specifications of the precise thing wished for. Nor was this all: the spiritual lords, finding their representations wholly useless, now fell out amongst themselves. The bishops would be well content to give up the property of the convents; the archbishops thought it would certainly suffice if the bishoprics were taken

—in which case the three spiritual Electors might be allowed, for their special consolation, a little enlargement of their territory, by the annexation of Salzburg, Münster, and Fulda; while Mainz was ready to say 'Yes, in God's name,' to anything, if Mainz was but allowed to remain primate and patriarch of Germany; for, without an *Archi-Cancellarius Imperii per Germaniam*, the beloved German Fatherland could not exist."

While this deplorable scene was in progress, the French ambassadors looked on in silence. "Most probably," says Lang, "their government had left them without instructions, and was too much occupied with the agitations of Paris, to think of these Polack doings in Germany."

It required moral sensibilities as obtuse as those of Herr von Lang (as obtuse as the whole tone of his narrative of transactions, so fatal and disgraceful to his country, sufficiently proves them to be) to write this word. How was it that the mind of Germany had been familiarized with ideas of spoliation and dismemberment? The idea of National Integrity, which all nations have an equal interest in holding sacred, had, in the partition of Poland, received the most audacious and mortal blow that ever was dealt to it; for here it was not the wresting away of a

province, but the annihilation of a people, that was aimed at. What wonder that men who had been actors or abettors in so fearful a crime against the earthly religion of man—Love of Country—were now to be seen, like parricidal children scrambling for the heritage of a murdered father?

But Lang was not a man to be struck with this. Indeed, such is the coarseness of his feelings, that he can make himself merry at what would have broken the heart of a man of any earnestness or elevation of soul. To complete the degrading picture, he says:—"All this did not put an end to the incessant whirl of amusement and profligacy. The French theatre was a favourite resort; and the high and mighty German nobles sat to see themselves caricatured and ridiculed, under the transparent disguise of the German porters and coachmen in Paris, as *ces bêtes Allemandes*, and their political affairs, as *des querelles Allemandes*," etc. Thence they repaired to the French coffee-house, where the *dame du comptoir*, with a characteristic mixture of inaptitude and impertinence, could not recollect barbarous German names and titles, and called one gentleman *l'Habit rouge*, another *Grand nez*, another *le Loup*, and so on.

We have seen enough of the voluntary prostration of the higher classes of Germany before French idols,

to regard these insults as natural and merited. As an appropriate background to this degradation of the higher classes, we have the brutalizing of the lower. Lang says—"Early in a morning I was waked by the daily floggings, which the officers of the Baden regiment on duty administered to their soldiers."

One might think that what was passing would have made the want of a manly public opinion obvious to the bluntest capacity and the coldest heart. But there are certain diseases of mental vision which are incurable. Lang was invited to dinner by old Count Metternich (father of the future Arch-Chancellor), and, to his surprise, was seated next him at table. A conversation soon began, which rendered these unlooked-for honours intelligible. "His Excellency lamented the unhappy divisions of Germany; spoke of the wild force of public opinion, and of the necessity of combating, taming, and quieting it, by the aid of the most honourable, intelligent and able minds that the whole country could furnish. 'Such men,' he said, 'must act in concert, and must be vigorously supported and well paid, and promoted by the Government.' In short, a very clear, intelligible hint was given, what a good reception I should have, if I would desert to the Austrian camp. I replied briefly and drily,—'That the task his Excellency wished to confide to the good

heads of Germany, appeared to me to labour under this insurmountable difficulty,—that the best heads were just those that had opinions of their own, and were attached to them, and would not be easily induced to manufacture goods to order. I also thought that public opinion, if founded on falsehood or illusion, could not endure; if founded on truth, it would eventually conquer.' This reply was received with evident coldness and displeasure; and thus ended my invitations to dinner."

It is extremely curious to find precisely the same notions still fondly and tenaciously cherished, not only in Austria, but even in States where one would expect better things. The idea that governments hold opinions, as Æolus does the winds, in a bag, and can release as much or as little of them as they like—letting loose Boreas against the enemy, and reserving the mild whispers of Zephyrus for themselves—is one which it seems almost impossible for these potentates to relinquish. Public opinion is subject to dangerous and disgusting diseases, no doubt; but they are not to be treated topically. It is only after creating a sound state of the whole moral and intellectual frame, that the reason can be addressed with any hope of success; indeed, that it can be said to exist: —for what is the reason of a mob? And as to

appeals to the passions and prejudices which favour the views of those in power, what safety is to result from *them?* Are they not always a two-edged sword? The first step towards a sound, beneficial, and lasting influence on public opinion is, a reverence for the reasoning faculty which God has given to man; a deep sense of its present imperfect culture and consequent weakness; a ceaseless and sincere endeavour to improve it; a fervent desire that it may in time become a safe standard by which public interests and measures may be tried. But what godlike humanity, patience, humility, and confidence in truth, does this suppose!

It soon became evident that war was inevitable. On the 8th of April the Congress was dissolved. On the 21st, in the evening, the French Ambassadors left Rastadt, and were attacked, close by the gates of the town, by mounted soldiers, dragged out of their carriage, and two out of the three killed. Jean de Brie, who was left for dead, recovered. Lang imputes this crime to the Austrians, at the instigation of the English. For the latter conjecture he does not offer the slightest shadow of a reason; the former, he says, was rendered probable by the fact that the soldiers were Austrians. The Prussian Ambassador, Herr von

Dohm*, showed the natural horror and indignation of a man of honour at so atrocious a crime; "for which he fell under the displeasure of all the great courts, his own not excepted."

Such was the close of this deplorable drama. The aged body of the Empire, like that of Æson, was torn in pieces, and was now about to be submitted to that fiery process, out of which it was to emerge in renovated youth and strength.

We have detained our readers so long over Lang's first volume, that we have little space to devote to his second. The events recorded in it are less important, and none of them agreeable. He remained in the service of Prussia as long as Ansbach belonged to that power. When it was transferred to Bavaria, the *employés* had their choice of returning to Prussia, or remaining in their posts. He preferred the latter alternative. But, if his opinion of the Prussian Government of that period was unfavourable enough, we hardly remember to have read a more revolting picture than that which he draws of the one whose service he entered. A large portion of the volume is filled

* Born 1751, died 1820. Dohm was the son of a Lutheran minister. He raised himself by his talent and probity. He took an active part in public affairs, and endeavoured to avert some of the calamities which overwhelmed Germany. Dohm was one of those learned statesmen for whom Prussia has been so remarkable.

with anecdotes (in which the names or initials are given) of high official persons. To nearly every one of these biographical sketches, the gallows would have been the appropriate termination. We have robbery under every conceivable form of force and fraud; murder with the most cold-blooded and complicated aggravations; brutal and boundless licentiousness;—in short, it is difficult to believe in a state of society where men of station and eminence were such as he describes. We shall extract none of these stories. We have no means of establishing their truth or falsehood, and we know what may be done by carefully picking out and exhibiting the worst individuals of a nation or a class, as fair samples of the whole;—a mode of misrepresentation at present very much in fashion with a part of the German press, as regards the English aristocracy, whose general character it is pleased to gather from police reports, disgraceful law proceedings, and "fashionable novels." The example does not invite us, though here the selection is ready to our hand; nor could we plead in our excuse the same profound ignorance of the higher classes of Germany, which evidently prevails among the writers in question as to those of England. We should sin against our own knowledge and experience of the total unfairness of such a picture. The only instructive

lesson to be gleaned from all this scandalous gossip is the very old one, that bad institutions act as a hot-bed to evil propensities. Many of the stories, as our readers may infer from what they have seen of the bent of Lang's mind, are consummately ludicrous. He draws unimaginable pictures of the vulgarity and grossness of the manners of Munich, and makes himself merry at the dread which the Bavarians entertained of the "Prussian foxes,"—a dread not quite eradicated to this hour.

In 1806 came the French occupation of Ansbach. The first officer quartered in Lang's house was General Maison; the second, General Berton; names afterwards, in different ways, sufficiently known to Europe. Bernadotte commanded in the town, and frequently gave balls. "At one of these," says Lang, "I saw four marshals: Bernadotte, a very tall dark man, with fiery eyes under thick brows; Mortier, still taller, with a long stiff pigtail, and a stupid sentinel look; Lefèvre, an old Alsatian camp-boy, with his lady-wife, former washerwoman to the regiment; and Davoust, a little smooth-pated, unpretending man, who was never tired of waltzing." Bernadotte expressed to Lang what delight he had in the business of administration; how happy he had been in Hanover, where it had been his duty to conduct part of the business of government.

He said it was one of his agreeable dreams that Ansbach was his own principality, and that he was destined to make it happy. Such were the early aspirations of the prudent and popular King of Sweden.

Lang seems to have entertained a sovereign contempt for the constitutions which some of the lesser states of Germany obtained after the expulsion of the French. That of Bavaria he treats as a complete "humbug;" and it must be owned that the following scene from the Chamber is not calculated to give us a very exalted idea of the securities afforded by representative assemblies. We recommend it to all managers of divisions. It occurred during the earlier sittings of the Bavarian Stände.

"Count Reichensburg, the president, was extremely anxious to cut the debates as short as possible. But his great dread was an equality of numbers ('paria'), because he was forced to recapitulate the arguments on both sides, and to give a casting vote. On one such occasion the secretary almost with terror exclaimed, 'Your Excellency,—paria!' The president turned as red as fire, shifted his chair from side to side, counted the votes, and then said,—'It cannot be, Mr. Secretary; you must have made a mistake: let us cursorily repeat the voting.' But, alas! again there were seven of a side. 'I don't understand this,' said

he; 'it seemed to me quite otherwise.' At last a certain Herr von Effner rose and said—'It is true I gave my vote on such a side; but I don't care about it, so I will go over to the other.' Upon this the president looked round with a face radiant with delight, and rubbing his hands, called out—'Excellent! capital!' He accused the secretary of not having rightly understood the sentiments of his honourable colleague, Herr von Effner; and declared that where there was a good president, and affairs were well conducted, 'paria' could never occur; they never happened to him; the difficulty had always been cleared up by a little explanation. At going out he pressed Herr von Effner's hand, and said—'You dine with me today, my worthy colleague?'"

Nor was our author's opinion of administrative men and things in Bavaria a whit higher. It is very difficult in translation to give an idea of an anecdote, half the drollery of which lies in provincial phrases and absurd expressions. But we will try.

"The new Divan at Munich determined to provide the province at Ansbach with a new pasha, and appointed a certain Count P——, who was regarded by the genuine Bavarians as an incarnation of affability and agreeableness. He generally received his subordinate *employés* in bed, and, confused from the de-

baucheries of the night, with hearty greetings of this sort;—'God be wi' ye, sow's tail! How long ha' you been here?' And when the village magistrate, enchanted at the gracious reception, rose to take his leave—'Ah! what are ye about? Well, I'll gi' ye leave to go now to look for a fresh man; but, ye know, you must come and ha' a bit o' a drunk with me.' As soon as he heard of his appointment to Ansbach he broke out into curses upon those 'ugly Prussian dogs;' and asked whether the Government expected him to learn the queer sort of German (*enterisches Deutsch*) the people spoke 'out there.' The old father, bent and tottering, forced himself into the king's antechamber, to ask his Majesty what crime his son had committed, that he should be banished to foreign parts (*ins Ausland verwiesen*).

"In consequence of this, another *protégé* of the new faction was appointed, from whom I immediately received the following lines:—'I have the honour to acquaint you that his Majesty the King has been pleased to appoint me Commissary-General of the Rezat circle. I intend to set out tomorrow (*i. e.* take care to provide the fireworks, the train of carriages to meet me, and the garlands of blue flowers); shall be happy, etc. etc., and have the honour, etc. etc. —Yours.'

"But who?—the name was utterly illegible, either by me, or by any of the clerks or secretaries, whom, in the anguish of my heart, I summoned to my aid. The reading most commonly adopted was Frugier. The whole town was in alarm; everybody was anxious to advise and to help, but in vain.

"At length the carriage rolled into the town with the new Commissary-General: while some sent in the greatest hurry for me, a most humble and obedient deputation was already at the carriage-door, to assure the newly-arrived functionary how eagerly all hearts had flown to meet a man whose high name and eminent reputation had so long preceded him; they only took the liberty to beg that his Herrlichkeit (Lordliness) would now condescend to let them hear this name from his own lips, since it had as yet remained concealed from their eager curiosity. 'Concealed?' replied his Herrlichkeit, 'why I wrote it!' 'Unquestionably you did,' replied the most obedient humble welcomers, 'but no one here has been bold enough to decipher those distinguished characters, or to interpret them in any ordinary way of reading.' 'My name is Drechsel,' replied his Herrlichkeit with an air of vexation. 'Drechsel! Drechsel!' echoed the inquiring voices. 'Yes, Drechsel, the former post-director.' Hereupon orders were given to the people

standing about to be joyful; the postilions were particularly delighted, and blew heartily, '*Nun danket alle Gott.*' It was late; the cow's horn of the watchman joined in the chorus, and every street and alley grew noisy and turbulent.

"This Drechsel had held the honourable post of *Privy Letter-opener.* It seems that every post-office received from the general Direction a list of the persons whose letters, sent or received, were to be enclosed to the postmaster-general; by him they were committed to the Privy Letter-opener, who made extracts from some, suppressed others altogether, and allowed the rest, like birds caught and let loose again, to fly to their destination. The same manipulation existed, I believe, in other countries, which explains the question, otherwise inexplicable, why it is that postmasters-general are so often converted into diplomates, and diplomates into postmasters-general."

The scene of the following absurdities is laid in Bavaria, but might just as well be at home—or anywhere else. A rage for trumpery distinctions is, unhappily, of no time or country.

Almost every man who had risen to a post, civil or military, under Government, had created a title of nobility, not only for himself, but his children and descendants. In this, and other indirect ways, the

numbers of the nobility had been greatly increased—a real evil, where they enjoy legal and substantial privileges; besides the usurpation of the rights of the hereditary nobles.

To correct this abuse, a sort of herald's college was established, for examining and ascertaining the titles of the nobility. The attestation of this college was necessary. The price of an attestation will not appear to our readers ruinous,—for the lowest class of nobles, £1. 10*s.*; for a baron, £5; a count, £10; a prince, £30. For this they had a pedigree, arms, etc. etc.

"Nevertheless, the creation of this and a similar institution in Westphalia, Prussia, and Hanover (where the fees were, however, much higher), excited a terrible outcry among great and small;—among the great, because they were angry at being questioned, and because the origin of their nobility was, according to them, too remote to be traced; at all events, as old as that of the reigning house. The fact however was generally not so; especially as to the barons, who had therefore no alternative but either to give up their title, or to receive a new one by way of favour, and so to start afresh with a very recent diploma. The few barons (*Freiherrn*) of great antiquity,—as, for instance, those of Lippe and Schwarzenberg,—have taken their place among the nobility of the Empire.

"A still greater lamentation resounded from among those who had *no* proof to show,—even of the lowest class of nobility,—except such things as tailors' bills (generally unreceipted), which ran as follows:—'For mending his Hochfreiherrliche Gnaden's (High-baron-like Grace's) old clothes—so much;' etc. etc. The claims of above a hundred such families were entirely rejected. The whole amount of this immatriculation of the already existing nobility might amount, during my time, to 30,000 gulden.

"We had often most curious claims laid before us, to which we could not refuse our pious belief without mortal offence. Thus, for example, the Esterhazys pretended to be descended directly from Attila, or, better still, from the patriarch Enoch; the Arcos, from the long extinct counts of Bogen; the Spierings, from the dukes of Cleves; the Ruffinis, from the Roman dictator, Publius Cornelius Rufinus; the Widmers, from a Gothic king; the Aretines, from the kings of Armenia.

"The old Court ladies were ready to scratch my eyes out because I asked for their baptismal register. A countess of Taxis was heroic enough rather to give up all immatriculation than reveal this secret; others sent it to me through their confessors; others required me to take a formal oath not to reveal it."

The minister, Count Montgelas, a man of considerable talent and originality, had a great contempt for the small fry of nobility. He wanted to found an aristocracy like the English, based on large hereditary landed possessions, and the law of primogeniture; and then a personal or life *Ritteradel*, or order of knights. He felt the inconvenience of a poor beggarly nobility, and the way in which its claims hamper the government in the distribution of offices. The project, or the desire, of *creating* a body on the model of the English aristocracy, has been frequently and widely entertained. That it should tempt reformers is no wonder; but the surprising thing is, that any one should imagine such a body can be extemporized. Centuries of territorial possession alone will not do, unless accompanied by centuries of the practice of public affairs, and of identification with public interests.

From the specimens we have laid before our readers, it is sufficiently clear that our author is not much given to the weakness of over-admiration. Few individuals or governments have much of his good word; and he has so quick a sense of the characteristic vices, follies, or defects of each branch of the great German family, that it is as impossible to deny them a certain air of truth, as it is not to recognize H. B.'s carica-

tures—in which, *par parenthèse*, there is far less bitterness than in Lang's portraits. Of all the states of Germany, Austria fares the best with him, as being "the freest from the Egyptian plague of pedantry, and where, what there is, is on a grand and imperial scale." The Austrians are indeed the most popular people of Germany, and no wonder: extreme good-nature and absence of pretension are the most convenient of all qualities to others; they conciliate both the sympathy and the self-love. Lang speaks with unwonted goodwill of the imperial family and the Austrian people; and, as the Bavarian constitution had given him a hearty disgust of what he calls playing with mere forms, he quotes with some satisfaction the Emperor Francis's delightful speech on his coronation in Hungary: "Totus mundus stultizat, et vult habere novas constitutiones; sed vos jam habetis unam constitutionem antiquam, ut non opus sit his novitatibus peregrinis."

The Emperor's German, as is well known, was as remarkable as his Latin—it was Viennese. Lang tells a story which he seems to think greatly to the Emperor's credit. He had been much importuned to give some place to a man whom he especially disliked and disapproved, and had as constantly refused: at length, through neglect or hurry, he

signed his appointment. When he had found out what he had done, he only said—"Curious! he has got it, though, at last!" (Curjos! jetzt ist er's halt doch worden!)

We find one really interesting and important remark about Vienna. In noticing the changes which had taken place in the lapse of time since his former visit to it, says, "The Vienna dialect had in great measure given way, in the higher classes, to the Silesio-Bohemian. The Bohemians and Moravians had raised themselves in every department by their talents and activity, and occupied the majority of the more important posts; and I am firmly persuaded that this race will force itself into a prominent place in Austrian history." If this struck him in 1820, what would he say now? It is much the fashion among tourists to ascribe the rising importance of the Bohemians to the patriotic partialities of Count Kolowrat. We see however that they had begun to distinguish themselves before his influence commenced: nor do we believe that any such change is to be brought about by one man. It would probably be nearer the truth to say, that the Minister is himself one example of the general proposition. Reserved, industrious, and intelligent, the Bohemians are the workers of the Austrian empire, and must of course become the

most indispensable members of the body. They number among their wealthy and powerful nobles some most high-minded and enlightened men; who show their patriotism, not in factious and furious opposition to the government, but in strenuous, persevering, and peaceful exertions for the improvement of the physical and moral condition of the people. It is reserved for Bohemia to show whether a Slavonian people can attain to solid, consistent, and generally diffused civilization. The high and brilliant polish of Poland never reached the people; and it had little solid moral or intellectual culture to rest on. Still less can Russia, with her broad contrasts of splendour and filth, profusion and meanness, and her universal insensibility to truth and honour,—be accepted as affording any sample or earnest of Slavonic civilization. Those who believe what is called the Slavonic movement in Bohemia to be prompted by, or favourable to, Russia, know nothing at all of the temper of the Slavonic subjects of Austria*.

* Whatever unfavourable impressions I may have of the higher classes in Russia, I owe entirely to the reports of Austrians and Prussians,—men of high station, unquestioned honour and veracity. They had an exhaustless fund of anecdotes of Russian mendacity, cheating, venality,—pilfering, even; in short, every form and kind of improbity, which nothing but absolute faith in the narrator, and the concurring testimony of various witnesses, could have rendered it possible for me to believe. On the other hand, the few young Rus-

Lang's memoirs close in the year 1824. We have given very little of his private history, except incidentally: the reason, we have alleged at the beginning of this article. His personal character does not attract our sympathy, nor our respect: except in as far as he seems to have been really impressed with an idea very uncommon at that time of day, and very remarkable in a man of his temper; namely, that governments and public functionaries are bound to act with some reference to the interests of the governed. He seems, too, to have had, for his age and country, unusually clear and just notions on economical subjects,—such as the commercial restrictions which severed the various states of Germany; the absurd passport system; the establishing of a *maximum* on articles of consumption; and all the evils consequent on the rage for over-governing (*Vielregieren*).

sians who have come in my way, impressed me very favourably; they were well-bred, well-informed, enlightened, and apparently eager to be more so. Perhaps they were exceptions: and if so, the more to be admired—and pitied. I particularly remember two;—each sprung from one of the most conspicuous families of the Empire,—the one a representative of the Slavonic, the other of the Teutonic element of the population,—who were quite on a level with the most instructed and accomplished young Englishmen or Frenchmen. But it is certain that in Vienna and Berlin, the reputation of Russians generally, stood at a very low point. The Prussian officers, especially, who had lately returned from the camp of Kalisch, spoke with disgust and contempt of what they had witnessed.

There is a great deal of wit in the book, of a peculiar kind,—not the highest, certainly; and a vast store of anecdotes. Some of these are so extraordinary, as almost to stagger our belief; and all are related with a cynical delight in the meanness and deformities of mankind. The author made, as we have been told by persons who knew him, countless enemies by his bitter and unsparing tongue; and he showed as little reserve and delicacy about himself as about others. But his historical and antiquarian learning were always acknowledged by the most competent judges. His leanings, if he had any (for his contempt was pretty impartial), were, we think, more towards the French than his own countrymen; and, indeed, there is a mocking levity about him which savours far more of France than of Germany. The overbearing pretensions, and military pedantry of the Prussians; the coarse habits of the Bavarians; the corruption and inaptitude of the governing classes, and the servility and meanness of the governed, are all described with a sort of *gusto*, very different from the sorrowing indignation or the discriminating rebuke of a true patriot. But his facts have not been denied; indeed, they may be taken as acknowledged even by those to whom they are most offensive, since the Bavarian Government has prohibited the publica-

tion of the third volume (which brings the history down to the present time), and has, by that act, avowed that it was not in a condition to confute the author's allegations.

We must, however, again emphatically remind our readers, that this book relates to German men and things as they *were*, and not as they *are*. To those who know Germany, it is unnecessary to say this; to those who see only her defects and failures, it may be consolatory to compare the state of things depicted by Ritter von Lang with what passes before our eyes.

Great progress has been made, and the elements of far greater progress are afloat. Considerable breaches have been made in the ramparts that divided classes of men; and class hatreds—one of the most fruitful sources of political weakness—are less intense. Though many absurd restraints on the utterance of public opinion remain, yet secresy and impunity are not now to be counted on as formerly.

As proofs of that important fact, such books as the one before us, odious as is the temper they evince, are of great public utility; and, though we cannot applaud them, we must admit that they are serviceable to the cause of truth and justice.

GERMANY, FROM THE CONGRESS OF RASTADT TO THE BATTLE OF JENA.

In the foregoing pages we attempted, first, to trace the progress of society and manners in Germany during the closing years of the last century. We drew from contemporary writers engaging pictures of the simple, unruffled lives, the tranquil plea-

Memorabilien. Von Karl Immermann. 3 vols. Hamburgh, 1840–1843.

Personalien. Von Fried. Jacobs. Leipzig, 1840.

Memoiren des Freiherrn von S——a. Berlin.

Was ich erlebte. Von Heinrich Steffens. Vols. V. and VI.

Erinnerungen aus dem äussern Leben. Von Ernst Moritz Arndt. (3rd edition.) Leipzig, 1842.

Adalbert von Chamisso; Leben und Briefe. Herausgegeben von J. E. Hitzig. 2 Bände. Berlin, 1839.

Scenes from the War of Liberation in Germany. Translated from the German of Varnhagen von Ense. By Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, Bart. London, 1847.

Vorlesungen über die Freiheitskriege. Von Joh. Gus. Droysen. Kiel, 1847.

Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben. Von W. L. V. Grafen Henkel von Donnersmark, K.P. General-Lieutenant. Zerbst, 1846.

And others.

sures, and the contented mediocrity of fortune, which characterized the age and the country. We then shewed some of the weaknesses and vices which deformed and threatened the social edifice; and we brought our readers to the verge of the abyss the depths of which we have now to sound. There are things which can never become obsolete or uninteresting; and if there be a spectacle in the world calculated for ever to awaken the curiosity, and engage the sympathies of mankind, it is that of the moral decline of a great nation, followed by its political overthrow; and finally, of its resurrection, purified and strengthened by adversity.

Such is the spectacle which we would now fain present to our readers; and we have been induced to enter on the task, less by any confidence in our own power to do it justice, than by the doubt whether the many affecting descriptions of these scenes, contained in the works of men acting or suffering in them, will ever meet the eye of the English public in any other way. From one of these works, the Autobiography of M. Varnhagen von Ense, a very judicious and happy selection has been made. But most of them* are

* Since this was written, many valuable memoirs relating to the period before us have been published, and have attracted considerable notice in this country.

untranslated and nearly unknown in England. Perhaps therefore we shall be doing a not unacceptable service to our readers, in bringing some of the more striking passages contained in them under their notice.

The first act of this great drama is full of shame and grief; but it would, we think, be a misjudging friendship, or a miscalculating patriotism, that would conceal or gloss over any of its lamentable scenes. To rise out of a state of prostration, is the surest test of a vigorous constitution; and a nation capable of struggling victoriously with degradation and despair, has no need to blush for the most inglorious of its days.

If we formerly had to apologize for venturing beyond the province of domestic and social life, to which we had originally intended to confine ourselves, and ascribed this departure from our plan to the evil days we had fallen upon, how much more need shall we have of the indulgence of our readers now! "The further we advance in the great historical drama," we then said, "the more will domestic life fall into the background; or rather, the more deeply will it be coloured by political events."

What indeed *is* domestic life, in a country ruled, insulted, trodden underfoot and despoiled by foreign

armies and foreign rulers? Those who have heard it described by sufferers and eye-witnesses; who have seen how the bare recollection still stirs every fibre of their hearts; who have watched the blood rush to their cheeks as they talked of the wrongs and the humiliations they had endured; of the alternations of hope and despair, energy and lassitude; of the heroic acts performed, and the heroic sacrifices made; of the surrender of all to country, the love of which was become not only stronger than death, but stronger than the ties of blood; those, and those alone, can understand how entirely, in times like these, all the objects, plans, pursuits, and affections of social and domestic life took their colour from political events.

We were struck lately with the remark, or rather complaint, of a distinguished Genevese, that "already the history of the French Revolution had become ancient history to his sons." Already all its great and terrible lessons lie too far behind the present generation, to act vividly on their minds. This is, we believe, doubly true, as regards English readers, of the changes which that Revolution brought upon Germany. We have therefore thought it necessary to string our extracts on an historical thread, which may make them intelligible and coherent to those the least familiar with the story of the War of Liberation.

We have taken for our guide the narrative of Professor Droysen, which is brief and animated, and contains many just remarks and honourable sentiments. We regret that it is deformed by the spirit of exclusive and aggressive patriotism so much in fashion with a certain class of German writers, who cannot speak of any other country than their own, but in terms of distrust, contempt, or aversion. Germany was so long distinguished by a nobler and more discriminating spirit, that we see with infinite regret the rise of a vulgar nationality, which we have been accustomed to regard as proper to less instructed nations, or to the least instructed portions of our own. She has nothing to gain, either in internal happiness or external consideration, by this abdication of her office as a calm, humane, many-sided, and impartial judge.

In recurring to scenes so afflicting to humanity, and so little honourable to the French people, we have not the least intention of re-awakening slumbering resentments against them, or marking them out as peculiarly deserving of the condemnation of mankind. They were trained, as the Prussians had been, in the all-corrupting school of conquest: and if we must acknowledge, that the vices and enormities they learned in it were more glaring, we must also recollect that they were the result of

more deadly provocation, were committed in more heated blood, and exhibited on a wider and loftier stage. If the study of the causes on which depends the character of an individual be deeply interesting, the investigation of those which go to form the character of a nation are far more so: and we believe it will be found that, in both cases, great, rapid, and brilliant success is alike fatal. In this dizzy career, every tutelary genius appointed to guard our way through life—conscience, humanity, moderation, prudence—one after another, take their flight; till at length the nation, or the man, drunk with triumphs, and abandoned to the madness of power, defies the opinions and outrages the feelings of mankind, wearies the patience of Heaven, and rushes on inevitable ruin. The two nations, which will appear as the chief actors in the tragedy before us, paid in turn the penalty of their "glory." The overthrow of Prussia is not more clearly traceable to the habits and sentiments engendered by the victorious career she had run, than are the reverses of France, and many of the moral maladies by which she is still afflicted, to the character she acquired and exhibited during the portentous period of her military triumphs.

Such then, even to the winning party, are the results of aggressive war. To the losing, who does not

know that they are wounds and death; hunger and cold; ruined houses, burnt cities, and desolate fields; orphan children, and childless parents? We need not insist on these grosser and more obvious effects of war. We would rather call the attention of our readers to the complete disturbance of domestic life; the interruption of all useful and beneficent pursuits; the destruction of social confidence; the entire dislocation of the plans and employments, the hopes and the fortunes, of every class of men, not directly employed or interested in the pursuit of war.

It has often been said, with the selfishness of security, that we, in our sea-girt isle, have no idea of what war is. But, the obligation which we are under is only so much the more imperative, to show what it is; and for that purpose to look steadily at all the fearful details of the hideous whole,—comprehended in a word which glides so trippingly over many a thoughtless tongue. And as England's voice is most potent in that great council of nations where this supreme question must generally be decided, it is right that every human being within her realm should learn what an abyss of misery lies hidden under the romance and the splendour of war. We particularly recommend the study to those who can never share its dangers. They are often—shall we say, therefore?—the great-

est admirers of its splendour and romance; and the least scrupulous as to the sentiments or the measures that render it inevitable.

Before we proceed further, it is important to inquire, what were the dispositions of the German people towards France at the commencement of the French Revolution? It might have been imagined that the wars of Louis XIV. would have left their minds full of bitter resentment and antipathy; but this was not so. The unequalled *prestige* enjoyed by that monarch, and by his country, in his day, overcame every other feeling. France not only occupied the largest place in the eyes of Europe, but was the object of general imitation. In language, literature, manners, dress, in all the outward marks of civilization, France was the glass at which the other nations of Europe dressed themselves. Even England, spite of her old enmity, her insular position, and her vigorous nationality, did not escape the universal ascendancy; while Germany was prostrate before it. In the Protestant North, if anywhere, it might have been thought, an independent nationality, with the glorious language of Luther as its exponent, might have established itself, and have opposed a dyke to the torrent of imitation. But here again Germany was unfortunate. The great King, who first

taught the world that boundless liberty of discussion could be combined with implicit obedience to authority;—whose motto, "Reason, but obey," consecrates his memory to a higher and more lasting fame than all his victories,—did his country the enormous wrong of making her intellectually dependent on France. The Academy of Berlin, intended by Leibnitz to be the fosterer of the German language, was forbidden to publish its Memoirs in any other language than French; and, as might be expected, we soon find that body proposing as the subject for a prize the shameful question, "What are the causes of the universality of the French language?" Even this might be imagined;—but how is it possible to understand a king forbidding the men who were to do the work of his country in administration and in arms, to use the language of that country? The professors and pupils of the civil and military schools were compelled to use French exclusively. Singular perversion of a great mind*! His brother, Prince Henry, affected to be hardly able to speak German.

* "Frederic II.," says General Müffling, "had had a very unfavourable influence on my education. My father—an officer in the Seven Years' War—knew what was the first of all recommendations of a young officer to the favour of the King—*perfect familiarity with the French language.*"—*Fr. von Müffling. Aus meinem Leben.* Berlin, 1851.

Such was the impatience of this Prince to spread the poison that was circulating in France, that he used to have Diderot's novels sent to Germany in manuscript. French was the language of good society throughout Germany; no one, as we have seen, was welcome at the table of Kaunitz who did not speak it. Even the men of letters who hung about the small courts, like Zimmermann, addressed their *fade* and sentimental flattery to the women in stiff and cumbrous French. In science, letters, and art, Germany was the willing pupil and tributary of France*.

Nor were the ideas which led to the Revolution unwelcome there. The very literature which had so universal a currency and influence in Germany, bore in it the germs of that great convulsion; or rather, it might be more correct to say, it was the expression of the universal mental disquiet and revolt which agitated and menaced Europe, and of

* "Marmontel informs us, with great self-satisfaction, of the importance which the German princes attached to French rhetoric and superficial elegance, of which examples were then rare in their own country. And this, at a time when Klopstock was obliged to find a home in Denmark; when Schiller with difficulty earned a miserable subsistence; when Voss was obliged to remain as schoolmaster in a Bremen village, and Lessing was persecuted on account of his philosophical, historical, and critical doubts."—*Schlosser's History of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii.

which the French Revolution was the first violent crisis*.

"The French Revolution," says Droysen, "whatever were its deformities and excesses, gave utterance and effect to ideas for which the traditionary power of the old States was no match. Where were now the haughty threats of the princes and their courts? Where the arrogant pedantry of the old art of war, or the high-sounding commonplaces of the far-famed wisdom of cabinets? Old Europe had lost all consistency.

"Nor was this all. The 'terror' was over. Though the internal affairs of France were still without form or order, it was evident that a new basis of civil and political life had been secured, in harmony with ideas universally diffused and wants universally felt, in the eighteenth century. The principles of religious toleration, freedom of thought and conscience, and equality before the law, which have been accepted by all enlightened men, were now reduced from theory to

* "The whole spirit of the reign of terror was contained in the works of a man (Diderot) who died in 1783; and the conspirators who raved in the wine-shops of Paris in later years, did nothing but appeal to one of those people in whose writings, in prose and verse, the whole of the world of genius, luxury, and fashion delighted from the year 1770 to 1780."—*Schlosser's History of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii.

practice. The enthusiasm of youth, the hopes of philanthropists, and the instincts of the people, were in favour of the nation which now began to extricate itself out of the chaos of the Revolution*."

We have quoted Steffens's† animated description of the excitement kindled throughout Europe by the American War. Let us now see what he says of that produced by the French Revolution. "The movement excited by the French Revolution in every country in Europe had, indeed, in all the same origin —the vague and dim wishes of the educated middle class; but in every one it bore a distinct character. In no way perhaps could the peculiarities of each people be more clearly and forcibly exhibited, than by

* The following passage from the recently published life of Friedrich Perthes, the eminent bookseller of Hamburg, is a specimen of the bright dreams of the youth of Germany in 1792. He was then twenty years old, and apprentice to a bookseller in Leipzig. "I think that mankind is now falling into a confusion, out of which it will then make a great and brilliant step towards perfection." But how far was his idea of freedom from the conceptions of those who called themselves its champions in France! "According to my view, mastery over oneself is the only true individual freedom, and were all men free in this sense, civil freedom must soon follow." A year later he writes: "I cannot look at the political world without pain: in France a raging senseless people, and at home contract-breaking tyrants. I always thought that if the individual man fell, the human race would gradually advance; but even that seems to be a dream."—*Perthes Leben.* Hamburg und Gotha, 1853.

† See above, p. 50.

following out these expressions of the popular feeling; for while the abstract principles under discussion were everywhere the same, the various ways in which they presented themselves to men's minds mainly depended on the peculiar circumstances of each.

"No country in Europe was wholly free from the elements of the general fermentation, for they were the product of the state of Europe generally; and although it must be admitted that all these scattered elements had for centuries found a dangerous focus in France, yet no clear-sighted inquirer into history will ever seek for the germ of the Revolution either in any particular historical fact, or in any one aggregate of facts."

The peculiar form which the general fermentation assumed in Germany was, in accordance with the genius of the country, rather speculative than active. The causes which led to political convulsions in France, and to political agitations in England, convulsed or agitated the moral life of Germany. Modes of thinking and feeling were changed, attachments loosened, convictions shaken or destroyed. Everything was called in question.

Unfortunately, too, there was no public career for young men of the higher ranks who had any noble aspirations. When we see, as we shall shortly do,

the vast abundance of talent, valour, statesmanship, and patriotism that started into light, in the years of Prussia's utmost need; and how, "in 1808, men were found specially fitted each for the work he had to do,—Humboldt, Stein, Schön, Niebuhr, Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Altenstein, and many others;" we are tempted to inquire, where were all these men in the moment of Prussia's peril? Why did they not prevent the ruin from which they so nobly and so ably raised her up? For an answer to this inquiry we must look to the condition of Prussia before that dreadful and salutary overthrow. The biographer of Wilhelm von Humboldt, in accounting for the purely literary and scientific career chosen by that great statesman at his entrance into life, draws the following picture of the condition of Prussia at the time Frederic William III. ascended the throne (1797).

"Governments and people were equally torpid; of national or political feeling, scarcely a trace remaining. A few gleams of a purely intellectual character issued from two or three small principalities. It was only in this better being of the German people that men like Wilhelm von Humboldt could take any part. For what could be expected from a divided nation, whose powerless fragments had at their head two monarchies mortally hating each other, but defeat

and disgrace? What could be desired but a complete regeneration, internal and external?"

It is in vain that Heaven bestows on a country men qualified for the high and arduous duties of governing. If such men find that there is no entrance to a political life but through the sacrifice of dignity and principle,—through base compliances with the humours of kings or the prejudices of mobs,—they will turn from it in disgust, and take refuge in science and letters, or in the honourable independence of private life.

The want of a legitimate outlet for political ardour, or employment for political activity, in Germany, and the morbid and unmanly tone of mind which this want was calculated to produce, rendered the Germans peculiarly prone to unreasoning enthusiasm and to political delusions. Accordingly we find the excitement with which the "grosses Drama" was viewed, as violent, as the notions of its causes and consequences were vague and fantastic. This we learn from many contemporary writers, among others from Campe*, the tutor of Wilhelm von Hum-

* Author of the "New Robinson Crusoe," and other books for children.

One of the best writers in the German language, George Forster, the companion of Captain Cook, sacrificed fortune, reputation, country, and lastly life, to this frantic excitement.

boldt. Neither the tutor nor his illustrious pupil escaped the infection. They went to Paris in 1789 in order "to witness the funeral fire of French despotism" (um dem Leichenfeuer des französischen Despotismus beizuwohnen). As the Germans had renounced their nationality to become the servile imitators of the court of Louis XIV., of the literature, manners, and tastes of France, so now we find our travellers sticking national cockades in their hats, and claiming brotherhood with the whole French nation. "We had ceased," says Campe, "to be a Brandenburger and a Braunschweiger." It was not very long before their adopted brothers took them at their word. Then, and not till then, did it appear that there were still Brandenburgers and Brunswickers left.

Hamburg, proud of its republican character, and of the great writers and thinkers it had sheltered, loudly professed its sympathy with the great new-born Republic. It was the seat of great mental activity, and the resort of men of every shade of opinion. It appears that the Marseillaise was then in favour with those opulent and honourable citizens of Hamburg, of whom the family of Sieveking may be taken as the type. They had opportunities enough afterwards for estimating the practical value of the sentiments it inspired. Goethe, with his usual good

sense and perspicacity, saw to what all this democratical ardour was tending, and appreciated the suicidal folly of those who, around their "well-furnished tables," revelled in the dilettantism of revolution. In a letter, written in 1793, he says, "Mr. Sieveking may be a rich man and a clever man, but he has not got far enough to perceive that the song, '*Allons, enfans,*' etc., is not suited to *well-to-do* people in any language; but was written and composed for the comfort and encouragement of poor devils. That song, at a well-furnished table, seems to me like '*Pain bis, et liberté,*' as the motto of a wealthy man; or '*Wenig, aber mit Recht*' (Little but justly), as that of an 'arch-Jew.'"

"The great events in France," says the venerable Jacobs of Gotha, "had from the first seized upon all minds. Most men rejoiced in the revolution which had taken place in that ill-governed country; opinions hitherto confined to books, like an occult science, and now proclaimed from the tribune, found general sympathy; and the number of those in favour of the old absolutism was very small. It was not till later that people of sense and humanity were gradually alienated from the cause; the fate of men of science and letters made, naturally enough, a profound impression in Germany.

"In Prussia even the King was thought to regard with favour a revolution which had overthrown aristocratical privileges. 'You have only the nobles against you,' said a Prussian minister to the French ambassador*; 'the King and the people are openly for France. The revolution which you have made from below upwards, will be slowly accomplished in Prussia from above downwards; the King is a democrat, after his fashion: he is incessantly endeavouring to curtail the privileges of the nobles, but by slow means. In a few years feudal rights will cease to exist in Prussia.'"

It appears then that the feelings of hostility and fear with which the French have been, and indeed still are, though in a mitigated degree, regarded throughout Germany, were not the result of the wars of Louis XIV., nor even of the violences of the French Revolution. They are to be attributed entirely to Napoleon's domination. They arose out of the unfavourable view of the French character which a subjugated people are certain to receive from conquering armies; and still more from the herd of overbearing and unprincipled adventurers whom those armies plant among them. The fierce resentment which burst forth in 1812–13, was the result of

* Otto's Report, August, 1799.

recent injury, and not of any traditional or sentimental antipathy.

We need summon no more witnesses to prove that the state of the public mind in Germany was more formidable to its rulers than to its enemies. It remains to inquire what was the political condition of the country, and in what manner her princes prepared to resist or counteract the progress of opinions so menacing to their power.

Our readers will recollect the cynical description of the proceedings of the Congress of Rastadt contained in Lang's Memoirs. The baseness and degradation, the treachery and dishonesty, which had been reduced to a sort of system at that assembly, were now put into infamous practice. The Emperor had signed the peace of Luneville without consulting the members of the Empire; and, strange to say, had been rewarded with their thanks. By this treaty, the left bank of the Rhine was ceded to France, and compensation, according to the principles laid down at Rastadt, was to be granted to the lesser princes thus dispossessed of their hereditary domains. The sovereigns saw the tempting spoil within reach, and thought only by whose aid they could grasp it. They turned with shameless solicitations to Paris,—each against his neighbour.

In the spring of 1801 Prussia took possession of Hanover. In the same year, Maximilian, Elector of Cologne, died, and the chapters of Cologne and Münster were admonished "not to proceed to elect a successor, in the present state of things." It was evident that Prussia and France were in an understanding, and that not only the lesser domains of the Church, but even the spiritual Electorates, were threatened with secularization. The Emperor, on his side, urged on the election: protesting against "so dangerous and unconstitutional an innovation;" words which were struck out by the Prussian censor. A deputation of the Empire was appointed to settle the points in dispute; but while this remained hopelessly inert, the dismemberment of Germany was carried on with the greatest activity at Paris. "At Paris," says Herr von Gagern, "in the garret of a certain Matthieu, from Strasburg, a tool of Talleyrand's, were our provinces cut up and parcelled out."

We have not room for details of the scandalous bargains or the acts of violent injustice by which whole populations of faithful and loyal subjects were transferred, like herds of cattle, to new masters. We must hasten to show how soon these crimes met with their appropriate reward.

In 1802, France and Russia offered their media-

tion to restore the peace of the Empire;—"cum videmus turbulentum statum hujus regionis," was the curious preamble of the Latin translation of the Czar's proposal.

On the 25th of February, 1803, the resolution of the deputation of the Empire was presented to the Diet; accepted on the 24th March; and ratified by the Emperor on the 27th April.

"And thus was concluded," says Droysen, "the most unjust and the most disastrous work recorded in German history.

"The Empire lost about 1200 square miles of territory, containing four millions of souls. The so-called indemnities awarded to the princes, consisted of the plunder of the church property within their newly acquired dominions, of the free cities, and even of the Hanse Towns, which were handed over to the arbitrary rule of their new masters. And as these new acquisitions and combinations were founded neither in right, nor in the constitution of the country, nor in the wishes or convictions of the people, but in the favour of the two powers who guaranteed them, the prostration and confusion of Germany was complete.

"Nor were constitutional forms more respected than territorial divisions. The powerful and important body of Imperial Cities was reduced to six; even

Ratisbon and Wetzlar, hallowed by so many glorious recollections, were swallowed up. The Electoral College too was totally altered; in short, the political dismemberment of the Empire was accomplished, and the semblance of union among its members only served to facilitate the further enfeeblement and ruin of the several states. Germany, like France, had thus her revolution: but in the latter it was effected by the people; in the former by the princes. Rights and privileges, property and tradition, were equally trampled underfoot. In Germany, as in France, the ancient aristocracy of the land was sacrificed; but without the smallest advantage to the people, and wholly without their co-operation.

"It may be imagined that Napoleon did not let slip such an opportunity as was thus afforded him for interfering in the affairs of Germany: but it is difficult to believe that Prussia recommended the Knights of the Empire (*Reichsritterschaft*) to accept his mediation. But the complaints and lamentations of that body, the cries of the disfranchised Imperial Cities, and of the suppressed monasteries, the struggles of the lesser Princes and Counts against the rapacity of the greater, were now drowned by the noise of war. To complete the miserable picture of the times,—the secularized churches and convents

were plundered and sold to Jews; their altarpieces, and reliquaries, and painted windows, transferred to the collections of 'distinguished amateurs,' and their ancient archives and manuscripts sold for waste paper."

The dissolution of that old feudal corporation called 'the Empire,' was, perhaps, not only inevitable, but desirable; since it had survived all the conditions of its existence. But the change was accomplished in a manner equally disgraceful to the honour, and destructive of the energies, of the nation. Though existing rights were wholly disregarded, no attempt was made to reform old abuses, or to introduce new and improved institutions; dynastic interests were the only ones consulted.

The sovereigns of Germany had indeed cut away the only ground on which any consistent defence of legitimacy could be made, from under their feet. They had adopted the principles, and shared the spoil of the French Revolution. They had recognized no right but the right of the strongest; and it now remained to be seen in whose hands that would ultimately be vested. No attempt even was made to save the appearance of honesty, of fidelity to allies, or of disinterestedness; the more powerful hurried to share the spoils with that very revolution, resistance to which

had been made a cover for every act of lawless oppression; the weaker became beggars for the favour of the hated Republic, and bought its insolent agents with monstrous sums: the revolution pursued its triumphant career, and used terrible reprisals, treading under foot the legitimate sovereigns who had conspired for its destruction. With the rapacity which grows rank on the soil of unjust gain, all were striving for more. Austria had not abandoned her designs on Bavaria; Prussia longed to round her territory with Hanover; the small princes were greedy to swallow up the still smaller, as they had already done the Free Cities and the dominions of the Church. And in the midst of all this, they claimed not only the allegiance but the attachment of subjects to whom they were strangers, and whom they had forcibly wrested from their legitimate masters. Yet spite of these innumerable wrongs, provocations, and discouragements, the German people gave repeated proofs that their ancient courage and patriotism was not wholly extinct. As early as 1799 the subjects of the Elector of Mainz arose as Landsturm "for the honour and encouragement of the ancient German spirit," as the imperial decree has it. *Teutsche Waffenbrüderungen*,—German brotherhoods in arms,—were extensively formed; the foresters of the Spessart, Odenwald, and Schwarzwald flew to

arms. The people were ready,—it was their princes who were wanting.

So great was the want of all union and sympathy between the several States, that when, in 1803, Bonaparte seized upon Hanover, Germany looked on in silence. No attempt was made by the neighbouring States (who might have beheld in this the fate reserved for themselves), to succour the brave Hanoverians; there followed nothing but words from insulted Prussia. In 1804, misunderstandings arose between France and Austria; yet, even then, no complaints of this act of violence were heard from the latter: on the contrary, a general satisfaction prevailed, that the ambition of Prussia, whose designs on Hanover were well known, had received a check.

Meanwhile, a tendency to combination among the lesser powers of Germany (*Kleindeutschland*), and a disposition to put itself under the Protectorate of France, was already perceptible. Napoleon had already contracted some formidable alliances in Germany; and the Emperor's camp at Mainz, in 1804, had shown the world to what quarter the princes of Southern Germany would henceforth look for support.

It had been confidently expected that the cabinet of Vienna would unite with England and Russia. But the state of that cabinet, as described by those

most deeply versed in its secrets, was such that no reliance whatever could be placed on it. War, conquest, and the exclusively military spirit engendered by them,—a spirit compounded of blind mechanical routine, and a sort of deification of brute force,—were the chief causes of the degradation of Prussia. The causes of the corruption of Austria were more remote and complicated. Among them however we may venture to assign the reaction, following on the humane, but rash and premature, attempts of the Emperor Joseph to force upon a backward people reforms which they were wholly unable to appreciate. The tragical history of that illustrious martyr to a passionate, but most autocratic philanthropy, and an over-estimate of the power of men to understand their own interests, is pregnant with instruction for those who think that good government can co-exist with popular ignorance and stupidity. The violent prejudice thus excited against everything like improvement, threw the power into the hands of its most inveterate enemies. The result was not difficult to foresee. It was one among the many "felicities" which marked the early career of Napoleon. He trusted, not without ample reason, to the torpor, inefficiency, and corruption of the Austrian ministry.

Prussia had risen out of the electoral ranks too

recently to be forgiven by her former equals; nor had she taken the least pains to conciliate those she had outstripped. The general unpopularity of Prussia tended more than might be imagined to throw "Kleindeutschland" into the arms of France.

We cannot follow out the deplorable spectacle presented by Austria and Prussia; the attempts of Russia, England, and France respectively, to play off the jealousy or the cupidity of those two powers against each other, and the disgraceful success with those attempts were crowned. Mr. Pitt, who had no confidence in the honour of Prussia, saw the necessity of tempting her with some bribe, the acceptance of which would irrevocably compromise her with France; and accordingly one of the articles of the treaty signed at St. Petersburg in 1805, contained a promise of the Rhine provinces.

We need only refer our readers to several important works throwing light on that dark period of Austrian politics:—the 'Lebensbilder aus dem Befreiungskrieg,' the 'Correspondence of Gentz*,' and others, which have attracted notice in this country. "So abandoned a Ministry," says the latter, in a

* The accuracy of Gentz's statements, rendered questionable by his profligate character, has lately received confirmation from a singularly well-informed and trustworthy witness of events, General von Müffling.

letter dated 12th of August, 1805, "the sun never shone upon; every feeling of duty or of shame is extinguished in their brutish minds; till they are rooted out, no good can happen."

At length Russia and Austria declared war upon France. But it was still doubtful to which side Prussia, Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden would incline. While the dispositions of these powers, whom it was so important to conciliate, were yet in suspense, the Austrian general, Prince Schwarzenberg, entered Munich, and peremptorily demanded that the Bavarian troops should immediately join those under his command; offering in return the protection and guarantee of Austria;—Austria, which for centuries had never for an instant renounced its designs on Bavaria! The unfortunate Elector, unable either to trust these invaders or to resist them, wrote with his own hand, to "entreat on his knees" (*kniefällig*) to be allowed to maintain his neutrality, for that his son was travelling in France. "A father overwhelmed with terror and despair, implores mercy for his son!" He hastened however to Würzburg, to call out his Franconian troops: and on the same day the Austrian army crossed the Inn, "to take up the fine position of Ulm;" levying contributions on their way, and paying Bavarian peasants with Austrian

paper money, which in Austria itself was not worth thirty per cent.

It cannot be supposed that the keen eye of Napoleon overlooked the advantages which the conduct of German to German thus threw into his hands. "The invasion of Bavaria," said his ambassador, "sufficiently demonstrates what are the designs of Austria." And Napoleon declared, "that he would *defend the independence and security of Germany against Austria.*" To Würtemberg and Baden, Austria merely announced her regret that she could afford them no protection; they must decide for themselves what to do in this extremity. And indeed so imminent was her own danger, that she might be forgiven for treating the Duke of Würtemberg's application for protection as insincere or ironical. Ney was before Stuttgart, and demanded contributions. The Elector replied, that he could not comply with the terms proposed. "But your country can," replied Napoleon, "and *I will protect you against your Estates.*"

"Extortion, robbery, and oppression," says Schlosser, "knew no limits. Notwithstanding this, Baden and Würtemberg despatched ambassadors to Paris and negotiated a peace. The whole of Germany was laid under contribution; millions were extorted from the

people, and still the princes, barons, and cities emulated each other in their humble and crouching servility to the French. The whole circle of Franconia voluntarily submitted and paid six millions of florins, others four, others two, and so forth. Cowardly negotiators prevailed upon the German courts to deliver much more money, provisions, horses, and munitions of war of all kinds, to the enemy's General in three months, than had been furnished for the use of the country during the whole course of the war."

It now became evident that nothing could save Germany but the strictest union and most energetic co-operation of the two great powers,—Austria an Prussia,—the former of which was already struggling for existence. "The King of Prussia," says Gentz, "is now umpire of the life and death of Europe. If he wavers, all is lost."

Yet Prussia, tempted by the bait held out by Napoleon, (the possession of Hanover,) continued to waver, till the Russian ambassador announced that a Russian army was on the frontier, and the Emperor Alexander requested an interview with the King.

It must however be admitted that subsequent events justified the King's reluctance to declare war on France. He seems to have formed but too exact an estimate of the value of the reckless enthusiasm

and the martial boastings by which he was surrounded. Far from sharing in the general intoxication, it filled him with alarm and distrust. What nothing can justify is, the willingness to accept the bribes offered by France, and the stupid and blind indifference to the fate of Austria manifested by Prussia.

"It would be regarded as incredible," says Schlosser, "were not the printed documents now before us, that the King of Prussia and Haugwitz should avail themselves of the very moment in which the Emperor and his noble brother were reduced to the greatest straits in their attempts to defend the integrity and honour of the empire, to enrich the King and his brother-in-law at the cost of the other states of Germany."

In order to force the King to a decision, the Archduke Anthony and the Emperor Alexander hastened to Berlin, where he was already assailed with the clamours of the party eager for war with France, at the head of which were two persons, endowed with every quality that could fit them to be popular idols; —the Queen, and Prince Louis Ferdinand. At length he gave way. On the 3rd of November, accompanied by the Queen, he met the Emperor Alexander at the tomb of Frederic the Great, where the

two monarchs swore eternal friendship. A demonstration, in the sentimental and theatrical tone of which we recognize the vestiges of the reign of *Empfindsamkeit* (of which we have shortly to speak). The following day the King said to his minister, "I have signed, my dear Count, but my mind is in the utmost disquiet: I tremble for the consequences."

It was too late to save Austria. The 30th of October witnessed Mack's capitulation at Ulm. On the 2nd of December, 1805, the battle of Austerlitz was fought: and with that disastrous battle, Francis gave up all for lost. The Emperor of Germany resolved to go in person to the enemy's head-quarters, to sue for peace. He went, accompanied by one aide-de-camp. His air,—never remarkable for dignity or grace,—was now such as to inspire pity. In this abject state the head of the Holy Roman Empire was received by Napoleon, surrounded by all his generals, and invested with all the pomp of supreme power. The conqueror however was gracious; and not only forgave him, but promised him peace "on reasonable terms." The first of these was, the immediate removal of the Russian troops from Austria. It is affirmed by an eye-witness of the scene, that the Emperor, on his return from this humiliating conference, expressed his satisfaction at being relieved from one

fear; namely, *that Bonaparte should ask the hand of the Archduchess Maria Louisa for Eugene, Viceroy of Italy.* "No," exclaimed he; "sooner should he have stripped me of everything;—I would rather have become a private gentleman!".

Throughout the whole of this time, Prussia had been vacillating. Had she been able to throw into the scale the moral weight of disinterestedness and justice, she might perhaps, even then, have imposed peace on Europe; but her conduct, especially with regard to Hanover, had deprived her of this preponderance. Her anxiety for neutrality was ascribed to weakness; and her efforts to preserve peace were turned against her by both parties.

Her prime-minister, Haugwitz, was despatched to congratulate Napoleon on his victory over Austria; and the reception he met with was as insulting as his errand was despicable. "You want to be the ally of all the world!" said the haughty conqueror,—adding that he would forgive what was past on one condition; Prussia must immediately form an indissoluble union with France, and, as a pledge of her sincerity, occupy Hanover. On the 15th December, Haugwitz accordingly signed a treaty, containing the following clause:—"Prussia takes Hanover; giving Ansbach to Bavaria, Cleves and Neufchatel to France." On returning

to Berlin from this sorry mission, the minister was insulted in the King's antechamber, and his house nearly pulled down by the exasperated populace; the Queen and the whole court, with the exception of the King, showed so marked an aversion to him, that he actually entreated the King not to ratify the treaty, and to allow him to retire from his service. But what availed all this? The cabinet, after long deliberation, decided "to occupy Hanover for the present!" Every step taken plunged the country into deeper embarrassment; friends were alienated, and foes embittered.

On the 26th December, the Emperor Francis concluded the peace of Presburg, bought with enormous sacrifices. Immediately after the fall of Ulm, the Elector Arch-chancellor had issued an address, appealing to the patriotism of all good Germans "to endeavour to maintain the unity of the Empire, and obedience to its ancient laws." But already, as we have seen, Baden, Würtemberg, and Bavaria, had allied themselves with Napoleon; the two latter had received from him the title of King, the former that of Grand Duke, with the condition of "absolute sovereignty, the same as that of Austria and Prussia," attached to the new crowns. And all this had been done without any reference to the Diet of the Empire. The Empire was indeed defunct.

Then followed the intermarriages of the sovereign houses with the Corsican family, in which Bavaria led the way. The princes of Germany became the courtiers of the Tuilleries; where the hard hands of soldiers of fortune were never tired of grasping the bribes, which, wrung from the wretched people of Germany, were to be spent in riveting their chains. On the 12th July, 1806, sixteen German princes signed the Act of the Confederation of the Rhine, which Napoleon ratified on the 19th. A few days afterwards, the Emperor Francis abdicated the imperial throne of Germany. Once more—and no more—did "the elected Roman Emperor, in all times the Augmentor of the Empire" (*Mehrer des Reichs*), speak to Germany. He said, "We hold it due to our principles and our honour to renounce a throne which could have value in our eyes only so long as we were able to respond to the confidence reposed in us by the Electors, Princes, and Estates, and to fulfil our obligations towards them," etc. etc.

The sixteen princes above mentioned now formed a league of independent sovereigns. Frankfurt was to be the seat of the Confederation and its discussions. The fundamental statutes, or constitution, of this body never appeared; but Napoleon became its protector, "solely from pacific motives," etc. etc.; and

a treaty of alliance was concluded between the confederate princes and "the French Empire." They were rewarded with additional territory, and with other marks of favour. The dominions of sixty-seven princes and counts, immediate feudatories of the Empire, the lands of the two great religious Orders, the cities of Frankfurt and Nürnberg, were partitioned out among the sixteen. The other German sovereigns were told that they were free to join the Confederation.

Having thus secured his tools, Napoleon took care that they should be efficient ones; and that they should never be able to allege want of power to extort from their subjects whatever it might suit him to demand. He declared that he did not acknowledge the Constitution of the Empire; but acknowledged the "*souveraineté entière et absolue*" of each prince*. The Emperor Francis had already absolved all the estates of the Empire, the members of the imperial Chamber (*Reichskammergericht*), and the other servants of the Empire, from their oath and allegiance: so that Germany was now broken up into as many

* "Les affaires de l'Allemagne," said Napoleon in the autumn of 1807, "sont plus compliquées que je ne pensais. . . . J'ai promis aux Princes Allemands une souveraineté complète, et je veux leur tenir parole."—*Erinnerungen aus den Kriegszeiten. Von Fr. von Müller.*

separate States as remained unincorporated in the Confederation of the Rhine.

The French revolution had been hailed by the German people, at its commencement, as we have seen, with hope and joy; but it quickly appeared with how little reason; it soon became evident that the Confederation of the Rhine had no other object or tendency than to efface the last vestiges of popular rights, and to substitute the despotism of a soldier of fortune and a stranger for the worn-out but splendid traditions of the Empire.

Such was the end—such were the unhonoured obsequies of the most ancient and august Empire of the German Nation; once the pride of Christendom, and the shield of a brave and loyal people! So long as the name even of a supreme head of the Empire remained, the people, however divided by dynastic interests, had a point of political unity, and a claim on the protection of his Imperial Majesty, the Chief of the Empire. "Now were felt," says Arndt, "the sins of the last five or ten years. The corruption, the ruin, was complete and overwhelming. The princes withdrew from the struggle for the common cause of Germany. Cowardly and rapacious, they saw not what they lost. The people were dishonoured and insulted; the ancient fortresses pulled down; Germany lay

defenceless, divided, and bleeding,—great in nothing but recollections. On the other side, the enemy built forts and castles, bridges and custom-houses; lorded it over the Rhine and its princes; tore citizens from their homes, in the midst of peace, to lawless executions, and ordered German sovereigns to Paris and Mainz, like valets. The last feeling of honour and nationality was dead."

"It seemed to be understood," says Droysen, in the same spirit, "that the fall of the Empire involved the abolition of all territorial rights and institutions; that the declaration of absolute sovereignty which Napoleon had launched against Germany, was of force to free her princes from all the checks and obligations, in virtue of which they held the inheritance of their forefathers. They had now, indeed, absolute sovereignty in name; but which of them was strong enough to assert it against external aggression? They had been eager to shake off the legitimate supremacy of their Emperor; now the iron yoke of a foreign 'protector' was on their necks; and they were fain to seek compensation for the perpetual humiliations to which they were exposed, in arbitrary acts towards the subjects whom he had delivered over to their caprice, or to the still worse oppressions which he might choose to enjoin upon them."

"We shall see hereafter the good that sprang out of all this evil; but that was furthest from the intentions of the despot. All that he desired was, to extort supplies from these princes and their territories; to break them in to obedience, to hold them in complete subjection. Shortly after the peace of Presburg, when new misunderstandings with Austria arose, and Napoleon required that the whole French army should be fed by Germany, the King of Würtemberg resisted the demands of the French general; on which he was told that 'he owed so much to the Emperor, that he ought to esteem himself fortunate in an opportunity of showing his gratitude.'

"Yet even now Germany had not reached the lowest depth of degradation; she had to be trodden out and winnowed before she could be regenerated. Not that the *people* were morally degraded: they had will, force, and indignation, but their habitual sense of duty to their rulers kept them quiet; they had no other way of displaying their moral strength than by endurance."

That the moral degradation so much complained of had not reached the body of the people, is asserted not only by M. Droysen, but by numerous other writers. We must confess however, that highly as we value the "habitual sense of duty to rulers,"

as well as "endurance" of inevitable calamity, it does seem to us that these virtues were pushed to a very remarkable extent, considering the intolerable provocation, and the great length of time during which it was borne. A people trained to greater freedom of thought and independence of action would have seen that the moment for duty to rulers who had forgotten all duty to them was over; and that the time for spontaneous action had arrived. Without, therefore, in the least degree undervaluing the heroic patriotism displayed by Germany in 1812 and 1813, we should be glad to see a little less tendency in modern German writers, especially Prussians, to the old vice of self-laudation. They did, at last, what all men *must* do, whose country labours under an insufferable yoke; and they did it with steady devotedness: but it must be remembered that the conqueror's star was then no longer in the ascendant, and that he had begun to give proof of that heaven-sent madness which is the harbinger of perdition. We have spoken of the corruption and backwardness of Austria: but Austria alone, under her great captain, the illustrious Archduke Charles, dared to stand up against Napoleon single-handed, while in the very height of his yet unbroken power. The truth is, that the whole country

was feeble and languid, and for a time paralysed. Goethe says, in a letter dated 1804, "The whole of Germany is divided among the mischievous, the timorous, and the indifferent." Droysen's expression would appear to countenance the writers who assume a totally different moral condition in the people, and in the higher classes; always (need we say?) to the disadvantage of the latter. But we see no evidence that this was the fact. Stein and Wilhelm von Humboldt, Scharnhorst and Gneisenau,—the men who never despaired of their country, and at length saved it,—were not men of the people; nor, admirably as the people obeyed their call, do we find any trace of an attempt at spontaneous movement among them. It is time that these class antipathies should be consigned to the same contempt as national antipathies; they rest upon no better basis*.

The only instructive inquiry is, what were the means by which a nation, once conspicuous for har-

* It is unfortunate for the progress of sound opinions on social and political questions in Germany, that some of her most popular and eminent historians write under the influence of these antipathies. The value of Schlosser's History of the Eighteenth Century is so diminished by vehement and exclusive prejudices, that it is necessary to exercise great caution in admitting his evidence on certain subjects. His preposterous misrepresentations of everything concerning England teach us this lesson with regard to the rest.

dihood and energy, had been brought into this state of feebleness and lethargy.

Among the causes usually assigned, we find long and fierce religious wars; frequent struggles between the nobles and the people; an exclusive municipal spirit, leading to the isolation of interests and sympathies; in short, the long and general distraction, by which the country had been physically and morally wearied, bewildered, and exhausted.

"For a long time," says a German writer, "the opulent and pacific inhabitants of the Imperial Cities had been well content to purchase immunity from all warlike toils, by hiring bands of mercenaries, led by noble, often princely, *condottieri*. Such a soldiery was of course eminently unnational, and consequently wholly without political ideas or attachments. Indeed, the character of the century extending from the Thirty Years' War to that of the French Revolution, was one of feebleness and indifference. Even the wars partook of this character. No great principle,—not even an earnest popular feeling,—was engaged in them. The French revolutionary war once more showed the world how unconquerable is an army inspired by an Idea."

If this is true, as we believe it to be, what an awful responsibility rests on those who give the people

ideas! How many of these potent stimulants have, in turn, rendered men unconquerable!—the terror and the curse of those who did not happen to share the inspiration of the hour! How many, have left them weary, disappointed, spiritless, doubting of all ideas, supine in the lowest materialism, the most cynical selfishness! Such alternations of fever and prostration are inevitable, so long as reason is disregarded or silenced, and men are not only permitted but exhorted to give themselves up to the anarchy of impulse and passion.

But it is impossible to form any just opinion of a country so extensively and profoundly subject to intellectual influences as Germany, without taking into account the state and tendencies of its Literature. If it be true that the literature of a nation must always be the exponent of its character and sentiments, it is no less true that it powerfully reacts on them; and of this, we think, abundant proof is not wanting in this our day. It is important, therefore, to learn what literary tastes had been formed, and what literary influences exercised, at the period immediately preceding the French Revolution.

Towards the end of the last century, the higher classes of Germany had, as we have seen, sunk their own nationality in that of France. While the noble

language which Luther had built up was almost ignored by "good society," and regarded as a plebeian dialect, Frederic the Great had done all he could to give currency and authority to the literature of France, then at the pinnacle of its brilliancy, and also of its profligacy. The result could not be doubtful; for Germany had little to oppose to the foreign torrent, nor could that little obtain a hearing among the more authoritative classes of society. So deeply seated however was the unchangeable dissimilarity of the two nations, that the views of life and society which were thus introduced, assumed a totally different colour in passing through their new medium. Licentiousness took a form in Germany suited to the speculative, poetical, and affectionate character of the people.

The views concerning marriage, and the relation between the sexes generally, are, in every country, strongly tinctured by the national character, and perhaps still more strongly react upon it. In England, where great freedom of action is combined with great rigour of opinion and a constant regard to public utility, marriage is accepted as a *fait accompli*,—an inevitable condition of human society; to be entered into freely, voluntarily, and with full right of selection, but from which, when once entered into, there

is no escape; a condition involving obligations of all others the most grave and sacred; opening the only safe and practicable field for the exercise of certain affections, and putting those affections into full and constant requisition. In France, marriage was formerly (and still is to a great extent) regarded as an important matter of family arrangement; involving no thought of previous inclination in the parties chiefly concerned, and imposing on them no duties, except those affecting the common interests of the house, of which they were the temporary heads. Making no appeal to the affections, and possessing no inward force or sanctity, it furnished the romance-writer or the dramatist with a groundwork for the gay and amusing intricacies of his plot, or with an interminable theme for wit and satire, bright and hard as tempered steel.

In Germany, from the time that all the conditions of social life were brought under discussion, the relation between the sexes became the subject of passionate reverie, refined analysis, and intrepid theory. Writers and readers shrank from no novelty and no paradox. The imagination and feelings were systematically withdrawn from the control of reason, whose jurisdiction in "affairs of the heart" was denied altogether; and from traditionary morality, which was regarded as blind and narrow prejudice. Almost

every relation and condition of social life was called in question, and the most difficult social problems were propounded, more frequently (need we add?) than solved.

An institution or estate pre-eminently requiring the perpetual presence of good sense, self-control, moderate expectations, and a firm and humble preparation for evil and weary hours, was not likely to fare better in the hands of the speculative sentimentalists of Germany, than in those of the scoffing wits of France. Not only was every form of tedium and unhappiness which marriage can bring exhibited, but every conceivable mode of escape or mitigation, direct or indirect, suggested by this class of writers; long before the most eloquent of French novelists had erected her formidable batteries against it, or the feebler herd of her admirers and imitators had invited the public to sympathize in their sorrows and disappointments. A tone of whining sentimentality was given to books and men,—the worst, because the most insidious form that selfishness can assume. "The history of the human heart," says an ingenious critic, "as it manifests itself in the individual, was held to be more important than the history of mankind. Vanity and affectation were called into play, to enhance the effect of these new creations. The

poison of sentimentality (*Empfindelei*), generated by peculiar circumstances in a body originally robust, spread, and caused an epidemy which is still not entirely eradicated from Germany, so prone to catch this disease, and to exhibit it under the most singular forms*." At the time of the publication of Goethe's 'Werther,' the national mind was in a peculiarly morbid and susceptible state. The discussion of public questions, the participation in public business, (at once the fruitful source, and the safe employment, of a nation's energy,) were forbidden to the people of Germany; yet as it was impossible that they should not feel the vibration of that earthquake which shook the foundations of every received opinion and every established institution; the result was a sort of feeble fermentation; a morbid enthusiasm (*Schwärmerei*), of which the small world of Self was the object;—an eternal "subjective" study;—and, at the same time, an uneasy consciousness of weakness, and a dread of every assault of truth and reason, whence alone strength could come. Men seemed designedly to lay aside all virility of character, and to outdo the weakest woman in flaccid self-abandonment. Fortitude, energy, self-control, were treated as proofs of a hard, cold, prosaic nature, and were looked on with scorn.

* Wolff. Allgemeine Geschichte des Romans. Jena.

"The influence of 'Werther,'" says Professor Wolff, "was incomparably greater on the life, than on the literature, of that period."

The good sense which was pre-eminent among the many gifts showered on Goethe, soon led him to perceive all that was false and pernicious in his own work. With his usual "subjective" way of looking at things (not to use a harsher word), Goethe always treated the production of 'Werther' as a sort of morbid crisis in his own mental condition;—a means of throwing off certain peccant moral humours, of which he was well pleased to be rid. But he was implacable towards those who set themselves to ape and caricature what had burst from him as a real, and, as he declared, painful confession. The contempt with which he always spoke of the "*Literatur der Empfindsamkeit,*" is well known; but unfortunately, poisons operate more rapidly and more potently than antidotes; nor did all his scorn of the sentimental school correct the mischief done by his own beautiful creation.

The grace and power with which 'Werther' is written are so incomparable, that it would prove little against a people to have been carried away by it; but what can explain or justify the success of such a book as 'Woldemar'? This success would be the most as-

tonishing thing in the world, were not the production of it by a serene and virtuous philosopher,—Jacobi,—more astonishing still*. Such a symptom shows the height to which the disease had gone. The weariness and disgust with which we toiled through it, lead us to believe that very few of our readers have submitted to a similar labour. We may, therefore, be excused for dwelling a few moments on a work about which volumes were in its day written, and over which rivers of tears were shed. Its prime characteristic is falsehood. There is not a person who is natural or true, nor an action that is probable. The men—especially the hero—have no vestige of the manly character,—not even manly vices; their "normal state" is that of a nervous, fantastic woman; their emotions are paroxysms of hysterical and impotent violence: they weep, sob, kneel, fall on the sofa, on each other's necks, on the necks of all their pure and sublime heroines, sometimes for joy, sometimes for sorrow, —sometimes, as it seems to us, without any assignable reason; for there are no tragical incidents, nor even any natural passions, to account for these demonstrations. All the distresses in the book are the

* Schlosser says that "'Woldemar' presents an accurate view of the peculiarities of the Jacobi family. Their habit of self-tormenting about trifles, of magnifying every feeling and expression, of idolizing one another—all is there."

offspring of selfishness and vanity, nursed into a sort of madness; and concurring with weak nerves, weak intellects, a thorough prostration of character, and a thorough perversion of views.

We beg not to be understood to share the odious and cynical notion of the impossibility of friendship between persons of different sexes. Such friendships are, we know, not impossible,—they are, we trust, not rare; but they must be established on reasonable grounds, and conceived by reasonable persons. The assumption that a passion, miscalled friendship, which absorbs the whole being, and renders life intolerable out of the sight of its object, can be entertained without prejudice to conjugal fidelity or to maiden freedom and purity, is the thing which renders this book peculiarly absurd, mischievous, and, at the same time, characteristic. Licentious books, written by vicious men, are unfortunately confined to no nation; they are of the nature of open warfare, and he who reads them knows to what he exposes himself; but this complete misstatement of everyday facts, these radically false and impracticable views of the nature, duties, and position of either sex, inculcated by a man of unblemished life, and not only acquiesced in, but admired by numbers of virtuous and enlightened people, is a national phenomenon worthy of remark.

There is a review of 'Woldemar' by Frederic Schlegel, which contains some admirable observations. Who that reads them would believe that they were written by the author of a work so notoriously immoral, that its title is sometimes used to qualify the lax and vicious period preceding the French invasion? The expression, *die Lucinde Zeit*,—"the Lucinda time"—sufficiently marks the sensation it created, and the reprobation it called forth. In this case however the author's domestic relations, as well as those of several of his friends, are said to have been of the most irregular and experimental kind; and of these his novel may be taken to be a sort of defence. It enjoyed a degree of popularity, and excited a degree of controversy, which are totally inexplicable from any beauty or merit it possesses. Nothing, indeed, but the necessity of appreciating the state of the public mind indicated by its whilom reputation, would enable any one now to go through the task of reading, or trying to read it. 'Lucinde' is fallen into deserved neglect. The admiration expressed for 'Woldemar' by so great a man as Wilhelm von Humboldt would be unintelligible did we not know this character of the times, and how strong and general was the taste for a certain speculative dissoluteness, which tried at all the props of human

society. Of the corresponding *practice* we say nothing; there is plenty of that everywhere. What is peculiar, is the reducing aberrations of the affections to a system, and philosophizing upon them in the most elaborate manner.

Not that the social paradoxes rife at this period were by any means confined to the domain of "*anthropologisch-ästhetisch*" theory. Anybody conversant with the private history of those days knows the extravagant "combinations" which were reduced to practice. Glimpses of these new and ingenious ways of throwing a little variety into the antiquated institution of marriage, and the monotony of domestic life, may be perceived in the memoirs and correspondences of the time; but they are hardly intelligible to matter-of-fact Englishmen, whose very sins have a sort of conformity to established usages. We have observed however with satisfaction, that sensible Germans, who lived through those times, do not affect to separate public from private morality, by the broad line sometimes attempted to be drawn between them. They perceive that the want of sane views of life, of manly self-control, of principles well thought out and steadily adhered to, had greatly enfeebled the whole nation. The self-studying, self-indulging habits of private life of the period in question went far to

prepare sober and far-sighted men for the public ruin*.

Were we disposed at present to exhibit German sentimentalism on its ludicrous side, matter enough is at hand; but this is not the time or place for it. We cannot however refuse our readers one little trait recorded by Hoffmann, whose satirical spirit revelled in what was passing around him.

When he was in Bamberg in 1808, the Princess of Neufchatel, daughter of the Duke of Bavaria, who was residing there, came to visit her father. The director of the theatre wanted to celebrate her birthday, and requested Hoffmann to write a prologue. He says,—

"I threw together a heap of vulgar sentimentality, composed music to suit, and it was represented;—lights, horns, echoes, mountains, rivers, trees with names carved on them, flowers, garlands,—nothing was spared. It took amazingly, and I received thirty carolines from the Princess's mother, for the emotion I had procured her (*für die verschaffte Rührung*), accompanied with very gracious expressions. At a certain passage in the prologue,—'I went,—I flew,—

* "We here find that virtue of feeling preached," says Schlosser of 'Woldemar,' "which has proved so ruinous to us Germans; because it does not only demoralize, but relax and enervate, and tends to mix and confound all notions of virtue and vice."

I rushed into her arms!' (an enormously fine climax) —the mother and daughter embraced weeping in the ducal box! The prologue had also pleased the public, and was demanded for another day. The ducal personages again appeared in their box, and, at the same passage, wept and embraced with the greatest punctuality! whereupon the public testified their satisfaction by loud clapping of hands. My heart laughed within me."

Yet we must admit that these deplorable weaknesses and affections were connected with some of the most admirable and engaging peculiarities of the German character. The days are coming, nay, are already come, when literature and philosophy will cease to play the great part in Germany which have long distinguished that country from all others,—in how many respects to its infinite advantage! The days probably are coming, when the free, natural expression of the affections will be "unmanly," and when the embraces and tears of a parting mother will be avoided, as "a scene." It is, we fear, true, that a great and widely diffused political activity, and an exciting public life, are almost incompatible with the high station occupied in Germany by literature and art. They have been her queens; they must now become her playthings. The State, like a jealous

parent, will claim the thoughts of all her stronger sons, and will leave the culture of Letters and Arts to the less energetic. It is also, we fear, true, that virility and firmness of character are apt to degenerate into hardness, and that the feelings are not habitually suppressed without prejudice to their tenderness and force;—at any rate, to that child-like reliance on sympathy which has so great a charm,—a charm nearly unknown to English society. Germany,—the Germany of our early love and our imagination,—will cease to be: her ingenuous weaknesses, and her high intellectual superiority, will equally disappear. We could weep like the heroes of her novels, when we think that singularities we have sometimes laughed at, and always loved, (akin as they are to sweet and noble qualities,) will be swept away by the tide of "public business." But this is one of the dilemmas which present themselves at every turn in human life; calling forth the fruitless lamentations of those who want to combine impossible conditions; while reasonable men weigh them, when choice is within their power, and accept the Inevitable with resignation when it is not.

The causes we have thus briefly glanced at, were in operation throughout Germany. We must now examine rather more closely those which were pecu-

liar to Prussia; as that power must necessarily occupy the most prominent part in any history of the times. Her faults contributed the most largely to the common ruin of Germany; and her energy, and unconquerable perseverance, to its emancipation. Her disgrace was the deepest, her resentment the most ardent, her triumphs the most brilliant. There is, we may add, another reason why Austria and Prussia, if equal in merit, will never be so in renown. Prussia has a hundred tongues, where Austria has one; and a taste for celebrity,—her enemies say, for self-celebration,—to which her stately elder sister is an utter stranger. The difference, the antagonism, between these two nations will probably never be effaced; nor is it to be desired that either should lose so much of its individuality as to resemble the other. At the time we are looking back to, however, it was not difference, but hostility, that prevailed between them*.

"Germany," says Arndt, "had become a field on which the pretensions of the two great Powers,—the old and the new,—the time-hallowed traditions of

* Some deputies from Baden begged the Prussian general, Möllendorf, who was supposed to have, and to defend, the same interests as those of the Imperialists, to grant them a safe convoy for their corn-waggons. His reply was very characteristic: "Of what use would it be? Suppose I should grant your request, the Austrian posts would not respect it."

the Empire which hung about Austria, and the vigour, enterprise, and ambition of the youthful kingdom of Prussia, were to be decided. They were decided in favour of the latter; but at what a cost of common national feeling! What seeds of hatred and jealousy were then sown, the bitter harvest of which was abundantly reaped by the victor! South and Middle Germany, the fruitful mother of arts, poetry, and letters, saw with dislike and resentment the attempt to throw her into the shade. The forced fruits of the cold and sandy soil of the North, chiefly transplanted from France, were distasteful to them. Frederic the Great had established academies, and hired poets and philosophers; but most of them were foreigners, and the better and nobler among my countrymen could learn nothing from men they hated."

Prussia had lost in popularity as much as she had gained in power. The part she took in the peace of Basel, the partition of Poland, and the acquisitions called indemnities, but generally regarded as spoliations, had alienated from her the hearts of Germany. Nor were the manners of her people, and especially of her soldiery, calculated to cast a veil over her offensive superiority, or to conciliate those whom she had injured and overborne. What was called the Markish spirit, the quintessence of "*Preussenthum*,"

was intensely offensive to the rest of Germany; it was another name for insolence and brutality. It is impossible to deny that even now Prussia is regarded with more respect than cordiality by Southern Germans, towards whom the Prussians have constantly behaved not only with the *prepotenza* of a conquering people, but with the airs of intellectual superiority of a people of pedants*. There exists between them, we are convinced, that "incompatibility of temper" for which there is notoriously no cure; but, at the time in question, the overbearing spirit, the manners, at once unbending and coarse, of the Prussian army, and the pretensions of the Prussian Government, had heightened this incompatibility into fear and hatred.

"In 1792," says Jacobs, "the first body of Prussian troops marched through Gotha to the Rhine,—

* The dislike produced by these assumptions is by no means worn out. To the easy, well-bred, *insoucians* Austrians, stiff manners and pretensions to "*Aufklärung*" and "*Intelligenz*" are peculiarly antipathic, for reasons good and bad. Their dislike is compounded of an unwilling recognition of the indisputable intellectual superiority of the Prussians, and of a very quick and willing perception of what is disagreeable and ridiculous in the assumption of it. "Vous venez de Berlin, Madame; vous nous trouvez sans doute très-stupides," were the first words addressed to me by the lively and agreeable old Countess C——, when I was introduced to her.

The aristocratical party in Austria has now, as we hear, got so far as to designate the popular party by the opprobrious title of "die Intelligenz," as opposed to "die Aristocratie." It must be admitted that this does great honour to their candour and *naïveté*.

the first scene of what a tragedy! Had we been able to foresee, or to imagine, what was to follow, and what a yoke Germany was destined to bear, nobody would have thought it possible to live through it.

"If the surrender of the fortified places in Southern Germany filled all hearts with consternation, the conduct of the Prussian troops in the towns they occupied, inspired grief and disgust. The army of that nation from which alone protection and deliverance could come, was demoralized by the arrogance of its leaders, and daily weakened the respect which South Germany had long been accustomed to pay to the Prussian name. While in the common men the feeling of honour was extinguished by servile treatment*, and only habit and fear bound them to their banners, their officers, the majority of whom had never looked an enemy in the face, spoke with sneering contempt of Napoleon's army. 'They have not seen Prussians yet!' said they; 'if this forced inactivity were now at an end, the victory would soon be ours,

* In 1840 I was assured by a German gentleman that, on his first visit to Berlin, the sentinel at the Brandenburg Gate held out his hand to him for alms. This fact, and the change it indicated, were the more astonishing to me from what I had seen of the deportment of Prussian soldiers, levied and trained on the system which the nation owes to Scharnhorst, to Frederic William III., and to adversity.

—a victory probably only too easy to be honourable.' To doubt of this was not permitted; any mention of the series of victories won by the French, was treated with scorn, and, if persisted in, punished with blows. I remember hearing that an old general in some company asked the ladies, with French *fatuité*, whether they would not favour him with some commissions for Paris;—and that a major, before the battle of Jena, boasted 'that he would make that scoundrel Bonaparte his groom.' Nor was this all. The officers behaved as if in a conquered country, without the least regard to decency or propriety, even towards the Duke of Saxe Gotha himself, or his capital. They lived in contemptible indolence and boundless debauchery; followed maid-servants in an evening into the very houses of their masters, and forced themselves by violence into private societies, where they created disturbances,—all with the connivance of their superiors, who did not venture to listen to any complaint.

"When the Prussian troops were quartered in Gotha, Löffler, the Superintendent-General, who had been a regimental chaplain in the Prussian service, received General Rüchel into his house, though he was exempted from the obligation to give quarters. He expected that Rüchel would behave with decency

in a house which had a kind of sacred character. How his expectations were fulfilled may be imagined from this. The soldiers, according to the then brutal practice of the Prussian army, used to be laid on straw in one of the rooms on the ground-floor, and beaten with sticks, which drew together a crowd of people. Löffler wrote a polite note, begging that these military executions might be transferred to a more fitting place. The answer he received was, 'Shoemaker, stick to your last.' The public was indignant. Löffler quitted his house, and put it under the protection of the authorities."

Such incidents, which were common to all the towns on the cordon, excited disgust and rancour, and rational men looked forward with deep anxiety to the conflict of such troops with the enemy,—anxiety far more than justified by the battle of Jena. For at the very time that the insolence of the Prussian soldiery was the most intolerable, and their confidence the most undoubting, the whole fabric of the State, civil and military, was in a state of rottenness and decrepitude.

"On the 16th of October," says Jacobs, "these very boasters re-appeared in Gotha as prisoners, weary and disarmed, escorted by a small party of Voltigeurs."

From that day, let us add, to the year 1815, the passage of French or other troops through this pretty little town and state was almost incessant. Representations of the moral state of the Prussian army, like the foregoing, extracted from the works of a civilian, might easily be corroborated by a hundred others. But we had rather give one from the pen of a thorough soldier. Trained in the preposterous discipline of Frederic II., he had full proof of what men reduced to the condition of machines are worth in the hour of peril. He not only witnessed, but shared, their inglorious overthrow; and he also lived to see coxcombs and puppets converted by misfortune into earnest and intrepid soldiers. At the age of seventy-one, Count Henkel of Donnersmark* has published a simple and soldier-like statement of the facts which came under his own observation in the course of his long military career; relating nothing, as he expressly says, but what he himself saw and heard. He is, fortunately, entirely without literary pretension; and tells his story with a homely

* The mother of Count Henkel of Donnersmark (and grandmother of Ottilie, Frau von Goethe,) was Grande Maîtresse at the Court of Frederic the Great. She died at Weimar, at a very advanced age, about ten years ago. The late Grand Duke spoke of her memory as a storehouse of curious and interesting anecdote. He added, "I shall never forgive Countess Henkel for not leaving memoirs."

air of truth, and a genial mixture of earnestness and humour. His observations show good sense, and his sentiments are those of a brave, loyal, and humane man.

Count Henkel was born at Potsdam in 1775, "in the house next to the Garde-du-corps barracks, which belonged to my father." His father was a Lieutenant-General; the young man was born, as well as bred, to arms. His memoirs begin with an exact account of the life of a young Prussian officer of his day. No discipline was ever better adapted to substitute the kind of intelligence which the horse-breaker or dog-trainer calls into action, in the place of human discrimination and reason. "Politics were never so much as spoken of among the young officers; a newspaper was seldom or never seen; remarks upon an order, let it come from what source it might, were not even thought of." But if the mind was left completely waste and inert, the body and its covering were objects of the most elaborate care. "The stock of three fingers'-breadth, the four curls on each side the head (frizzed and powdered of course), the pigtail with a large cockade, were indispensable." How envied was that Captain von Schallenfels, of old Count Henkel's regiment, whose pigtail required seventy or eighty ells of ribbon to tie

it, and trailed on the ground, so that he was obliged to tuck it into his coat-pocket on parade!

"We were always wishing for war," says Count Henkel; "with whom, was a matter of perfect indifference. It never occurred to anybody to reflect what the Government was, or ought to be. We stood far more in awe of the inspector than of the King; and the annual visit of the former furnished the subject of all the thoughts, conversations, hopes and fears, of our little world for the whole year. We hardly knew where Berlin was; Königsberg was the 'Residenz;' and if any of us went thither on leave, he brought back all the news, and was regarded as a travelled man. There was a dragoon regiment quartered at Tilsit, a few miles from us; we never met; but that did not prevent our entertaining a mortal aversion to each other."

This, then, was the training of the military youth of Prussia, at the time that France was tempering the spirits of her sons in the furnace of the Revolution!

But an enemy far inferior to the French would have proved an over-match for troops commanded by such officers as Count Henkel describes. In the year 1795, he says, he was present at a manœuvre where he became acquainted with all the staff-officers and *chefs d'escadron*. "It is worth while," he adds, "to

describe them according to their rank in the army, to give an idea what the state of it was." His army-list begins thus:—"Lieutenant-General von Marwitz had the gout very badly, loved his ease, and abhorred exercise. He was seventy." Another had gout in both hands; another was obliged to be lifted on his horse; another was a corpulent *bon vivant*, "sorely incommoded by a brisk pace." As a set-off against the effeminacy of their habits, they never spoke without the fiercest oaths. The gouty General von Marwitz, in his easy-chair and yellow satin slippers, received Henkel for the first time with his customary preface, "*Mord Schwerenoth Donnerwetter, mon ami,*" etc.

"When King Frederic William II. died," says Count Henkel, "and Frederic William III. ascended the throne, the troops were assembled, as usual, to take the oath of allegiance to their new sovereign. Our colonel's speech on this occasion was remarkable. Here it is, word for word. 'His Majesty Frederic William II. has been pleased to die. We have therefore to swear allegiance to a new king. What his name will be, whether Frederic William or Frederic, we can't exactly tell; but that does not signify. *Herr Gerichtschreiber,* read the oath aloud.'"

When we read these things, and think that within

the lifetime of one man, these coarse, inane, and (as it proved) cowardly caricatures of soldiers, have been succeeded by the brave and accomplished men by whom the Prussian army is now officered, we see not only that the whole presiding spirit of the Monarchy has undergone a vast and salutary change, but also, in how short a time such a change spreads through the whole body of a nation. Indeed, rapid as the progress has been in most of the countries of Europe within the last half-century, in none is it more striking than in Prussia. A retrospect of fifty years seems to carry us back centuries.

We must now turn to another very striking account of the state of public opinion in Prussia. "It was," says Herr von Woltmann*, "extremely important to ascertain accurately the dispositions of the Prussian court and people; for, even where the people have no constitutional character, their voice becomes of the greatest weight, as soon as their culture

* The book from which I quote was published under the title of 'Memoiren des Freiherrn von S——a.' Though the personal narrative, or what affects to be so, is disfigured by vanity and egotism, it is accompanied by a very vivid and interesting picture of the Prussian court, army, and people at the period we are considering, and contains many just and striking remarks.

is so far advanced that they can hardly tolerate a government which does not share their own social and political character and ideas. This was now unquestionably the case in Berlin.

"I ask myself," he continues, "what the state of public opinion in Prussia at that time really was; and I find the answer very difficult.

"It has often been said that the French army had caught a sort of delirium, together with ideas of true liberty, from fighting in America. The Prussian was in a wild ferment in consequence of having returned from the field without fighting. It was manifest that Frederic's reign had given them an impulse, the motive force of which lay partly in the personal character of the great monarch, partly in the consciousness of the exertions by which success had been obtained. As this influence was no more, and as the spirit which prompted those exertions had gradually subsided, whence could a people without public life, —without that daily excitement which is kept alive by a constitutional government, derive any permanent and genuine public spirit? A pride built on mere ancestry became the necessary substitute for it, and especially in the army; since Frederic II. had chiefly appealed to the feeling of honour peculiar to the officers, as men of birth. To this they clung; and an

inert posterity regarded the glorious deeds of their ancestors in the Seven Years' War as a family inheritance. But this view of the matter, and the pretensions which they founded upon it, were wholly at variance with the spirit which had arisen towards the close of the century. Both as officers of the heroic age of Frederic, (which they assumed, though without any ground, to be,) and as nobles, they were exasperated at the rising military glory of the French. They took credit for whatever was brilliant in the short contest of Prussia with the French people, at the beginning of the Revolution; and the little tendency the result of this contest had to raise the reputation of the Prussian arms, was thrown on the incapacity of their leaders; but still more on the misconduct of foreign powers. 'Let Prussia,' said they, 'but once enter the lists with France, and the superiority of her highborn officers of the school of Frederic the Great, over the French *bourgeois* troops, would soon appear.' Nobody even asked the question, whether there was any spirit among the common soldiers. It is certain that the only enthusiasm felt by the troops had been for the person and the deeds of the great King. I am aware that such recollections long retain their influence over the common people,—an influence which governments ought sedulously to

perpetuate and strengthen by education. But mere recollections, however glorious, are not sufficient to excite popular enthusiasm; they are not even comparable, in this respect, to the feeling of ancestry, which is more concentred, and acts upon minds of greater refinement. The only means of working on the Prussian soldier, was through his hatred and contempt of the French; and even these had greatly subsided, since many seductive accounts of the new civil institutions, the constitution of the army, etc. in France, had reached the ears of the Prussian soldiers. The general spirit of the troops was, therefore, directly opposed to that of their officers,—an opposition leading inevitably to fatal results in case of a war with France.

"But the disposition of the common soldier formed no element of public opinion in Prussia. How, indeed, could it find an utterance, where it had no constitutional organ, and where silent obedience was still exacted from the whole people? In this absence of all popular voice, the officers assumed, with the greater arrogance, to have their opinions regarded as constituting public opinion; and they succeeded the more easily, since the most aristocratic corps were quartered in Potsdam and Berlin. Such a mixture of bravery and insolence, of honour and debauchery, of

attempts at elegant manners and turbulent offensive behaviour, as was exhibited in the persons of these officers, must be witnessed to be believed;—it cannot be described. The one thing which chiefly distinguished them all was, contempt of the middle classes. A fine horse they prized above the most estimable man; and they thought they should have easy work with the French, because they were officered by *roturiers**.

"Strong as were the King's military tastes, he had nothing in common with this spirit. Everything showy, noisy, and boastful, was utterly distasteful to him. He had no vanity, and least of all was he disposed to plume himself on the deeds and fame of his ancestors. He was, therefore, wholly unfit to be the hero of such officers; and though this certainly did him no dishonour, yet it had its disadvantages. He was too quiet and amiable to put down their inflated arrogance with a strong hand.

"There was, however, a prince of the royal blood who might be regarded as the impersonation of the

* There is a domestic tragedy of great merit called 'Die Macht der Verhältnisse,' by Ludwig Robert, brother of the celebrated Rahel, which powerfully illustrates the consequences of this intolerable usurpation. It turns on the refusal of an officer (of course a nobleman) to fight a *roturier* man of letters, whose sister he had wronged and insulted.

officer-spirit of that time. Brave to fool-hardiness, —equally endowed with brilliant qualities, and prone to admire them in others,—prouder of his personal advantages than of his rank, and yet very proud of being a Prince of Prussia,—celebrated for his grace and address in all bodily exercises,—highly gifted with the talent most fitted to charm society, music,—a passionate admirer of women, and estimating voluptuousness above purity of morals,—liberal often to munificence, but never restrained by a strict sense of justice,—burning with military glory, rather than assiduous in acquiring military science, and regarding the new order of things in France with equal contempt and hatred,—Prince Louis Ferdinand was most justly regarded by the officers of the Guards, and those who resembled them, as the Ideal of a youthful hero and a Prussian officer. He was the loudest organ of what was then called public opinion in Prussia; and around him congregated all the various elements of society in Berlin, to whom hatred of the French served as a common point of attraction. Among them were the celebrated historian, Johannes von Müller*, and another

* We shall see hereafter a melancholy picture of this eminent writer, but feeble and unprincipled man, bowed to the earth under the shame of French favours and French decorations. M. Ancillon was descended from a French refugee family, and himself a Protestant minister. He was tutor to the present King of Prussia.

historian, more known as a statesman and philosopher, Ancillon. Müller seems never to have possessed the smallest personal dignity. He submitted to be the butt of Prince Louis and his companions. This renders his subsequent career intelligible, and his fall less shocking than it would otherwise be. Ancillon, who, in virtue of his descent and his profession, affected a sort of polish, half clerical, half French, combined with German *Humanität*, disliked Napoleon as he disliked Luther. He thought him vulgar, tasteless, and proud.

"It may easily be imagined, that a tone given by such a prince of the blood as Louis Ferdinand to a swarm of brilliant officers of the highest rank, and by two such writers as Müller and Ancillon,—the organs of learning among the higher classes,—was ardently caught by them, especially since it flattered all their interests and prejudices. It was of course adopted with still greater passion by the women.

"No means were left untried to induce the Queen to declare loudly her aversion to the French, and her views and habits of thinking naturally inclined her that way; but her disposition was too kindly and gentle for hatred, and the King's entire reserve on the subject imposed a restraint on her. It was not till Napoleon, who supposed her to be the leader of the

party he detested, attacked her with bitterness and brutality, that she really became what he believed her. Till that time, the Princess Louisa Radzivil, sister of Prince Louis, might with greater justice be regarded as the soul of the female opposition to Napoleon in Prussia. Princess William*, incapable of taking any part in intrigue, might be considered the personification of the German nature, as opposed to the French. It was easy, from the manner in which a woman expressed herself concerning the Court of St. Cloud, to distinguish whether she belonged to the circle of Princess Louisa or to that of Princess William. The former spoke with scorn and derision of the *parvenu* court; the latter, with the sort of shudder which an evil and impure spirit excites; and this difference, more or less, pervaded the whole female society of Berlin, which was almost without an exception eager for the war.

"Among the men, on the other hand, and especially the most respected and eminent statesmen, many were opposed to it. They weighed with pru-

* Died 1846. A Princess of Hessen Homburg,—mother of the Princes Waldemar and Adalbert, and of Princess Marie, now Queen of Bavaria. Thirty-five years after the period here referred to, when I saw this noble-looking woman at Berlin, she was still the perfect type of a German princess. It would have been equally impossible to mistake her country or her station.

dent deliberation the civil and military condition of France against that of Prussia; they well knew that the spirit of Frederic the Great was extinct, and that all which he had kept in vigour and efficiency now subsisted in form alone, and they dreaded any kind of shock to so unsound a fabric. Men of this kind are never loud, and their voices were accordingly hardly heard in the storm of public excitement."

The vague restlessness which precedes great political tempests was already in the air.

"It was a very unquiet time," says Count Henkel; "people were all greatly excited, and did not really know about what. The army, with its mass of invalid staff-officers, and its very few efficient generals, was calculated to inspire any sober man with alarm. The younger officers, however, did not think of this; they only wanted war; and some of those who composed the society of Prince Louis Ferdinand, were certainly guilty of excesses, though by no means such as Napoleon was pleased to impute to them. Prince Louis, full of unemployed talent, and thoroughly debauched, was constantly offending the King, who treated him with the utmost indulgence and kindness, spite of disorders which often merited severe punishment."

We have already given a portrait of this brilliant

and highly-gifted young man, of whom so much has been said and written by friend and foe. Whatever was the personal ascendancy he exercised, his historical importance is derived solely from his appearing as the representative of certain popular sentiments, which had a powerful and pernicious influence on the fortunes of Prussia. It is clear that the two cardinal points of man's character, good sense and principle, were wanting in his. His life would have been less useful to his country than was his death: *that* gave the first salutary shock to the empty dreams of the army, which beheld in him the type of its own fancied invincibility. But far different qualities were required in the man who was to endure, together with the people, the long and dreary winter of calamity that was at hand; and these, notwithstanding some shortcomings, were found in their less brilliant, but far more estimable King.

It is impossible to read the memoirs of Count Henkel, who, from the accession of Frederic William III., had constant opportunities of observing him in private, and who tells a number of characteristic anecdotes of him, without being struck with the extreme simplicity, good sense, and earnestness of the King. To a superficial view, his character is neither imposing nor touching; but in the great moments

which try the soul, it became both. His scruples, if not always enlightened, were always conscientious; and, in regard to the passage of his life for which he has been most censured, posterity will perhaps acknowledge that, in temporizing as he did,—granting, not the constitution which he had incautiously promised, but a number of institutions calculated to prepare the safe and permanent introduction of a constitution,—he did in fact make an heroic sacrifice of his own popularity and reputation. He loved his subjects better than their applause, and bore the blame even of cowardly desertion of his word, rather than peril a great work by precipitate compliance. By the abolition of serfage, and by other important agrarian reforms; by constant and vigilant attention to the education of the people, the administration of justice, the financial and economical administration of the country; above all, by the institution of the Provincial States, Frederic William III. founded a school of political and administrative knowledge and practice. Had equal good sense been shown in the consolidation and use of these institutions; had that ardour which has been squandered on impracticable theories, been devoted to the gradual and peaceable extension and improvement of what had been already gained, far greater and more permanent progress would have been made

towards good government than can ever be achieved by the far-reaching and vague projects of declamatory reformers.

"The lax and profligate reign of Frederic William II.," says a writer little inclined to king-worship, "had left the finances in a state which it would have required all the order and frugality of his successor to retrieve, even in times of peace. Trade was trammelled by guilds and privileges; the peasantry in a state of serfage; the middle classes constantly irritated and humiliated by the wanton insolence of the army. Nobody was so sensible of these abuses as the King; but his integrity and good sense wanted the vigorous self-reliance of sovereign spirits: he was restrained by tenderness towards old servants, and by fear of the effects of change on the tranquillity of the country. Temperate, simple, and virtuous himself, he had not sufficient energy to stem the torrent of licentiousness which had invaded court and city; and which the dangerous example of his cousin, and the still more dangerous tone of the reigning literature, rendered irresistible."

Even in the presumptuous season of youth, at the moment when everything was done to blind and intoxicate him, Frederic William III. showed the same cautious and anxious temper; the same distrust of,

and distaste for, loud and showy demonstrations. He had a clear perception of the danger impending over his country. "In 1806," says Count Henkel, "before the battle of Jena, the King had a foresight of what was to come. While the wildest presumption reigned on every side, he said to me and another young officer, 'This cannot end well; the confusion is indescribable: the gentlemen (*die Herren*) will not believe this, and maintain that I am too young, and don't understand these matters. I wish I may be wrong.' He was right. It was impossible we should not be beaten."

We must now return to see what was passing at Berlin, and what were the diplomatic relations of Prussia with France.

"On the 15th of August, 1806," says Ludwig von Woltmann, "the French ambassador gave a dinner to the diplomatic corps and the highest Prussian officers of state, in celebration of Napoleon's birthday. Already might be heard the indistinct mutterings of that storm which broke over Prussia and the whole north of Germany in the autumn, and brought down upon the French Government the curses of all German patriots. But, at this feast, Prussians and Germans drank to the Emperor Napoleon; though here and there the champagne passed untasted from the lips.

"The diplomatic corps at Berlin had at that time peculiar elements of coldness and dissension. At the beginning of the French Revolution, the French embassy was regarded at all European courts as an inevitable evil, from which all shrank, and which all regarded as temporary; ridiculed with high-bred contempt, and looked at with curiosity to see how it was to end. Hence arose an unusual unity and cordiality among the other members of the diplomatic corps. But this was now entirely altered. Napoleon's ambassadors were no longer viewed as a passing evil, and many an envoy of the smaller courts already sheltered himself under their wings; while the ministers of the great Powers behaved to them with such an overstrained politeness and suspicious friendliness, as I never saw at any other time. This ought, one might think, to have been peculiarly the case with the ambassador of Austria, whose position was the most threatening; but never did I see such an example of a brilliant address covering the profoundest policy, as in Count Metternich."

"The ambassador who was the object of all this suspicion, and the source of new divisions and coldness in the diplomatic corps, was, curiously enough, a man by nature inclined to peace, and delighting in frankness and honesty. M. Laforest was a French-

man in heart and soul; but had not the slightest sympathy with Napoleon, and was irritated beyond measure at any attempt to ascribe the whole success of the French army to him. At bottom he felt much like his predecessor Bournonville, who, with military frankness or imprudence, repeatedly told the Queen of Prussia that he carefully preserved his cross of St. Louis! But in spite of Laforest's frankness and sincerity, he was still regarded as the spy of a hated Government, the organ of hated demands; every little advantage which he gave was eagerly seized; and of course this re-acted upon him, and his reports, both of the court of Berlin and the diplomatic body, certainly did not contribute to put Napoleon in good humour. The conferences between him and Haugwitz, the then minister of foreign affairs, must have been curious. Each sought to circumvent and mystify the other; and as the Prussian was as great a master of the art of spinning out smooth phrases, as the Frenchman was of solemn diplomatic declamation, and as France and Prussia were then trying *not* to understand each other, it is probable that these two statesmen often parted without being able to give their sovereigns any intelligible account of what had passed between them.

"Haugwitz might be taken as a sort of representa-

tive of the distractions of the time in which he lived, and of the struggle between the world which had been, and that which was to be. Alternately assuming the wildest debaucheries of the regency, and the most homely domestic life of Germany; driving into Italy with a coach-load of mistresses, and then sitting for months by the side of his knitting wife; he might be regarded as combining, in his own person, the social state which was in its last convulsive throes, and that which was to be born of ruin and suffering. Indued with talents which had had no proper training; too impatient or too indolent for science, he plunged into religious enthusiasm, magic, secret societies, intrigue, ambition and sensuality, with all the desperate energy of ennui. Haugwitz had no political system; he had only one decided project, which was, to keep the French out of Northern Germany;—as if there was any corner of Germany secure against French invasion, if all parts did not unite in repelling it! But he acted in contempt of his own principle, when he disregarded the pressing entreaties of Hanover for protection, and allowed that country to be occupied by the republican armies. This blunder was only less fatal or less disgraceful than the one by which it was succeeded,—the occupation of the Hanoverian territory. From that moment, Haugwitz's administration

plunged the country into difficulties, from which nothing but a war with France, and all its train of disasters, could extricate it.

"The Queen, who was from the first eager for war*, never could endure Haugwitz, and always believed him to be a traitor. Probably had Hardenberg then had the direction of affairs, the Prussian army would have taken the field earlier, and the battle of Austerlitz might perhaps have been prevented."

In the foregoing pages we saw the *début* of Count Hardenberg on the political stage on which he was destined to play so conspicuous and successful a part. He was at this time the idol of the people of Berlin, who serenaded him, expressly "because he had been for war." He had just been accused by the 'Moniteur' of being "not insensible to English gold," and had retired from office.

We have already seen that Napoleon, determined to put an end to the King's vacillations, had compelled Prussia to take possession of Hanover, as the only means of effectually embroiling her with England,

* We must defer to another occasion what we have to say respecting this remarkable woman. With respect to her political inclinations, and her want of prudent reserve in the expression of them, there is as little doubt as of her enchanting and heroic qualities; but the testimony is very conflicting as to the degree to which she influenced, or sought to influence, the King.

and binding her to himself. The King indeed, still irresolute, had changed the word "possession" into "temporary occupation and administration;" so that while, on the one hand, Count Münster quitted the country with a bitter protest, on the other, Napoleon was incensed at the change, made Haugwitz wait five days at Paris for an audience, and then dismissed him, saying harshly, "The treaty is good for nothing now; we must begin all over again." He threatened war in case of disobedience, and the King had no alternative but to comply. England was incensed, as was to be expected, at the seizure of Hanover. George III. published a declaration of war, in which he expressed his regret that "Prussia's ancient spirit of honour and bravery was utterly extinct," and he declared, that "never, on no terms, would he cede a single village of his German dominions." The animosity against Prussia, long intense in the South of Germany, from this time became equally so in the North. We find traces of this feeling in all the memoirs of the time. Chamisso, who was with the Prussian army of occupation in Hanover, writes to Varnhagen, when they evacuated it:—"I have not yet told you the story of my host, the miller of Wicherhausen. He had been forced to harness his horses before ours, and drive us into the Westphalian territory; the sturdy

fellow flogged them with all his might, calling out, 'Pull then! pull as hard as ever you can!—you are dragging the Prussians out of the country!'"

Yet, while Prussia had thus alienated her natural allies, she had by no means succeeded in inspiring Napoleon with confidence. He began to see that he might lose his prey after all; he saw the reluctance of the King, and he knew the bitter hatred of the people. He threw out a new lure,—a confederation of the Powers of Northern Germany, with the King of Prussia at their head, and with the title of Emperor of Northern Germany. "We too shall have our confederation," writes Haugwitz from Paris. But the end of all these tempting promises was, that Napoleon, without even consulting the King, offered to restore Hanover to England. Indignity could go no further. It was impossible that anybody in Prussia could now deceive himself as to the real position of the country. But she had no right to complain; there was in reality enough to justify Napoleon's distrust.

At length, on the 6th October, the war so clamorously demanded from the hesitating and foreboding King was declared; on the 8th, the first engagement took place; on the 10th, the hero of the war party, Prince Louis Ferdinand, fell at the battle of Saalfeld; on the 14th, the King received Napoleon's

celebrated letter, reproaching him with making "an impolitic war without the shadow of a pretext." This was on the battle-field of Auerstadt.

Here fell a Prince, the least tragical incident of whose life was its tragical end. Always striving for the good and improvement of his people, and always thwarted and disappointed; called to a command for which his own military training rendered him unfit, and which the character of his troops rendered hopeless, the Duke of Brunswick's name was infamized by being attached to a Manifesto which he did not write, and against which he vainly protested. In 1806, at seventy years of age, he quitted his country, and all his schemes for its improvement, and undertook the command of the Prussian army solely in the hope of preventing the war he was believed to have instigated*. He clearly saw the storm which impended over Germany; he tried to avert it, but he was its first victim. Like his great master and model, Frederic, he was a devoted admirer of everything French, and from French hands he received his death. He

* "The Duke of Brunswick had accepted the command in order *to avert the war*. I can affirm this with perfect certainty, since I have heard it from his own lips more than once. He was fully aware of the weaknesses of the Prussian army, and the incompetence of its officers. 'And with such men,' he exclaimed, 'we are to make war, —war with Napoleon! No, the greatest service I can render the King, is to preserve peace.'"—*Von Müffling, Aus meinem Leben.*

was not even permitted to die in his beloved land. Frightfully wounded, he expired at Ottensen, near Altona, on the 10th November.

As our business is not with battle-fields, we hasten from the bloody and fatal plain of Auerstadt to the contemplation of one of the most faithful and instructive pictures we have ever met with, of the effects of war on the calm and sacred regions of domestic and social life. We shall see how they fare, trampled under the brutal feet of an invading army.

The amiable and excellent Professor Steffens, to whose autobiography we are indebted for these details, had been recently appointed to a chair in the University of Halle. He was living there with his young wife, in the peaceful cultivation of science, and in the enjoyment of the society of a small circle of friends and fellow-labourers; the most distinguished of whom was the learned and eloquent Schleiermacher, and his sister, afterwards the wife of the patriot poet, Arndt.

In 1805, Steffens had become acquainted with several officers of high rank; and their character and conduct had already awakened his distrust.

"They were among those," he says, "who afterwards, panic-stricken by the war, betrayed the most disgraceful and disastrous spirit; but even then, I must confess that their language alarmed me. It

was not prompted by that healthy enthusiasm which springs from the fresh and copious fountain of the heart; it was narrow arrogance, and a kind of superstition which attached miraculous powers to obsolete and rusty military forms. A courage like that of the English before the battle of Agincourt, as described by Shakspeare, would not have been blind to the impending dangers. But not one of these men seemed to have a suspicion of the tremendous strength of the brave army, which, having overturned all the existing theory and practice of war, flushed with victory, and sharing in the vehement excitement of a whole people, now threatened us with annihilation*. The ghost of the Seven Years' War, they fancied, would strike terror into the enemy. The Prussian soldier, a slavish hireling, enjoyed no consideration among the people, had no national interest, and was only kept to his duty by the fear of punishment. "The army," he adds, "was regarded rather as the enemy than the defender of the citizens. It was

* Müffling saw the French army in Ansbach, and was immediately sensible of the inevitable doom of Prussia. "All the infantry officers, with the knapsack on their back, up to the commanders of battalions and adjutants,—and each of our battalions must have fifty led horses. General Rüchel was a friend of mine: I sent him a memorial on this subject; his reply was, 'My friend, a Prussian nobleman does not go on foot!'"—*Von Müffling, Aus meinem Leben.* 1851.

impossible for them to see without irritation the constant assumption, that honour was the exclusive property of the military class."

The moment that was to justify his misgivings now arrived:—"The troops collected in the neighbourhood marched out; the rumours of the approach of the enemy grew stronger, and it became certain that the field of battle would be at no great distance. An anxious silence reigned through the city; the Duke of Würtemberg marched into Halle, and from that moment the inhabitants felt that they were involved in the fearful struggle. It is a singular and awful feeling to be obliged to surrender oneself, passive and without an effort, into the hands of a foreign power. We were still protected, indeed, by our own army; but we ourselves, inactive, had only to await the destiny in which that might involve us. Tranquillity and order were destroyed. Men and women wandered about the streets in a state of anxious excitement; for it was evident, from the position of the hostile troops, that a great battle was at hand. At length a vague rumour, and then the certainty, of the unfortunate battle of Saalfeld, and the death of Prince Louis, arrived. His rashness seemed like the effect of despair, and this despair infected us all.

"The unfortunate 14th of October drew near. An

unquiet crowd filled the streets. The news of a great defeat was heralded by the report of a great victory. The people exulted; the general joy even infected my friends. This lasted a whole day, during which one French prisoner was brought into the city. He was the first enemy we had seen, and his appearance excited an immense ferment among the people, who were with difficulty restrained from falling upon him. It seemed as if we had gained a great advantage. On the evening of the 15th, I ascertained that the battle of Auerstadt was lost, and concluded that the Halle reserve would be attacked."

On the morning of the 16th Steffens heard firing, and looking from his garden, which commanded a view in that direction, saw that the troops were engaged.

"Very early in the morning came Schleiermacher and his sister to be witnesses of the fearful sight. They were joined by several professors and others. To unskilled eyes, all appeared undecided; and so wonderfully blinded by the good news, so firmly trusting in the invincible character of a Prussian army, were most of them, that they saw in this attack of the French a victory. 'The poor French!' said one of my colleagues; 'I could find in my heart to pity them; they will soon be cut to pieces before our eyes.'"

But this illusion did not last. The enemy was soon seen to advance, and scattered Prussians fled into the town.

"My dwelling," continues Steffens, "in a distant unfrequented part of the town, was exposed to danger. We determined to take our infant, and seek refuge in Schleiermacher's house. Schleiermacher and his sister, and my wife, went first; I followed, by the side of the maid who carried the child. The danger was pressing. We had to hurry down the long Ulrich Strasse. Shots were fired in the streets, otherwise utterly deserted. The houses were all closed; only here and there was seen a workman hastily tearing down some tempting sign. The nurse was herself a mother; she wished to go to her child, but trembled, and could hardly walk. I threw her cloak over my shoulders, took the child from her, wrapped it up, and hurried on. On arriving at the market-place, we saw our danger,—the retreat of the reserve corps lay through the city, and we had to cross the whole tumultuous body at right angles. How we got through I know not. In such moments, consciousness is changed into a blind but powerful instinct of self-preservation. The enemy was pouring into the streets; a volley was fired in the direction of our flight; the bullets whistled about my ears. We were

but a few steps from the place of shelter, but our retreat might any moment be cut off. At length we reached the house; the street was silent and empty; the closed door was hastily opened, and locked again; —for the moment we were saved."

The tranquillity of the little party was not, however, of long duration. Three French soldiers soon broke in and plundered the house.

"It already became evident that the Prussian power was annihilated, that the city and university were absolutely in the power of the enemy, and that the whole existence and prosperity of those connected with the latter were overthrown."

On the 19th, Bernadotte published a proclamation, promising that the funds of the university should remain untouched, and the students unmolested; that it was the intention of his Sovereign to protect the university of Halle. How these promises were fulfilled, we shall see anon. The minds of the inhabitants were, as may be imagined, far from tranquillized by them.

"At length Napoleon came. We knew that he was peculiarly embittered against Prussia. Halle was the first Prussian city he had entered, and he remained here some days. I was still with my family in Schleiermacher's house. An *employé* of the French

commissariat was quartered in it, and of course took the best rooms; so that Schleiermacher and his sister, and his friend Gass, as well as I, with my wife and child, were put to great shifts. None of us undressed for some time, none had a regular bed; we snatched a few hours' sleep, when we were exhausted and overwearied. Bonaparte remained three days in Halle."

The result of his stay was as follows:—

"German students were never celebrated for polished manners. It seems that some of them had thronged, like boys, to see the conqueror and his showy suite ride through the streets, and had made no obeisance. A student to whom Napoleon had spoken, when called on to answer in a foreign language, in the embarrassment of the moment, had called him 'Monsieur.' Such were the causes which led to the dissolution of the university of Halle. Napoleon chose to believe the students in a dangerous plot against him; but the spirit which afterwards exhibited itself in so formidable and heroic a manner among the students of Germany, had as yet no existence. With the ignorance he so constantly betrayed of other countries, he imagined that the students lived in colleges, under supervision; and scolded because they were not shut up. He dissolved the university, and

ordered the students instantly to quit the town, and go home to their parents*.

"The next day, towards morning, during an unquiet sleep, we heard a stir in the house, a running up and down stairs, a loud talking in the court, the stamping of horses in the stables. When we rose, the town was empty; the troops had marched out, the students having been driven out in the course of the former day. We, their teachers, remained behind in the deserted, forlorn city; our occupation was gone, our destiny all uncertain. The Council of the Professors met, and we now found that the funds of the university had been seized. A letter from Berthier had arrived from Dessau, in which he informed us of the Emperor's displeasure. Men of letters, he said, should not trouble themselves about politics; their only business was to cultivate and diffuse science (the old song!). The professors of Halle had mistaken their vocation, and therefore the Emperor had closed the university. The whole corps of teachers was thus left without an occupation, and the greater part of them condemned to poverty and want. The whole assembly sat in helpless consternation."

* The re-establishment of the university of Halle, in 1808, was due to the intercessions of that accomplished scholar and critic, Baron von Rumohr.

The feeble and craven spirit which had been engendered in all classes, by the causes we have endeavoured to trace, now showed itself, to the disappointment and disgust of Steffens. It was proposed by some of the professors that they should endeavour to clear themselves in the eyes of the conqueror from any charge of disloyalty to him. The most abject apologies were accordingly made; and made, as might have been foreseen, in vain. There were, however, among the men of letters some of a very different character.

"The newly-built church of the university, in which Schleiermacher preached, was converted by the French into a magazine for forage. Our salaries were due on the 1st of November, and that of the past months was all spent. The fees for my lectures were however due to me. On collecting these, I had about eighty louis-d'or in my hands. After paying all claims on me, I had just ten dollars left, and Schleiermacher not more. It was impossible to get immediate help from our distant friends; we were cut off from them by the enemy's troops.

"We determined to throw the little sum at our disposal into a common fund, and to form one household. Schleiermacher removed into my small, confined dwelling. My wife, with her child and Schleier-

macher's sister, slept in one very small room, which opened into a larger, while I and my friend slept in a similar room, and each pursued his studies in a common room. In one corner of this room Schleiermacher wrote his essay on the First Epistle of Paul to Timothy. We lived in great indigence, saw few people, scarcely ever left the house, and when money fell short, I sold my little plate.

"But though we lived so poorly, our minds were not subdued. It was our fixed persuasion that from this time the fate of our country lay in the firm and constant spirit of every one of her sons. *That* strengthened and elevated us; and, spite of our poverty, we assembled the friends and the young men who had the courage not to leave the town, around our humble tea-table. Luckily we had just laid in a stock of tea and sugar when the storm broke upon us. These evenings we shall certainly never forget. At first our minds were occupied with the fearful and wretched events of the day, especially the prompt and unintelligible surrender of Magdeburg*."

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* Shortly after, three opulent and eminent inhabitants of Halle were carried off to France as hostages. One of them, Professor Niemeyer, has left memoirs containing an account of his residence there.

To that new scene of defeat and dishonour, as described by the brilliant and graphic pen of Immermann, we must now transport our readers. Immermann was a native of Magdeburg. His grandfather had served under Frederic the Great, whom, to the day of his death, he called "The King;" and the little boy had been nurtured in the prevailing belief that the arms of Prussia were unconquerable. His description of the state of the public mind in his boyhood would be, as he says, incredible, were it not supported by ample testimony.

The day of preparation for resisting the terrible foe had now arrived,—and what a preparation!

"The city was soon the scene of a continued passage of troops. Regiments of horse and foot, ammunition, baggage waggons, and pontoons, which particularly struck us boys, marched for weeks in at the Brück, and out at the Sudenburger Thor. An army in movement had then very different appendages from what it has now. These imprinted themselves on our childish imaginations. The packhorses carrying the tents, with their intricate mass of linen and cordage, above which balanced the long poles, were obliged to go in single and interminable file. Then, still more strange, the red-striped kitchen-waggons of the generals and colonels, with great hen-coops hang-

ing on both sides, from which were heard the cackling and screaming and gobbling of all sorts of live poultry, destined to secure to these heroes the accustomed pleasures of the table. This precaution astonished us children; and one of us naïvely asked, whether there were no chickens in the villages on the way? The light and gay Bosniacs and Towarskys formed a splendid contrast to this ponderous camp equipage."

The fearful 18th of October at length came, to wake the Magdeburgers from their dreams of security. The dreadful truth was preceded, as at Halle, by the report of a brilliant victory. At length it came, bit by bit; and the wildest joy was succeeded by doubt, then by anxiety, fear, and, lastly, by the mortal certainty of despair. An expression of Immermann's father, during the period of suspense, is characteristic of the prevalent feeling. 'My God!' exclaimed he, with a deep sigh, 'Frederic's soldiers will surely do their duty!'

And now came the spectacle of the shameful and disorderly retreat of these very soldiers!

"As the confused rout came in by the same gate through which they had marched forth, the people gathered in knots, looking on with alarmed and still incredulous wonder. 'These are the first fugitives,'

I heard people say: 'they are never in order; have patience, the regular regiments will soon come.' But noon came,—afternoon came,—evening drew on, and the pell-mell had not ceased; the disorderly mob which *had been an army* still filled the streets. At length came some troops in marching order, as exceptions to the miserable rule; covered were now the banners which had floated so proudly in the breeze. Most of them marched in in silence,—once only the music sounded, loud and clear, like the laughter of despair. It was the trumpeters of a cuirassier regiment;—their regiment was not behind them,—they were quite alone, and blew the Dessauer march, just as if all were in the best possible order. They looked well too, and were mounted on high-fed horses. Indeed, generally speaking, the men did not look jaded, nor hungry, nor worn; and the contrast between their personal good condition with the general destruction, exhibited in the strongest light the depth of the calamity. In the evening everybody knew that a Prussian army no longer existed. A helpless grief sat on men's faces. But even then, the indescribable spirit which characterized that period was not extinguished. I heard a man say to his neighbour, 'That may be as it will; things have gone badly, no doubt, but we have lost with honour; for I heard just now

that the Prussians did not once lose the step through the whole battle.' "

If the German character does not appear under very favourable colours in the foregoing description, there is an incident which shows it under one of its most noble and touching aspects. That which had been for centuries the great conservative principle of Germany,—attachment to the hereditary Chief and Father of the land,—never shone forth more brightly. In the midst of the wreck of his army and his fortunes, the King,—the half-dethroned King,—arrived, accompanied by one aide-de-camp.

" At the sight of him, the crowd broke out into a loud cheer. This sound was so unexpected by him, and in his present circumstances, so affecting, that he lost all self-command. He put his handkerchief to his eyes, and walked on for some way with his face covered. He then withdrew it, and went to his lodging, bowing gravely to his people, who, moved by the tears of their chief, received his greetings in the deepest and most respectful silence."

We have been told (such things are oftener related than printed in Austria) that the *pendant* to this affecting picture was exhibited at Vienna after the battle of Austerlitz. The Emperor Francis, a fugitive, mounted on a sorry jade, attended by one aide-

de-camp, defeated and almost dethroned, was about to make his inglorious entry into his capital: he was met by the citizens, who had of their own accord dragged out the state-carriage, and now seated him in it, and drew him, as if in triumph, to his palace. "Why, what would you have done if your Emperor had been victorious?" asked a stranger. "Oh! then we should not have needed to do anything," was the answer.

It may be said, and justly, that Francis was not worthy of such sublime and delicate generosity. We reply, No man can be worthy of it, except one who will never excite it,—a Washington, for example; and that this is not the question. The question is, whether nations will fare better under similar circumstances, who have no attachment to an Ideal, which is permanent precisely because it has no material existence. Such an ideal is (to the old German sentiment) the *"Landesherr"* or *"Landesvater"*; the hereditary sovereign, invested with that ancient patriarchal sanctity which, though capable of being heightened or diminished by the qualities of the possessor for the time being, is inalienable from the office. An attachment to institutions, formed after calm deliberation and on a full estimate of their value, is, no doubt, a far higher, manlier, and safer

thing, than this attachment to a sovereign individual or house. We prefer the faith of Pym and Hampden, to the devotion of Ormonde and the Cavaliers. But until the reason of the masses can be appealed to with some chance of success, the tutelary force of habit and sentiment can ill be dispensed with. Of this the world has had proof enough.

The panic and rout throughout the Prussian dominions were now complete and universal. We have a tragical picture of the state of things from the hand of a poet,—a man who, from the peculiar circumstances of his birth and education, tastes and character, saw the war (if we may be allowed to say so) from both sides. Chamisso was born a Frenchman, but had early adopted Germany, and more especially Prussia, as his country, with more than the passion of a native. It is as a German poet that he is best known, and his romance of 'Peter Schlemihl' is characterized by a thoroughly German spirit. At the beginning of the war he served in the Prussian army, but after the peace between France and Prussia, he thought himself bound to return to his native country, and to enter the French army. We extract from a letter written by him to M. de Varnhagen, dated November 22nd, 1806, describing the disastrous and disgraceful capitulation of Hameln.

"Oh, my friend!" exclaims he, "not for the salvation of my soul would I be one of those criminals (the capitulating generals). Anxious and embarrassed they stood before us, and gave us the shameful answer, that the enemy was already in Berlin, the King's power annihilated, that Magdeburg and Custrin, and Spandau and Stettin, and God knows what towns, had opened their gates. Why should they not do the same?—it must come to that; and, —in a word, it was already done."

The indignation of the troops, their burning desire to wipe off the stain, was not to be contained. Rhaden, a boy fresh from the academy of engineers, swore that he would stab the men who had signed the capitulation. "Had we found a leader," continues Chamisso, "we should have kissed his feet." He proposed to draw lots who should command them; to swear obedience to the new commander; to cry, "Long live the King!" and to rush on the enemy. Those who chose might remain behind. While he was speaking, the drums beat the alarm.

"The soldiers had learned that they were betrayed, and, in rage and desperation, broke out into the wildest excesses. They forced open the magazines, staved brandy-casks, got drunk, and plundered shops. In the midst of these scenes of disgrace and horror,

one of Roman honour occurred. In Haak's regiment there were two brothers of the name of Warnava, sons of a soldier, and themselves soldiers. They had vainly protested against the surrender of the fortress. Finding that there remained no other way of avoiding dishonour, each placed his musket on the other's breast, fired, and fell into each other's arms; in this strict embrace they died*."

Chamisso describes the dismal morning after this fearful night,—the German arms thrown into the mud by their despairing possessors,—the old Brandenburgers weeping as they took leave of their officers, who stood stupefied, wishing that some stray bullet would hit them,—other soldiers stupidly drunk. In the midst of this desolation, the Dutch troops marched in, jeering at the Prussians for not resisting their small numbers. "Even with the sacrifice of all he was worth," says he, "would many a German citizen have wiped out this dishonour to Germany."

He concludes:—"I shall serve no more now. Perhaps, my friend, other times, may arise when I may gladly grasp my sword again. *It may be good that things have taken the turn we see. I reckon not*

* Varnhagen says that when old Marshal von Möllendorf, the last of Frederic's generals, came to the neighbourhood of Halle, just before their shameful surrender, the people were in the highest spirits and eager to fight.

with the gods. Where a new building is to be erected, the ground must first be cleared and levelled. But, my beloved friend, may you rather lie on the battle-field, where one sleeps well, than witness what I have witnessed! Farewell!"

At Berlin, as at Halle and Magdeburg, people were deluded with rumours of victory, only to be plunged into deeper despair.

"The battle of Jena," says Woltmann, "was first announced to the capital by shouts of 'Soult is beaten!' The fearful truth soon followed. Among the various emotions which this overthrow of the glory and the pride of Prussia excited, I observed numerous proofs of joy among the citizens and civil classes, that the arrogance of the soldiery had received so signal and ignominious a chastisement! Even then, the persuasion forced itself upon my mind, that there was no salvation for Prussia till its army should be completely merged in the mass of the people; and should rise out of it to a new life, and in an altered form."

The disaster was officially announced to the capital by that ever-memorable proclamation put forth by the governor, beginning, "Tranquillity is now the first duty of every citizen." We have heard eye-witnesses describe the effect it produced on all who had

any feeling for the honour of their country. Some hid their faces, and appeared overwhelmed with shame; some shed tears of rage; some seemed stupefied with despair. Yet the mass of the people had at that time so little idea of what awaited them under the French domination, that when, on the 27th October, Napoleon entered Berlin, "he seemed," says Droysen, "to be regarded rather with curiosity than with sorrow."

"The Berliners," continues Woltmann, "had reckoned on help from Russia with such confidence, that when the first French chasseurs rode through the Potsdam gate, the people, seeing the green uniforms, exclaimed, 'The Russians are come! the Russians are come!'

"The easy careless air of the French troops formed a singular contrast with the stiff pedantry of the Prussian. The French were fuller than usual of vanity and insolence. They ascribed their victory at Jena solely to their own valour, and the high reputation of their enemy made them regard this victory as something gigantic. Very few of the officers had the candour and good sense to see that the main cause of their success was to be found in the antiquated organization of the Prussian army.

"Napoleon made his entry into Berlin on a lovely day of October, to the sound of those same bells

which had so often announced the wonderful and saving victories of Frederic the Great,—so often awakened the national pride of Prussia. He entered with unequalled military pomp. But this did not make the impression on the Berliners he expected; there was something ostentatious and tawdry in it, which is not to the taste of Germans. They felt as if they were looking at a troop of horse-riders. Bonaparte was evidently much impressed by the memory of Frederic. It was clear that he thought the people of Berlin would compare him to their hero. In this he was completely mistaken. The Berliners are little given to admiration; and if it is extorted from them, they pay it to the dead, or to those whom they regard as their own property. They had exhausted it on Frederic; and many now turned their whole practised talent for ridicule against Napoleon. Most of them however hated him with gloomy earnestness."

Here we must pause. We are arrived at the crisis at which the work of regeneration is about to commence. A long and dreary night is before us; but in that night the German nation will recruit itself, and arise like a strong man refreshed. We have still to witness great sufferings; tragical destinies of the high and the lovely; we have still to see in some of

its multiform details what it is to be a conquered people. Six years of such sights as these are before us,—painted by those who lived, suffered, and acted in the midst of them.

"The truth," says Arndt, "is beyond all power of description. We look back as upon a black dream, and are amazed at what we have seen and suffered, and can hardly believe it. Years must elapse before it can be described, nor will our grandchildren then believe what was the state of Germany in the years 1808, 9, 10, and 11. The base and the bad openly triumphed and domineered; the indolent and the cowardly served with hopeless and thoughtless obsequiousness; many of the good despaired; only a few noble spirits still hoped."

But the hope of these few noble spirits, far different from the presumptuous and inane confidence which is the forerunner of destruction, contained within it the germ of deliverance. It rested not only on their own conscious energy and determination, but on experience of human things, and observation of the ways of Providence. They saw that their oppressor was sowing the dragon's teeth, and they knew that the harvest of armed men would not long be wanting. They saw that the chastisements of Heaven were doing their work in the hearts of the German people, and they

placed a just reliance on the result. This is admirably expressed by Steffens.

"The more all prospect of external help vanished, the more threatening the aspect of things around us, the stronger became our internal confidence, our firm conviction that the Holy and the Good, the germs of which were springing up in Germany, could not be annihilated by the rude trampling of a victorious soldiery. In this view, I often ventured to express what was the guiding principle of all my thoughts so long as the French occupied the land, even in those days of despair. I maintained that the battle of Jena was the first victory over Napoleon*, for that it had destroyed the weaknesses which were his best allies, and had awakened a spirit which must in the end arise and conquer. The certainty that I should witness his fall never left me."

* The converse of Börne's equally true paradox,—that the battle of Jena was lost by Frederic the Great.

GERMANY, FROM THE BATTLE OF JENA TO THE EXPULSION OF THE FRENCH*.

THE foregoing pages, desultory and imperfect as they are, may perhaps have enabled our readers to form some notion of the social appearances presented by Germany during the half-century preceding her subjugation. These may have been found to afford some solution of the problem, how it was that a great people, full of eminent and solid qualities, could exhibit such moral and political weakness; how a people

* *Lebensbilder aus dem Befreiungskriege.* Jena, 1841.

Heinrich David Stuve, Bürgermeister der Stadt Osnabrück. Jena, 1827.

H. STEFFENS. *Was ich erlebte.* Vol. VII. Breslau, 1843.

Luise, Königin von Preussen. Berlin, 1814.

MÜFFLING. *Aus meinem Leben.* Berlin, 1851.

Friedrich Perthes' Leben. Hamburg und Gotha, 1848.

Erinnerungen aus den Kriegszeiten von 1806–1813. Von FRIEDRICH VON MÜLLER. Braunschweig, 1851.

Leben von Georg Wilhelm Kessler. Leipzig, 1853.

Das Leben des Freiherrn von Stein. Von G. H. PERTZ. Berlin, 1851.

so indisputably brave, could fall so ignominiously before an invader. We have seen that the German people had never recovered from the torpor, indifference, and exhaustion which had succeeded the Thirty Years' War; and that the character and events of the Seven Years' War had not been of a nature to work any national regeneration. They had only served to inspire one member of the Germanic body with hatred or contempt for another, and with a confidence which subsequent events showed to be as baseless as it was arrogant and presumptuous.

Germany as a nation had ceased to exist; and the component parts into which it had resolved itself, so far from contributing to each other's strength, were the main cause of their common weakness. We have seen the inevitable result. Austria and Prussia, which united might have opposed a firm front to their common foe, have fallen separately and ignobly under his attacks. Austria, stripped of her ancient authority, deserted and betrayed, was left to fight single-handed the battle of Germany, hostile or indifferent. With the great Frederic, had expired the force and energy of Prussia. They were too much the mere reflection of his own matchless force and energy, not to cease with himself. Nor was this all. A long course of successful warfare is inevitably fol-

lowed by two diseases,—lassitude and presumption, —each dangerous, and, when united, mortal. These Frederic had bequeathed to Prussia.

The lesser States, released from all allegiance and deprived of all protection, have tendered their willing homage to the conqueror, or have reluctantly bent before the power they could not withstand. We have seen the dissolution of all the bonds that bound the Princes of Germany to their Subjects, as well as to each other. Nowhere was there any one of the elements of national strength;—union, concert, a just sense of the impending danger, a deep determination to resist it, above all, mutual confidence,—nowhere. Although, as we have remarked, new views of society and of government were not only circulated, but received with passionate admiration, throughout Germany, few of her princes attempted either to test the value of these ideas by discussion, or to appease the craving for change by reasonable and timely reforms. Those great expedients for cultivating at once the reason and the attachment of a people were not understood, or were regarded as derogatory and perilous to authority.

To the English public of that day, ignorant of the internal state of Germany, the rapidity and completeness with which the subjugation of Germany

was accomplished appeared almost miraculous; and for the five or six years after the battle of Jena, the French arms, and their all-conquering leader, inspired an almost superstitious belief that they were invincible. Napoleon was regarded as a heaven-appointed scourge;—by some, incredible as it may seem, as a heaven-appointed deliverer,—whom it was vain and hopeless to resist!

Even the slight and imperfect sketch of Germany which we have been able to throw together will, we think, have sufficed to reduce the miracle to its true proportions; and though nothing could be more absurd than to attempt to detract from the mighty power and genius to which she succumbed, it is manifest that her most fatal enemies were in her own bosom.

We have now to see how lassitude was goaded into vigour, presumption chastened into wise and provident determination, and disunion converted into strenuous concert.

Considering the state into which she had fallen, and the total absence of political knowledge or political activity in the people, (without which great and permanent reforms are impossible,) it is probable that the re-awakening and re-union of Germany could never have been brought about in tranquil times, or

by any measures which her own sovereigns could have adopted. In that discipline which God sends to those whom he calls out of sloth and selfishness and sensuality to a consciousness of the capacities and the duties of man,—in humiliation and chastisement, in shame and sorrow, in pain and ruin,—Germany once more felt her great heart beat, and became a living body, instinct with a quickening spirit.

What this discipline was, how bitter the humiliation, how intolerable the yoke, we have now to see from the testimony of witnesses and sufferers. We can only take here and there a scene out of the tragedy. We disclaim all attempt at the arrangement and continuity of history, which would exceed our powers still more than the space at our command. The historical outline of those times is known to most readers, and is to be found in books within the reach of all. The pictures we have brought together are, we believe, drawn from less popular or accessible sources.

For the present, we must follow in the bloody and dreary track of the conqueror; and see by what means he wore out the patience and roused the resistance of a prostrate foe. We shall see what is the condition of a people living under the yoke of a foreign oppressor, and shall contrast it with the new life

breathed into that people by the spirit and the hope of freedom; the joy of self-sacrifice, the elevation above sordid and selfish interests, the heroic devotion to country, giving grandeur, nobility and strength even to the lowly and the feeble.

We shall often shift our scene, and shall endeavour to carry our readers with us from the proud capital to the antique town or the obscure hamlet,—all lying under the black shadow of foreign domination. Yet even in the depth of this dark night the stars that precede the dawn are beginning to appear. In Prussia, in the midst of the petrified remains of the Generals of the Seven Years' War, we already see names that are hereafter to be crowned with the immortal glory of deliverers of their country. Scharnhorst, and Blücher, and Knesebeck, and Müffling, and Gneisenau, and many more, are already there,—most of them young and obscure, but all conscious of the causes of Prussia's weakness and fall; all of them determined to set their lives on her regeneration.

"When," says the Austrian Hormayr, "the total subjugation of Germany to Bonaparte became manifest, these men were for a moment in a stupor; but they soon recovered themselves, and by no means abandoned the cause for which they were resolved to live or die. They were compelled to withdraw from

the public service of their country, but in their retirement they kept alive and in full vigour the alliance with each other and with England. Such men were Count Münster in England, Hardenberg, Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Stein (then in Russia), and others. Their worst enemies were not the French, but the valets of the French,—men who despaired of their country, and dénounced faithful patriots as absurd fanatics."

We find on all sides gleams of the same unquenchable hope, the same reliance on England.

"The situation of Prussia," says Steffens, "was a strange one. Hanover was invested by Prussian troops; the Hanoverians hated the Prussians even more than the French; England was expected to declare war; Russia was exasperated; Austria, abandoned by Prussia in her perilous combat, was embittered. The State seemed inevitably sold to France; yet even in this moment the power was in motion which was destined to combat and to conquer France. Everything that was noble or eminent in Prussia suddenly appeared intimately bound to England, at the very moment when that country was about to declare war upon us."

And, at a later period, "If not only Prussia, but Austria, must take arms for Napoleon, it was clear that the subjugation was complete, and every hope

of resistance extinct. And yet that hope I could not relinquish. . . . Then, in the darkest midnight hour of hopeless, sinking Germany, arose a tacit, secret alliance of the noblest spirits,—the alliance between Austria and Prussia,—both looking to a common union with the true Germanic England."

The first peaceful town which felt the horrors of invasion was Weimar, the most interesting of German cities,—still radiant with the glory of Herder and Schiller and Goethe and Wieland,—the bright circle of stars that clustered around sovereigns worthy to be their centre. The Duke, long an officer in the Prussian service, learned the disastrous result of the Battle of Jena in the night of the 15th of October, at Arnstadt. On the afternoon of the same day Napoleon entered Weimar. Already, the night before, a part of the French troops had taken possession of the town, and had begun to plunder. The pillage went on during the whole of the next day and night, so that even the palace was almost stripped of the necessaries of life. In this extremity, with fire raging in a street near, the reigning Duchess received the conqueror with that serene dignity and dauntless courage

of which he always retained a profound and respectful impression. Surrounded by every circumstance of terror, she stood unmoved at the top of the palace-stairs to receive Napoleon, pleaded with him for her people, vindicated the conduct of her husband, against whom he was greatly incensed, and did not desist till she had prevailed. His speech to General Rapp, on leaving her, has been often quoted. It was not however till lately that we had it on the authority of an unquestioned witness, Friedrich von Müller, late Chancellor of the Grand Duchy, the friend and executor of Goethe. To him Rapp repeated Napoleon's remarkable words: "Voilà une femme à laquelle même nos deux cents canons n'ont pu faire peur." The respect which he ever afterwards showed for this heroic lady, would have furnished one of the rare traits of generosity in his character, had it not been disfigured by conduct towards her husband, which, to so noble a woman as the Duchess Louisa, converted his homage into an insult. He never ceased to taunt the Duke with his obligations to his wife, and to repeat that if he had spared him, it was solely out of consideration for her.

"If," said Talleyrand to Chancellor von Müller, "the Emperor has not put an end to the political existence of Weimar, it is solely on account of the

high respect with which the Duchess inspired him by her firm and intrepid conduct, and of his regard for her sister the Markgräfin of Baden. If his Majesty is disposed to interest himself in the fate of Weimar, it is due to these considerations, *and to no others in the world.* The Emperor has repeatedly declared this to me."

This was afterwards repeated by Napoleon to Von Müller himself, in a remarkable conversation. "Does your Duke know," said he, "that I might justly depose him? If I have not yet done so, it is to be ascribed solely to my regard for the Duchess. . . . You, Sir, try to excuse your Duke,—that is your duty; but it is mine to depose princes who act against me, without further delay. He who cannot bring into the field more than a few hundred men, must remain quiet. This is just the moment for him to lose his states in the twinkling of an eye. You see what I have done with the Duke of Brunswick. I will drive those Guelfs back into the marshes of Italy, out of which they sprang. I will trample them underfoot and destroy them, as I do this hat [here he threw his hat, in a rage, on the ground], so that no memory of them may remain in Germany. And I have a great mind to do the same with your Prince.

"By heaven! those who have not at least a hun-

dred thousand men, and a good number of cannon, should not venture to make war upon me! These Prussians have as much as that, and more, and what has it availed them? I have scattered them like chaff before the wind; I have crushed them, and they will rise no more.

"Had your Duke been wise, he would have been quiet, and have joined the Confederation of the Rhine; I would have received him into it, and even with special advantages, and he would now be in a very different position."

Yet the conduct of the Duke, against whom this burst of unseemly rage was directed, had been as worthy of respect and honour as that of his august wife. His crime was, that after having been twenty years in the service of Prussia, he did not choose to desert her in the moment of danger.

The most striking and complete narrative of what occurred at Weimar is that contained in Falk's book on Goethe, which formed the nucleus for a number of interesting but desultory matters concerning that illustrious man, translated and published in 1833. Those who are acquainted with Falk will remember Goethe's charming and most unusual outbreak at the treatment of his Duke, concluding, "I will turn strolling ballad-singer, and put our misfortunes into verse.

. . . I will sing the dishonour of Germany, and the children shall learn the song of our shame till they are men; and thus shall they sing my master upon his throne, and yours (to the French) off again."

How characteristic of his artist nature! Even while the tears were rolling down his cheeks, the calamities of his Country and his Master suggested to him—Pictures and Songs! He *saw* "the women and children in the villages casting down their eyes and weeping, as they said to one another, That is old Goethe and the former Duke of Weimar, whom the French drove from his throne, because he was so true to his friends in misfortune." He *heard* the "Song of our shame."

The most important contribution to the history of these days furnished by Müller consists in the conversations with Napoleon, in which he took part as interlocutor or as listener. We have given one specimen of these, and shall probably revert to them anon. The whole narrative of his labours to avert from his unfortunate country some portion of the misery which pressed upon it, is in the highest degree interesting and instructive. In this we may read what was the condition of the people in nearly every part of Germany, what the exactions of the Conqueror, the insolence of his agents (with some

honourable exceptions), the abject servility of many German Princes and of their official servants. Any Prince who, like the noble-hearted Duke of Saxe-Weimar, did not hasten to prostrate himself with every mark of devotedness at Napoleon's feet, was regarded by him with bitter resentment, and the crime was visited on his unfortunate subjects. The conflict in the generous and upright mind of the Duke, between love and pity for his people, and abhorrence of servile homage to a man he not only hated but despised, is the more touching, that it is not deliberately expressed, but breaks out in all his words and actions.

In September, 1808, took place that celebrated meeting of the Emperors of Russia and France, with all the lesser rulers who formed their *cortége*, which may be regarded as the culminating point of Napoleon's prosperity and splendour. The town, usually so dull, was crowded with Sovereigns, and with their attendant statesmen and warriors; and all these constellations seemed to revolve around the Conqueror as the sun of the European system.

"The interior of the house," says Müller, speaking of the theatre where the whole dramatic corps

of Paris, Talma at their head, represented the finest tragedies of the French stage, before the celebrated "Parterre des Rois," "presented a most imposing appearance. Exactly in the front of the parquet sat the two Emperors, in two arm-chairs, in familiar conversation; a little in their rear, the Kings, and then the reigning Princes and hereditary Princes. Nothing was seen in the whole pit but uniforms, stars and orders. The lower boxes were filled with staff-officers and the most distinguished persons of the imperial bureaux. The upper front, with Princesses, and at their sides foreign ladies. A strong guard of grenadiers of the imperial guard was posted at the entrance. On the arrival of either Emperor the drum beat thrice, on that of any King, twice. On one occasion, the sentinel, deceived by the outside of the King of Würtemberg's carriage, ordered the triple salute to be given; on which the officer in command cried out, in an angry tone, "Taisez-vous,—ce n'est qu'un roi!"

It seemed as if Erfurt contained the urn of destiny, out of which the two mightiest potentates in the world were to draw the lots of peoples and of states. Yet even now the awful form of the approaching Nemesis cast its dark shadow before. The reverses of the French arms in Portugal and Spain

were known. Even on his way from Mainz to Erfurt, Napoleon had received despatches from Spain, which threw him into such a rage that he tore them in pieces. Russia appeared daily to feel more and more the evils resulting from the blockade of her ports, the destruction of her trade, and the reprisals exercised by England. Austria, irritated against both France and Russia, and silently preparing for war, could only see with distrust the alliance which seemed to be drawn closer than ever between the North and the South, especially since the presence of the Emperor of Austria at their meeting was expressly declined. Prussia, almost entirely garrisoned by French troops, and crushed under the burden of the fearful contributions extorted from her, placed her last hope of alleviation in the intercession of the Emperor Alexander. Almost all the Princes of Germany had grievances or wishes to express, and were more or less uncertain of their future fate. A mysterious curtain hid the great political drama which was here to be performed. In spite of brilliant appearances, in spite of agreeable episodes, it was impossible not to feel that the air was sultry and tempest-charged.

In the beginning of October arrived Prince William of Prussia, the King's brother. He was most courteously received. One by one followed many Prus-

sian officers and public servants: "they came with hearts bleeding at the wretched state of their country, and with the deepest hate of its oppressor."

On this occasion Napoleon gave a friendly reception to the Duke of Weimar. Müller remarked this with satisfaction to Talleyrand, on which that faithful and ingenuous servant replied, "Nous disons de belles choses à ceux que nous n'aimons pas, mais à ceux que nous aimons nous disons, moquez-vous de tout celà." Thus then, if we look below the glittering surface, what was the real condition of the Conqueror of the World? Surrounded by perfidious servants and dubious allies; by self-interested followers and by injured, insulted, and vengeance-breathing, though silent, enemies; the whole dense mass of subjects and slaves,—kings and their peoples, chiefs and their armies,—by whom he was surrounded, could not shut out from his eyes the menacing form of Retribution which had arisen, and was already advancing from the far West. Spain down-trodden and occupied, England isolated, confined to her small territory and her wide ocean home,—these were sufficient to thwart his will and to embitter his triumphs. And when, a few months later, (in January, 1809,) he wrote to the Grand-Duke of Baden:—"Mon frère,—Ayant battu et détruit les armées espagnoles, et battu l'ar-

mée anglaise," etc., whomsoever he might deceive, he did not deceive himself.

The prompt resistance which the French armies encountered in Spain, the spontaneous efforts of the peasantry, the rise of guerilla bands all over the country, created a great sensation in Germany; and while these appearances were hailed by all with admiration and hope, they were felt by others to afford a painful and humiliating contrast with the nearly total subjugation and the long endurance of Germany. But (not to recur here to the heroic exceptions) there are some considerations suggested by Immermann, which must be taken into account, in estimating the patriotism and courage of the two nations, and the different modes in which these were displayed. "The incapacity of the French nation generally, and of their leader in particular, to understand a national character unlike their own, or a movement of the human mind different from what they were conscious of in themselves, was the salvation of Prussia. Bonaparte was utterly unprepared for the mass of unconquerable resistance, the force of long-suppressed indignation, which at length burst forth in that country. Not only are the people of the South more excitable, more easily roused to sudden and rash action, but life is subject to few of the ne-

cessities and conditions which subjugate it in the North. There, everything necessary to the existence of man must be wrung from the earth by incessant toil, and preserved with incessant vigilance; and any abrupt change of these habits is followed, not, as in more genial lands, by temporary privation, but by absolute destruction. A guerilla warfare is impossible in a flat country. An inhabitant of the North cannot desert his house and take to the woods; what he subsists on is the produce of his own forethought and labour, and can only be obtained under the shelter of his roof, and in the security of civil society. When once subdued therefore, any sudden revolt against superior force becomes almost impossible, and the conquered are compelled to accept life on the hard terms offered by the conquerors. They are not disposed to risk all in experiments, in which success is so doubtful and failure is annihilation. They bide their time, and watch in silence for some event which affords them a chance of deliverance. A people lightly excited to revolt, after a few unsuccessful struggles, sinks into utter and hopeless subjection. But the suppressed indignation which watches over the altar and the hearth with secret religion, prepares itself day and night for the decisive struggle; and, in the midst of an apparently exclusive devotion to

domestic life and domestic cares, deliberately braces itself up for the sacrifice of all that it holds dear and valuable."

Napoleon was unaccustomed to this silent and secret resistance, and hence was utterly deceived with regard to the state of Prussia. He had not the least idea of what was going on among a people apparently submissive. The worser part of the press was timid, venal and obsequious; the better was silent, or spoke in a language he did not understand. He had indeed a dim perception that the literature of Germany was his foe, and he hated it accordingly. "The German *savans*," said he, "mix politics with grammar and mathematics:" but he despised them. He entirely miscalculated the effect of the cruelty and violence by which he hoped to strike terror—such as the murder of Palm, the Nürnberg bookseller. He had no idea of the dangerous depth and bitterness of resentment which this act of wanton atrocity called forth. The French, accustomed to violent appeals to popular passions, could not understand the language which spoke to the heart of Germany. Steffens says, "My work on the Idea of a University is perfectly intelligible to every German. Yet M. Villers, who knew his countrymen, wrote to me, 'You would be a lost man, if you had not

clothed your thoughts in a language which is Sanscrit to a Frenchman.' Frenchmen thought that such reveries could have no political effect; yet this little book was, during the years of our oppression, a favourite handbook of German students, and had no inconsiderable influence on them."

Nobly indeed did the philosophers and scholars and poets of Germany act their part, as leaders of the minds of men, especially of youth. Who has not heard of the potent appeal made by Fichte; of the Tyrtæan songs of Körner and Arndt; of the labours of Wilhelm von Humboldt, Niebuhr, and Schleiermacher, to improve the intellectual training, and raise the intellectual character, of Prussia? The first call to arms in Breslau was uttered by Professor Steffens, from his chair in the university. Scharnhorst, the great soldier and administrator, was so much of a scholar, that the poor old Duke of Brunswick, as Müffling tells us, was never at his ease in his presence, and said he felt as if he was talking before a professor. In the train of these great names follow a host of others, less illustrious, but all deserving of honour and gratitude.

Among them, one of the earliest and the most zealous, was Ernst Moritz Arndt. His spirited war-songs contributed to stir up the torpid energies and

emasculated spirit of the German people. It is the fashion with the present race of young Germans, *die Freien*, as they call themselves, to undervalue the exertions and deride the sentiments of the men of that period. This proves nothing but incapacity for the feelings of reverence and gratitude, and the presumption common to ignorant and untried men*.

We by no means go along with Arndt, or those whose opinions he represents, in his exaggerated and exclusive patriotism, or in his undiscriminating depreciation of the French. But at the time at which he wrote and acted, there was one thing needful, and that was, to get rid of the foreign yoke. There are moments in which the most intense and inveterate one-sidedness is a virtue. The question *then* was not, to appreciate the French, but to drive them out of the country; and this could never have been done without an appeal to all the passions which they had

* "All these things," says a writer, speaking of the enthusiastic love and confidence inspired by Archduke Charles at that time, "are so easily forgotten in an age which, taking its stand on what has been gained, has scarcely any feeling or understanding for the sufferings and sacrifices of those days. It is therefore right to utter a timely word over the open grave of this German hero, in order that the conceit of the present generation may not look down too arrogantly on that which the youth of these days are apt to regard as nearly obsolete and useless."

It is well that those who toil and bleed for men forget their ingratitude.

set in array against themselves. What therefore is now, in time of peace, a defect, was then a merit;—the only merit applicable to oppressed, degraded, enfeebled Germany. It was the moment for loud cries and hard knocks,—not for calm examination or equitable judgements.

We are compelled to confess that, in the list of noble spirits who rekindled the flame of freedom and the sentiment of manly self-respect in the German nation, the most illustrious for intellectual gifts is wanting. Captivated by his genius, struck with profound admiration and respect for his sagacity, his good sense, his vast acquirements, we struggled long against the conviction of a moral impotence which it seemed impossible to reconcile with such stupendous intellectual endowments, and such unwearied industry in the culture of science and art. We sympathized moreover in his disgust at the ravings of certain modern world-improvers; and we acquiesced in the sentence which his clear judgement pronounced upon empty enthusiasm for large and high-sounding words, to which not a single distinct or useful idea is attached. Nor, perhaps, should we think him unpardonable if he had, after the struggle was over, viewed with some contempt, or with some coolness, the *emphase* of patriotic exultation.

But all this is not enough for his justification. While his country lay trampled down and bleeding at every pore, while her very existence was at stake, it was monstrous to turn away from her death-struggles, as if they had been mere ordinary political contests, distant wars, or party heats. That he should think he could do more good by immersing himself in that work for which Heaven had so peculiarly endowed him, than by scattering his interest over the daily events of any ordinary time, we can well imagine. But the stake was too great, the crisis too awful, the cause too holy. Whoever had a great intelligence, owed it to his country; whoever had a great heart, could not withhold it from her service and her wrongs.

Somebody calls W. von Humboldt "ein Staatsmann von periklesischer Hoheit," and not without reason; for he combined in an unequalled degree practical sense and business-like activity with thought, taste, and learning. Yet we confess ourselves too English to relish the complacency with which he speaks of having met Goethe in the dreadful year 1809, "in full vigour, and bearing the Elective Affinities in his heart." ["Er trug eben die Wahlverwandschaften in seinem Herzen."]

This indifference, or this toleration, was not how-

ever shared by the grave and earnest men, of whom Stein and Niebuhr may be regarded as the highest types. Perthes, who passed the terrible years 1805–6 in constant intercourse with Niebuhr, expresses the feeling common to them all. Most of his letters of that period are lost, and those subsequent to the battle of Jena betray the constraint which the French *espionage* laid on written intercourse. But enough remains to show his bitter disgust at the indifference with which men who were the pride of the country, regarded the boundless sufferings of Germany, and the insolence of her tormentors. He was filled with indignation when Goethe's 'Eugenie' appeared. "Shame, burning shame," writes he, "ought to torture our hearts at the dismemberment of our Fatherland. But what are our noblest doing? Instead of arming themselves by fostering this shame, and gathering up all their courage and indignation, they seek to escape from these feelings, and make works of art."

There was, above all, one point in Goethe's conduct which no favourable theory will reach;—the degree to which he was blinded and captivated by the attentions paid him by Napoleon. He had witnessed all that the invader had inflicted on Weimar; he had seen his meanness and violence and discourtesy to the Duke,

his own friend and benefactor; he must have known the alternate exhibition of theatrical tricks and coarse outbreaks which disgusted and repelled men whose vanity was less susceptible, and whose moral sense held their imaginations in greater subjection. Yet he never spoke of Napoleon without admiration, and even sympathy.

Very curious is the contrast in this respect between Goethe and Wieland, whose sympathies were supposed to be quite French, and who was called the German Voltaire. Napoleon took great pains to dazzle and cajole the aged poet, but he entirely failed. Wieland never for a moment fell under the influence of his flattery, or was blinded by his imposture; and had the most distinct perception of the hollow and transitory nature of the whole pageant passing before his eyes*.

We remarked in a former passage that, in considering the state of a country so obnoxious to intellectual influences as Germany, the character of its literature must always be taken largely into account. We spoke of the sentimental and enervating literature of the beginning of this century, as at once a symptom and a cause of the ruin of German energy

* The conversation between the Emperor and Wieland, recorded by Von Müller, who heard it, is extremely curious.

and independence. But susceptibility to the influence of letters is, if nobly directed, one of the most powerful means of purifying and elevating the character of a nation; and accordingly, when adversity and suffering had put to silence the feeble wailings and fantastic or voluptuous dreams of the sentimentalists, voices arose from every part of Germany, deep, solemn, and soul-stirring, addressed to whatever was manly and true in the heart of the people. These addresses bore indeed the impress of the national character; they were full of enthusiasm and of poetry, but of the enthusiasm and the poetry of men, intent on manly objects; and though very far from being always utterances of political wisdom, they were, as trumpet-calls, admirable. Above all, we find in the most illustrious men in Prussia a profound conviction that the sole hope of their country lay in its moral and intellectual regeneration.

We are glad to have to revert to this subject, not only because we have now to show literature under a dignified and beneficent aspect, but because enough, in our opinion, can never be said of its moral and political significancy; or of the moral and political importance it has acquired, since the wide diffusion of the power of reading (we decline to call it education). There is no right or privilege of a citi-

zen which ought to be used with a more cautious and conscientious regard to all consequences, than that of disseminating ideas; there is none which is used with greater recklessness, or with a more utter sacrifice of public interests to those of personal vanity, amusement, or gain.

It is very instructive to follow the fortunes of a country in its literature, and to see in the straws and feathers that have floated down the stream of time, indications of what we know of the Past, and of what we surmise of the Future. Who, for example, can dwell attentively on the polished and graceful literature of France in the seventeenth, and early part of the eighteenth, century, without seeing in its intensely and exclusively aristocratic character the double danger which that character announced to France? In every line of the exquisite trifling with which the *grand monde* of France amused itself, and still delights the world, we see the sentiments of an aristocracy which has entirely abdicated its political character, and divested itself of its political duties. In doing so, it has also disencumbered itself of all solicitude about the condition of the mass of the people. You may read volume after volume of the most popular and charming Memoirs, Letters, etc., without meeting with an allusion to the great social questions,

which should pre-occupy the minds of those who pretend to be the leaders of a nation, and which, as our daily experience shows us, tinge even the most frivolous conversation in a healthful society. There are parties—or rather factions;—but where is there a trace of a People's Party? We are not now speaking of works professedly on political subjects, but of the disclosures made by light literature of ordinary trains of thought and objects of interest. Poetry, the drama, nay even religion itself, wear the livery and speak the language of the Court. We hope not to be told anything about the solicitude of the higher classes for "les Pauvres,"—the recipients of the alms which were to pave the way of the donors to Heaven. To diminish the inclination and the necessity for receiving such benevolences, is the object of every true friend of the people; and we utterly refuse to accept an act so little tending to the permanent advantage of its object as almsgiving, as any proof of solicitude for the People's welfare.

To us, we confess, this entire indifference of the aristocracy of France to great popular interests and great social questions, is a more terrible symptom than the violences or even crimes of party, where party has any serious or noble objects. The actual literature of France is not more significant of past

convulsions, than was the refined and people-ignoring literature of the seventeenth century, prophetic of those that were to come. We do not now speak of it as exhibiting proofs of individual depravity; but as one entire proof of an immense political defect, we might say, political crime, on the part of the higher classes.

We shall see what was the value attached to intellectual influences by the great men who raised Prussia from her deep degradation; and what were the means suggested by them, and adopted by the King, for infusing new life into a body which seemed doomed to almost instant death. We are not unmindful of the immense importance of the military organization given by Scharnhorst, nor of the extent to which such soldiers as Blücher contributed to her deliverance. But these are subjects which we willingly leave to those more competent to handle them, and pass on to those measures which addressed themselves to the minds of the country.

In contemplating the passage of history before us, we are powerfully struck by the connection between freedom of thought and vigour of character; between manly confidence in a people on the part of a government, and energetic co-operation with its rulers on that of a people. The governments of Germany

which had prohibited or discouraged the manly exercise of the reason, free discussion, and the cultivation of earnest and serious tastes, had found their merited chastisement in the feeble and flaccid state of the public mind, and the want of vigorous popular support. The Government which made the first successful appeal to its subjects for strenuous support, not only inherited some of the spirit bequeathed by the great Frederic, but had preceded that appeal by a series of acts proving a profound respect for the human intellect, and a deep anxiety for its culture.

Königsberg, the refuge of the banished Court, had imbibed from Kant somewhat of his own free and philosophical spirit, and the King was soon surrounded by remarkable men. Philosophy and freedom of thought, which had found shelter under the Prussian Monarchy, now repaid their debt. They made its cause their own. During all the days of its peril this alliance was intimate and cordial; till mischievous doctrines and fantastic aspirations on the one hand, and timid reticences on the other, brought about an alienation which is honourable and safe for neither party; and which all persons who care for the history and culture of the human mind, and thence for Prussia, must see with regret. That all the fruits of the tree of knowledge are neither sweet nor salutary, is true

enough; but of such mixed elements is the moral diet of human beings composed: we must take it as it is, or sink into mental atrophy.

It was the terrible year 1808, when the Treaty of Tilsit had stripped the King of half his dominions; when Berlin was garrisoned by French troops; when (says the biographer of W. von Humboldt) "such was the intolerable oppression and extortion practised by Napoleon, that it seemed doubtful whether the nation would subsist a week; when, to systematic draining, and the most exasperating insolence in peaceful quarters, was added the prohibition laid on Prussia to have an army exceeding 40,000 men; when the Court, amidst these sufferings and indignities, had retired to Königsberg, and the remnants of the kingdom, hemmed in by Magdeburg, Stralsund and Danzig, Saxony and Poland, lay in hopeless and helpless inaction;" it was such a year, that gave birth to the system of National Education, which has since attracted so much notice and admiration. Whatever be its merits or demerits, considered as the work of a Government struggling for life, it cannot be regarded without surprise and respect. Pestalozzi's method was introduced, and in 1809 Zeller, a pupil of his, was invited to Berlin. His methods, like everything new, encountered opposition. The King, who had just re-

turned to his capital, determined to judge for himself. He went to the schoolroom unexpectedly one morning at eight o'clock, and staid till twelve, examining minutely into every detail. The same evening he publicly declared himself in its favour.

In the still darker days of 1809 the Gymnasia were greatly improved, as were also the two Prussian universities of Frankfurt on the Oder and Halle.

But the most wonderful proof of the internal vigour of a nation bowed to the earth under a foreign yoke, and drained, as it appeared, to inanition by foreign exactions, was the establishment of the University of Berlin. As early as 1807, the project of founding a University in the capital was suggested, and through all the misery of the subsequent years was never abandoned. Fichte, Wolff, Schleiermacher, and W. von Humboldt, were among its warmest advocates. Stein's puritan austerity took alarm at the dangers of a great city as an abode of studious youth*.

At length Wilhelm von Humboldt was appointed

* No man was more convinced of the supreme importance of moral influences than Stein. In a letter to Hardenberg, he speaks of the awakening of public spirit as indispensable to the salvation of the country; and adds, "It can only be awakened by the cultivation of the religious feelings, and by political institutions fitted to call into action all the energies of the nation." Stein expresses great doubts of the energy and patriotism of the higher classes, but adds, "The clergy will co-operate vigorously."

to report to the King upon the matter. His Report, dated 12th May, 1809, contains the following words: "The confidence which Germany felt in the true enlightenment and high culture of Prussia, far from being destroyed by the late unfortunate events, is greater than ever. People have seen that, in all the new institutions founded by the King, these are recognized as the most important of all advantages. They have admired the readiness with which, under the greatest difficulties, establishments for learning and science have been supported and greatly improved by his Majesty."

In pursuance of this Report, a Cabinets-Order was issued on the 16th August, 1809, decreeing the establishment of the University, and a grant of 150,000 dollars yearly for scientific purposes; 60,000 of which were for the support of the University. The King gave the palace of Prince Henry for its use. This munificence exceeded all expectation. "It was the highest example," says Fichte, "of a practical respect for science and thought, ever afforded by a State; for it was given during a period of the direst oppression, and under the greatest financial difficulties; and it was not a matter of display or of elegance that was sought for, but an instrument for giving new health and vigour to the nation."

"On whatever side we regard the establishment of the University of Berlin," says Steffens, "we must confess it to be one of the most remarkable incidents on record. If we compare it with what the Government would have done a few years sooner, if called to remedy the miserable condition of the University of Halle, we shall be astonished. Any suggestion to put it on a suitable footing, would then have met a decided negative. Now, after the Government had been overthrown and the country half ruined, a part of the richest provinces in the enemy's hands, and the whole prospects of the nation most gloomy, exertions were made which, a short time before, after a ten years' peace, would have been pronounced impossible. Whence arose this mighty change? From the conviction of the part Prussia was called upon to perform, and of the necessity of a great intellectual and moral reform. It was evident that oppressed and humbled country was not to be raised from her prostration by physical, but by moral force. Wilhelm von Humboldt, Schleiermacher, Niebuhr, and Count Dohna, were among the great fosterers of this thought."

The temper of Berlin during the time of its hardest oppression was admirable. It was occupied by foreign troops, the King on the frontier of Russia, and yet the capital was only externally subjugated, a small mino-

rity only was subdued in spirit. The enemy had taken fortresses, the army was beaten and defenceless; but a secret, and to him invisible, army had constituted itself, and daily won silent victories, which he suspected not. Men like Schleiermacher were members of a league, which had arisen without concert; in all minds reigned the presentiment of a great impending struggle. Fichte was the first open preacher of German freedom. Both he and Schleiermacher possessed true popular eloquence.

The conversion of Berlin into a centre of *German* intelligence was a totally new idea. Hitherto it had been regarded as the abode of a spirit, not only not national, but thoroughly French. The Academy was half French. And this city, contemned by the great minds of Germany, occupied by the enemy, this half-ruined capital of a half-ruined monarchy, was suddenly transformed into the centre of the intellectual hopes of Germany.

Steffens adds that he never heard a complaint uttered about the sums which were, with such exertions, brought together for this purpose. Yet it must be remembered that they were raised at a time when palaces were sold in Berlin for a mere trifle, and when want and privation were felt by all classes to an extent of which we can form no idea.

Before we turn our eyes from Prussia to other parts of prostrate Germany, we must touch upon one of the incidents that wrought up the people to a pitch of deadly hatred and vengeance.

During the whole period of the French occupation, the aspect of Berlin, as we have repeatedly heard it described by those who were then living there, was one of sullen and determined reserve. In some other parts of Germany, the French officers were not only admitted, but welcomed, in society. Women of the higher classes went to their balls, danced with them, nay, even formed matrimonial (or unmatrimonial) connections with them. We have been repeatedly assured by persons who had lived through the whole of this bitter period, that this was never the case in Berlin. There were of course base exceptions; for example, a regiment of Prussian volunteers was raised, and received from the hand of Josephine a flag with the inscription, "Premier Régiment de Prusse;" but the general tone was one of unvarying coldness and irreconcilable aversion.

The invaders in their turn exhausted every variety of insulting behaviour. We have seen and heard the answers sent to ladies in whose houses French officers were quartered, and who had occasion to ask of them some redress or indulgence: they were incre-

dible. At the time when the contributions levied upon Prussia had so impoverished all classes, that many families of distinction had not so much as a silver spoon left, and with difficulty supplied their own most frugal table, nothing was good enough for their unwelcome guests; and men accustomed to the coarsest fare affected the most ludicrous fastidiousness. Every conceivable vexation was inflicted upon the inhabitants, and, as we have heard it said, the ruinous contributions were nothing, compared to the daily exactions and minute provocations they endured in their own houses.

This was a great mistake: a conqueror should either crush or conciliate.

A still greater, was the attempt to blacken the reputation of the Queen. The 'Telegraph,' a daily paper published under Napoleon's authority and direction, was mainly employed to insult the absent King and Queen, but especially the latter, and to lower them in the estimation of their subjects. This was an entire miscalculation. Granting all that is denied of the Queen's hostility, and interference in public affairs, a man of honour does not combat his enemy, especially a woman, with discourteous arms; and Napoleon used no other. To have put the Queen to death, would have inspired more horror,

but less disgust, than the series of unseemly jests, low calumnies, and odious insinuations, which were put forth under his eye.

By this act he proved to all those who, throughout Europe, were anxiously watching for certain indications by which to judge his character, that he was not a gentleman; (we use this word as sufficiently comprehensive, yet sufficiently precise, to convey our meaning to English ears)—a character which, in Western Europe, not even an Emperor can forfeit with impunity; and which once lost, can never be regained. Whatever may be the case in countries where chivalry never reigned, or in those which have been called into existence since its decay, in Europe some traditions of it still linger. The character of a true gentleman is compounded of the same elements as that of its knightly predecessor and Ideal,—of bravery, honour, and tenderness to the weak; only it is adapted to the demands of modern and civil life, and may be acquired and manifested where no gentle blood is, by the better promptings of a gentle spirit. These highest graces of civilized life are not unfrequently found in the humblest and least courtly classes among ourselves. And in no country is, or was, this character more generally diffused than in France. Would any subject of Louis XIV. have

dared to imagine his master lampooning and caricaturing a woman—a queen—an unhappy woman—a fallen queen? It is true, Marie Antoinette had shown since then, to what outrages a woman may be subjected; but *her* calumniators were no pretenders to imperial dignity and elevation. We cannot doubt that this revelation of low and discourteous dispositions and habits on the part of Napoleon had a great, though not very obvious, effect throughout Europe, on the minds of persons of honour.

"The infamous attack on the royal family, especially the idolized Queen," says a German writer, "now appeared in the 'Moniteur.' Never did the blindness of revenge suggest a more injudicious step. The private life of the King and Queen was perfectly known to their subjects; it was the strong point where there were many weak ones; and the attempt to blacken a beautiful and innocent woman, a Queen of a sweet and noble nature, whose greatest crime was an excessive love of and confidence in her country, laid up a store of dreadful retribution for its author. Up to that moment, many Germans, dazzled by the successes and the talents of the conqueror, had imagined him a really great man,—they feared, while they hated him. But from the time he thus revealed his utter want of magnanimity, the

petty spite of which he was capable, and the base and disloyal means he resorted to, in order to gratify it, his historical grandeur vanished. They saw that his was not a soul to uphold, Atlas-like, the destinies of Europe."

We will here anticipate a little, and will follow the unhappy Queen to the early close of her stormy life. She had, as most of our readers probably know, been driven to Königsberg, where she was attacked with fever; and on the nearer approach of the French troops to that place, she was placed in her bed in a carriage, and conveyed to Memel. In 1807 she visited Königsberg again, while the King was with the allied armies. After the fatal battle of Friedland she returned to Memel, the only city in his dominions in which the unfortunate King could still find a safe refuge. On the 28th of June the King joined the two Emperors at Tilsit.

"In the first days of July, 1809," says Count Henkel, who was with the King, "Napoleon expressed a wish to see the Queen, who was then in Memel. In our situation it was impossible to avoid compliance, and there was also a faint hope that she might succeed in obtaining somewhat more favourable terms. On the 6th she arrived in Tilsit. I shall never forget that day. The Queen was one

of the most remarkable women of her day, dazzlingly beautiful, dignified, ineffably sweet and amiable, and a thorough Prussian. The assertion that she exercised an influence over affairs of state is utterly ludicrous. The King loved her above everything on earth; but he was not the man to allow himself to be governed, especially by a woman. It was her greatest glory that Napoleon sought every possible means of humbling her, for this proved how much he feared her. I possess an engraving, made by Napoleon's order, and which I bought in Paris in 1810, wherein the Queen is represented in the uniform of Schill's hussars. It is incredible that a man of such eminence could descend to such despicable acts of vengeance*."

We abstain from adding Count Henkel's account of the captivating Queen, to the many already before the public. It is no easy task to write about one so transcendently gifted with the qualities that most bewilder the judgement; and whose fate inspires a sympathy almost as passionate as the admiration excited by her various and touching graces. If, as is affirmed by some, she had a large share in hastening on a war, for which the country (as the King's

* It was repeatedly asserted by Napoleon and his press that the Queen was with the army, riding about in the uniform of her regiment of dragoons.

more sober judgement perceived) was so little prepared, it is undeniable that her influence was fatally exercised. Indeed, as our incognito secures us from lapidation, we shall venture to confess that we partly hold the very *perruque* and illiberal opinion that women are dangerous advisers in political matters. It would ill become us, living when and where we do, to deny that nature may now and then, in an hour of singular prodigality, endow a woman with all the qualities that become her sex, and superadd a rectitude of understanding, a steadiness of purpose, and firmness of principle that any man might envy. But we can never admit that such a woman is more than a happy accident. In a being so entirely and exquisitely *woman* as Louisa of Prussia, the affections, the imagination, the passions will always be incomparably stronger than the judgement. That all these affections, imaginations, passions, are pure, lofty, generous, and good, alters not the case. They will not fit her to be a counsellor; though they qualify her to be, what she was,—no less sublime in adversity, than lovely in the days of her brightest fortunes. The two or three letters printed in Countess von Berg's little Memoir of her justify all that can be said of the elevation and beauty of her mind*.

* Countess Berg says, "It does not appear that the Queen ever

We were fortunate enough to hear some particulars about the Queen from one who saw her in all the vicissitudes of her fortune; and who thus described her behaviour in one of the most trying moments of her life.

"Such," said this lady, "was the natural cheerfulness, the childlike and harmonious temper of the Queen's mind, that, even in the midst of the calamities that broke her heart and shortened her life, she could not close her sweet spirit to gladdening influences. A drive through an agreeable country in a fine day, or some innocent social amusement, never failed for the moment to dissipate her sadness. I used to be almost displeased to see that she could enjoy anything, for I could enjoy nothing; and what were my sorrows to hers? One evening she was engaged in some little diversion with her ladies, when a courier from Tilsit was announced, with a letter

talked on public affairs till after the French entered Ansbach in 1804. From that time she was anxiously occupied with them; and in 1805 and 1806 her health began to suffer from constant anxiety." Countess Berg positively affirms that the Queen only knew of the war on her return from Pyrmont, and when it was already determined.

The little book entitled 'Luise, Königin von Preussen,' which is among those at the head of this article, was written by Countess von Berg, Grande Maîtresse of the Queen's Court; a lady who is spoken of with veneration by all who knew her. It was published, in 1814, anonymously, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those who had fallen in the war.

from the King. She took the letter and opened it, where she stood. I shall never forget her appearance. She seemed to grow taller. 'A great sacrifice is required of me,' she said; 'I trust I shall have strength to perform it. The King wishes me to go to Tilsit, and to see the Emperor.'"

Delicate and mobile creature! too many such calls were made upon the higher and stronger parts of her frail nature; too many such abrupt passages shook her gentle frame. As she lies there, in the enchanted sleep which the hand of Rauch has given to the marble, one is inclined to exclaim, Surely never was so sweet a flower torn by so rude a storm! But the magnanimous and dauntless spirit of her race,—that spirit which still lives in one pure and gentle and sorrowing daughter of Mecklenburg,—was in her to the last. She died true to herself, as wife, mother, and Queen.

Much has been written about this meeting at Tilsit; but we do not remember to have seen the following circumstance, which we give on the same unquestionable authority. When the Queen entered, Napoleon looked at her, and the first words he spoke conveyed an ironical compliment on her dress. She received it with a gentle humility which embarrassed and, for the moment, disarmed him. "Yes," she said, "I

deserve your rebuke. I am indeed too fond of these elegancies."

All these indignities offered to the unfortunate Queen are however nothing, compared to that implied in the words Napoleon uttered to her sister, the Princess of Thurn and Taxis: "She had better have come alone!" This requires no comment; and we should hesitate to believe it on any authority less unquestionable than that of Chancellor von Müller, to whom the Princess repeated it.

In December, 1809, the King and Queen returned to Berlin. We have heard the rapture of that day spoken of by those who had shared in it; but we shall let Woltmann relate the scene. "Never, in the most prosperous days of Frederic William's career, had the attachment to the royal house been so fervent in all classes as now, in their days of humiliation. The return of the Court to Berlin was hailed with a joy which showed that love, as well as ambition, has its triumphs. The depression, the dulness, which had been visible in every street and public place of Berlin, from the time of the battle of Jena, for the first time vanished. On the day of the entry of the King and Queen, the joyous air which all faces wore, proved in the most decisive manner the strong feeling of loyalty of the Prussian people.

The Berliners—who are never thoroughly contented with anything, always must find fault, and want something more than is there—on this occasion seemed satisfied, and even delighted; much as they had lost, much as they had to irritate and depress them. Nor was there anything in the least degree servile in their joy; it was the sentiment of men firmly attached to their royal house, but whom calamity and change were silently educating for freer institutions.

The common remark was, that misfortune had tempered the stiffness and austerity of the King, and given sedateness and dignity to the Queen. The King was on horseback. His countenance expressed neither sorrow at his reverses, nor joy at the delight of his people; but a profound emotion, and a seriousness which seemed compounded of joy and sorrow.

The Queen was in a splendid carriage, the gift of the citizens of Berlin, surrounded by her children. Gracious and affectionate as were her salutations to to her people, it was easy to see that the natural cheerfulness which had formerly won all hearts had disappeared. The fine spirits which were among the best of the rare gifts she received from nature, broke forth occasionally, like a sunbeam amidst clouds. It was also remarked how much their conjugal attach-

ment had contributed to uphold both of them in the time of trial; and to give them faith in the permanency of institutions of which they formed a part, and which they saw in hope, perpetuated in the persons of their children.

But the elevating impression of this affecting reunion between King and People did not extend to the court and diplomatic circles, where so many painful revolutions had taken place. The most eminent statesmen—Stein, Hardenberg, and others—were absent and unemployed; many names in the brilliant crowd recalled only disaster; while others, still obscure, were tempering their spirits for action and for fame in the fire of revenge. The two most striking figures were those of Blücher, whose whole look and air were prophetic of his destiny, and Scharnhorst, whose pale, delicate face, animated only by thought, was seen quietly gliding about. They seemed in unexpressed yet conscious concert, pursuing some great secret end; and were especial objects of veneration to the young men of the army. Among the statesmen who returned to Berlin with the King, were many who had suddenly risen from subordinate situations; many of them men of ability, and, above all, indefatigable in their efforts to atone for the loss of physical force in Prussia by greater mental energy. But Stein,

their real centre and soul, was absent. Napoleon, who regarded this high-minded and inflexible patriot with hatred and fear, had outlawed him.

It was astonishing that, with all the keenness and sagacity generally attributed to Napoleon, he did not appear to have the least suspicion of the new opinions and temper which were daily taking wider and deeper hold on the Prussian people; or even of the immense extension of her military strength by the organization of the *Landwehr*. He broke out occasionally into expressions of anger and contempt against Prussian intrigues,—as if there could be intrigues where a nation is in the plot. But he was completely ignorant of the dispositions of the people; and even of the most conspicuous individuals,—such, for example, as Graf von der Goltz, Cabinet minister, who mainly contributed to divert the attention of the French from important points. Goltz used to say that there were indeed in Prussia some insignificant worthless persons, who could not desist from intrigues and invectives against the French; but that all men of weight were their sincere friends,—even General Scharnhorst. Bonaparte was so completely deceived in him, that he said to the King, "Little Goltz perfectly understands your Majesty's interests."

But the most singular proof of this blindness was

an intimation which certainly came immediately from Napoleon, that it would be expedient to recall Hardenberg from Anspach, where he had distinguished himself by his capacity for public business. He had previously abused him in the 'Moniteur' as "a traitor sold to England." He was led into this signal blunder by his rapacity. It was found impossible to raise the contributions he demanded, and Hardenberg's fame as an administrator tempted him. The King and Queen, who had long known Hardenberg's mind and heart, joyfully received him as Chancellor of State from the hands of their implacable enemy; and the Emperor, in the view and belief that he should obtain larger contributions through Hardenberg's financial dexterity, placed at the head of Prussia perhaps the only man capable of organizing her for a successful resistance to his tyranny. Many might have been found able to temporize, but hardly one with such constancy and invincible faith in the future greatness of Prussia.

Stein would have shown great vigour and determination, but he would not have had the patience to bide his time; to curb the burning hatred, and hold in check the growing force, of Prussia, till the decisive moment;—the immortal merit of Hardenberg. How could a man of Stein's iron truth have

succeeded for years in utterly deceiving the French Government*?

By adapting himself to his French masters with wonderful discretion on the one side, while on the other he held in check the fermenting internal elements, Hardenberg saved the country from a premature explosion, which would probably have precipitated her into the abyss†.

Hardenberg's recall took place in June 1810. Divided as opinions are with respect to the character of this remarkable man, they seem to be nearly unanimous as to his peculiar fitness for the time and the circumstances in which he lived, and for the sort of Brutus part he had to play. "At the time," says Hormayr, "when the French police in Vienna was most suspicious, vigilant and inexorable, and when every agent of England had been obliged to flee, Count Hardenberg, the chief mediator with Münster and the British ministry, contrived for a series of years to elude their Argus eyes. An affected insig-

* There is a very lively and interesting portrait of this illustrious man, drawn by Count Ouvaroff, in a pamphlet entitled 'Stein and Pozzo di Borgo.' (Ridgway, 1847.) The author was Minister of Public Instruction in Russia, and a friend of the two eminent statesmen.

† Wilhelm von Humboldt said, "If the events from 1810 to 1816 were regarded as a drama, a poet could find no character more fitted to bring about its development than that of Hardenberg."

nificance and a stupid indifference to political affairs, and to all that did not concern his purse; a cynical and *blasé* air; a ludicrous avarice and an eager talk about funds and exchange, concealed the acute mind, the true German spirit, and the implacable hatred of France."

The Queen returned to her palace and her people —but she brought back a broken heart; and not all the adoration of which she was now, more than ever, the object, though it excited her warmest joy and gratitude, could avert the fatal termination of her many sorrows. She had for some time had that strong yearning after the home of her childhood which is often excited by the dim presentiment of an eternal separation; and in June, 1810, she was, though with difficulty, able to accomplish the journey to Strelitz; but hardly had she embraced her father, when she was seized with her last mortal illness. She died, after intense suffering, borne with the greatest patience and sweetness, on the 19th July.

The death of the Queen was one of the incidents which accelerated the march of the great heroic tragedy that was now being played out on the world's stage. The entrance of the funeral train which brought home that lovely body to its last resting-place, struck grief, rage, and resentment into all

hearts. The gay and beautiful being whom they had admired and loved, was now invested in their eyes with the honours of martyrdom, and almost invoked as the tutelary saint who was to bless their arms and hallow their triumphs.

Some apology may perhaps be found for the indignities offered by Napoleon to the Queen of Prussia and the Duke of Saxe Weimar, in the irritation and resentment excited by their hostility; but what can be said in defence of the humiliations gratuitously heaped on the conquered and the helpless*?

On occasion of Napoleon's visit to the theatre in Carlsruhe, the venerable Sovereign of the country, the oldest Prince of Germany, stood in the box opposite to his. The Duke of Baden had a habit of putting his right hand into the breast of his buttoned coat. One of the Emperor's aides-de-camp

* I have often ventured to say to Germans, that I thought them unjust to the French. "You would not say so," said a physician of Leipzig, "if you had looked out of your window at night and counted seven villages in flames." In a conversation on the same subject with the late Princess Hohenzollern (one of the four captivating daughters of Dorothea, Duchess of Courland, "the Armida of the North,") I quoted that reply: "Ce n'est pas même cela," said she; "ils auraient pillé, brûlé, massacré; on aurait tout oublié—car c'est la guerre;—mais les humiliations!" She went on to say that I was an Englishwoman, and had never felt these evils myself, and that we

entered his box, and had the audacity to tell him that such an attitude in front of the Emperor could not be permitted. The aged Prince drew his hand slowly out of his breast, and let his arm fall. The effect on his subjects was indescribable.

Napoleon imagined that by treating the princes of Germany contemptuously, he should teach their subjects to despise them. The effect was exactly contrary. The exasperating insolence and contempt with which the assembled Princes were treated at Erfurt is well known. A number of stories of this kind were told, and were so far useful, that every subject felt outraged in the person of his Prince. Napoleon could have discovered no better means to animate and strengthen whatever loyalty was lukewarm or doubtful. Nor was this irritating conduct confined to the Princes. Varnhagen describes Napoleon's behaviour to a minister of one of the small German courts, at an audience at which he was present; and

English never felt or cared for others;—the common accusation. I did however understand what must be the feelings of a country where each class has its own peculiar store of embittered and resentful recollections.

The conduct of the common soldiers was not half so much complained of as that of the officers. On the contrary, I have heard a hundred stories of the good-nature and helpfulness of the soldiers, who would help their poor hostess to make the soup, nurse the baby, iron the linen,—and all with that alacrity and cleverness which are quite peculiar to Frenchmen.

adds, "Napoleon loved only to say something offensive, or at least disagreeable, to people."

It may readily be imagined that the example of the Emperor was not lost upon the agents of his power, whether civil or military. Chancellor von Müller lived on terms of intimacy with many of those Frenchmen who, even under such unfavourable circumstances, kept alive the traditions, and sustained the reputation, of their country, and whose kind and courteous manners would, if anything could, have conciliated the conquered; yet even he tells a number of anecdotes which show to what the ministers of German governments were subject.

Though we have no room for any of these, we must be excused for adding one, which we heard from the lips of a man whom we had thought it impossible to address without reverence; one in whom an unsullied life and a constant and active philanthropy are set off by high scientific acquirements and long political experience. This eminent and excellent man was then Minister of the small State of Gotha; and it devolved on him to represent to Daru the misery to which the wretched peasants were reduced by the contributions already levied, and the impossibility of their paying more. Not only, he said, is all the produce of the land taken from them; they must, if

more is demanded, part with the means of production —even to the last plough. In short, pleaded the afflicted Minister, it will take from our people the bare means of sustaining life. Daru replied, "Monsieur, que vous viviez ou non est parfaitement indifférent. Il nous faut les contributions*."

The incurable wounds left by insult;—this is a chapter on which much might be said—for all need the lesson, and we ourselves not the least. Wherever the English are masters, they are disliked even by those who admit the comparative justice, veracity, and respect for institutions, which distinguish them. And why? Let any Englishman, capable of understanding the feelings of others, go and live among our foreign dependants and subjects, and he will be at no loss for an answer. If he does not find the aggressive impertinence of the French, he will find a cold insolence and a lordly contempt which inflict wounds as deep and as rankling. Fortunately for us, these propensities are somewhat controlled by the wiser doctrines and better temper of the masters of these masters of the world; but more might be done

* A French General, who commanded in Mecklenburg in 1806, said to Count Bassewitz, who was expostulating with him on the utter draining of the country, "Monsieur, la volonté de l'Empereur doit être faite. Vous voyez cette arbre; si l'Empereur m'ordonne de vous y attacher, vous serez pendu dans la minute."

to bring insolence into discredit. Whatever be the superiorities of Englishmen, they would be neither less obvious, nor less willingly admitted, if they were carried with a little less superciliousness towards the weak and the dependent.

Görres says that Bonaparte neither respected nor feared any other opposition than that of physical force, and had no idea that any other power of resistance was still alive in Germany. But this is an exaggeration. Bonaparte, like every man who wants to force his own will upon other men, hated and feared the Press; and if that of Germany did not perish under his gripe, it was only because neither he nor his agents understood its language. His hatred and his fear were just. He had already crushed it in France; and it was not to be expected that he would treat his conquered and discontented subjects with greater liberality than those upon whose unqualified submissiveness he had so much reason to rely. Nothing could exceed the oppressiveness of the *espionage* exercised by the French authorities; it knew no limits but those opposed by their ignorance. Many important things were published, simply because they were not understood; and many perfectly unimportant

were made the objects of ludicrous investigation and exasperating severity.

Chancellor von Müller says "that the presence of Davoust, who was Governor of Erfurt in 1808–9, was most oppressive to Weimar*. His system of *espionage* extended to everything—to the most trifling occurrence in the town." And again: "Germany felt more and more the oppressive insolence of the French authorities. Any expression of liberal opinions was watched with the utmost keenness, and, wherever it was possible, suppressed. The suspicious attention of the French agents was especially directed to the German theatre. The representation of a piece that gave the least umbrage to this suspicion,—the slightest allusion to any political event,—called forth the most odious and vexatious inquisition. Under such circumstances Goethe would no longer undertake the sole responsibility of the Weimar theatre: he begged the Duke to associate me with him in this unpleasant duty, which I fulfilled for two years."

Such was the dread of certain words, that, after Friedrich Schlegel's Poems were actually printed,

* Davoust said "that nothing but their literature rendered it possible for the Germans to regard themselves as a nation." Fortunately, their "idéologie" was impenetrable to him; so that the sentiments of freedom and nationality which it veiled, remained a profound secret.

the French censor ordered the leaf containing the *Gelübde* to be cut out, because it contained the following lines:—.

"Es sei mein Herz und Blut geweiht
Dich, Vaterland, zu retten*!"

We might fill a volume with proofs of the deadly hostility and fear with which Napoleon regarded those most awful of all powers, which fire cannot burn, nor floods quench, nor all the weapons of war so much as touch,—the thoughts and utterances of man. But they are not needed. Do we not know, do we not daily see, that the first desire of all tyrants, whether monarchs or mobs, is to silence, and if possible, extinguish, these? Justice, Truth, Humanity, can endure their attacks; can tolerate, while they deplore, their errors and excesses; but we expect no such courageous indulgence, no such faith in the final triumph of reason, from ill-gotten or ill-employed power.

We shall only refer to one tragical incident connected with this subject, which, comparatively small in itself, was pregnant with great moral consequences. Palm, a Nürnberg bookseller, a man of quiet and pious life, was arrested for selling or having in his possession a pamphlet entitled 'Germany in its deepest Degradation.' The mode of his arrest was pecu-

* Be my heart and blood devoted to save thee, my country!

liarly odious. He had escaped to Erlangen, but his anxiety for his family brought him back to Nürnberg, and he remained concealed in his own house. One day a poor boy came to the shop with a list of subscriptions for a soldier's widow, and begged to speak to Palm himself. Palm unsuspectingly admitted him, and gave him some money. Hardly was he gone, when two French gendarmes forced their way into his chamber, and took him before the General. It was in vain that the guiltless man affirmed, and offered to prove, that he had received the pamphlet in a bale or package of which he knew not the contents, and that not a single copy had been sold in his shop; he was sent by Berthier before a military commission; and, "whereas nothing is more urgent than to check the progress of doctrines by which the rights of nations, the due reverence for crowned heads, and all order and subordination would be overthrown," he was condemned and shot the following day at Branau. The death of this innocent man excited at the time the strongest feeling of pity, indignation, and disgust throughout Europe; among other marks of which was the subscription raised in England for his widow and children.

We have touched on an event with which most of our readers are doubtless familiar, chiefly, we confess,

that we may introduce them to a picture of obscure virtue and genuine charity, in the contemplation of which the heart, sickened by cruelty, and depressed by the triumphs of bold bad men, finds refreshment and repose. Palm, a Lutheran, was shot at Branau, where there was at the time no minister of that confession. There is extant a letter to his wife, from one of two Catholic priests who administered the last comforts of religion to him, which is one of the most beautiful and unstudied expressions of true Christian charity that we know of. We would fain insert the whole outpouring of simple, artless, tender sympathy, but space fails us.

The following passage is worthy of everlasting remembrance.

"In spite of the difference of our religious creed, of which he instantly and frankly informed me, our message (*i. e.* whether our presence and exhortations in this awful moment would be consolatory to him? and otherwise that we would on no account trouble him,) was most welcome to him, and he gave a ready ear to our expressions of general charity and faith; for, in obedience to perfect tolerance and brotherly love, we would not in the slightest degree disturb the persuasions he had entertained from youth up, or the creed he had piously obeyed. He requested

me to tell you his two favourite hymns, namely, 'Alles ist an Gottes Segen,' and 'Gott Lob, nun ist es wieder Morgen,' (which he repeatedly pronounced with the greatest devotion) that you might teach them to your children, and commend them to them for their whole lives; and to assure you that they had given him the greatest comfort and peace all his life, but especially in his last hours on the 20th of August.

"He also expressed a desire to receive the Lord's Supper after the forms of his own faith, which however could not be fulfilled, for the want of a minister of his own confession. But we tranquillized him fully on this head, by the assurance that our Lord and Saviour is of a certainty with those that seek him and follow after him in life and in death; as was especially the case with him.

"So, amidst friendly converse, the last minutes of his life imperceptibly drew nigh. He commended you and his children to the especial care of the Most High, and prayed that He would be a Father to the fatherless; concerning which also we strove to set his mind at rest."

These true ministers of Christ not only went to the French authorities and implored a respite of two or three days, but, when that was denied, accompanied

the victim to the scene of his death, though with anguish and suffering which seriously affected the health of the writer. The letter, which is long, ends thus:—

"Dearest Madam, were we not divided by so wide a space, and did my duties permit me so long a journey, I should certainly have the happiness of administering comfort and peace to you in this bitterest sorrow: we should have so much to speak of."

The name of this faithful servant of Christ was Thomas Pöschl, secular priest in Salzburg. While the names of the murderers of the guiltless—Ney, Bernadotte, Davoust,—enjoy a sort of immortality, that of this admirable man is unknown or forgotten. Let at least one respectful hand commend it to the love and veneration of mankind! Not however without feeling how little human respect can act as motive or reward to such virtues as his; not without a humiliating sense of the contrast such charity presents to the odious and unchristian brawls with which England continually re-echoes.

Palm died with heroic constancy. At the last moment pardon was offered him, if he would reveal the name of the author of the pamphlet, but he steadily refused. His death, which was intended to strike terror into Germany, was one of the sparks which kindled the great fire of national vengeance;

and afforded another proof of the blindness to consequences with which Heaven visits human pride and ambition.

If the preludes to the war of 1806 were fearful, those to the war of 1809 were more fearful still. Orange, Hesse, Brunswick, were to be for ever struck out of the list of princes; Mecklenburg, the Hanse Towns, and the Saxon States were inhumanly drained; the kingdom of Westphalia, composed out of the ruins of the Prussian provinces of the Elbe and Weser, Brunswick, Hanover, and Hesse, was given to Jerome Bonaparte. Frenchmen and servants of Frenchmen, French language, laws, and *douaniers*, ruled with unlimited sway.

In Prussia and the North all who could possibly escape by the Elbe, through Holstein and Mecklenburg, and get on board English ships, horse and man, armed and accoutred, formed a German legion across the sea; and neither political persecutions, dungeons, death, nor even the thought of the family they left behind, could stop the torrent of brave and boiling youth which rushed to fight against the world-oppressor. Before Copenhagen, in Sicily, in the Ionian Islands, did this legion fight. It took a conspicuous part in the deliverance of Spain and Portugal in the

the great days of Corunna, Talavera, Albuera, and the long series which ended with the judgement-day of Waterloo. Others, exasperated beyond endurance at the degradation of their country, and the inaction of their governments, declared war on the mighty foe. Handfuls of men against countless hosts, "they were crushed, but not the invincible cohorts out of whose ranks they had arisen." The popular hatred, as it found no legitimate leaders, sought and found those heroic and self-devoting chiefs who are sure to arise in nations where patriotism is more ardent among the people than in the governments. The enterprises of Katt, Schill, Dörenberg, Hofer, and others, were the preludes to the general outburst of war. "Spectral hopes," says Hormayr, "flitted through the heads and hearts of the people." All these heroic struggles were isolated; had they been concentrated, incalculable effects might have been produced.

Schill began his warfare upon Napoleon with two deserters from his former regiment (dragoons). In less than a month he was at the head of four squadrons of hussars, a company of mounted jägers, a small body of light infantry, and a few small field-pieces,—about a thousand men, under able officers, fully organized. With this band of volunteers he made war, as the Germans say, 'on his own hand.'

At the peace of Tilsit he was recalled by the King to Berlin, raised to the rank of Major, and his troop to that of a hussar regiment of guards. But the favours he received from the court were nothing, compared to the idolatry with which he was regarded by the people. His entry into Berlin the following year was like a triumph.

In 1809, when Austria declared war, and Prussia, crushed and exhausted, remained bound to the French alliance, Schill, who could not endure the subjection of his country, quitted Berlin on pretext of exercising his regiment—never to return. He disclosed his plan to his officers and men, not one of whom deserted him; and many others from various parts flocked to his standard. But the time for resistance was not come. The devoted troop reached Stralsund, whence they hoped to escape to England, but no vessels were at hand. Schill died fighting in the streets. Twelve of his officers were taken prisoners by the French and shot, and the rest sent to the galleys.

Schill is another proof of the tenacity with which the people cling to the belief that their heroes are not dead. They were firmly persuaded that he was living in profound concealment in England, and would reappear to deliver his country at the appointed mo-

ment*. The people have always a strong feeling of their own helplessness. It is not among the masses that any confidence in masses is to be found; they invariably fix their confidence, hope, and love,—often, alas! how blindly!—upon an individual; from his genius and conduct they expect their own safety.

A price was set upon Schill's head in a proclamation, in which he was described as "a sort of bri-

* Not to mention the well-known legends of Arthur and Frederic Barbarossa, we may quote the less familiar story of Marco, the Servian hero. The mace thrown into the sea by the dying hero will remind our readers of Arthur and his Escalibor; the sleeping in the mountain, of Frederic Redbeard.

When Marco's death was announced to him, he drew his sword, and first killed his faithful steed, that he might not suffer after his master's death. After he had buried him, "better than his own brother," he broke his sword into four pieces, that it might not fall into the hands of the Turks. Then he broke his lance into seven pieces, and threw them into the thicket. *But his mace* (*Topus*) *he threw into the deep sea*,—an inheritance for the future. For with the rise of that mace out of the depths of the sea are connected the future of his race, the deliverance of his country from the Turks, its restoration to Christianity, and the freedom and independence of his brethren. Marco then lay down under a tree, and died without wound or pain. His body was found by a holy man from Mount Athos, and carried to the convent of Chilindar, and there buried, but without anything to mark the spot, lest his enemies should come and disturb the body. Hence *the people will not believe him dead.* In all their songs and legends Marco is still living, and some say that he still performs feats of valour in various parts: some, that he retired to the Niwina mountain to rest, and *is still sleeping there.* When he awakes, he will go into battle again, and thunder with his mace on the heads of his enemies.

gand." Two Weimar officers who had been taken prisoners by Schill's free corps were liberated on parole that they would not bear arms against Prussia or Russia for a year. They pleaded therefore that they could not serve in the campaign then going on. The matter was referred to the Prince of Neufchâtel; his answer was: "Les paroles d'honneur en question sont nulles. On ne s'engage point avec des bandes de brigands, dont les individus seraient pendus ou fusillés s'ils étaient pris."

The hold which the time-honoured dignity of the Empire still had on the hearts and imaginations of the German people was seen as soon as she once more drew the sword. "It was not," says Perthes, "in Austria, or Prussia, or any of the larger States, which possessed the apparent possibility of depending on themselves, that the attachment to the Empire existed. It was in the smaller principalities and counties that people still talked of '*our Emperor*,' and that the sentiment of the connection between the parts of the Empire still subsisted,—not indeed as a political or vital force, but as a political tradition." And even now, throughout all the elements of the former Empire, which had been torn in pieces and scattered to the winds,—in the mediatized and secularized States, the Knightships and the Imperial

Cities, the people breathed the same pious prayers for Austria, the same curses on the French. What was the popular feeling, may be gathered from the following facts, taken from among thousands. Between the end of April and the beginning of August, between the Rhine and the Lech, 23,000 Austrian prisoners of war were smuggled into Tyrol through Switzerland. They were guided through secret and pathless ways, chiefly by night; hidden by day in woods, where food was conveyed to them, without a single example of a man being betrayed, even by women or children; and all this in the very midst of the enemy's armies. Detached parties of five-and-twenty to eighty men made their way safely through to Bohemia. Even at the bridge of Kehl, over the Rhine, deserters from their Baden escort were guided through the Black Forest to the southern shore of the Lake of Constance, with equal skill and boldness. Forty-seven men fought their way from the Lake of Constance into Bohemia.

Of the heroic insurrection in Tyrol it is unnecessary to speak. That episode in the war has a history of its own; and there are few to whom the simple heroism, the profound love of God and Fatherland, the intrepid deeds and the tragic end of Hofer and Speckbacher, are not known. Too well known, also,

is the reward such deeds and such sufferings obtained from the Sovereign for whom they fought and bled.

"Si le but de la révolte des Tyroliens est de rester attachés à l'Autriche," said Napoleon, "je n'ai plus qu'à leur déclarer une guerre éternelle, parcequ'il est dans mes intentions qu'ils ne retournent jamais sous la domination d'Autriche." He added, that if they would petition for a constitution like that of the kingdom of Italy, they should have it; but not yet:—"pour ménager la dignité de la Bavière et celle de la France." But the decrees of gods of clay are as brittle as themselves. Not one of these was accomplished.

Yet, for the moment, the power of the conqueror seemed resistless, and every attempt to shake, it only to add to its strength and permanence. Not a few among her princes, as well as among her statesmen and soldiers, now imagined the fate of Germany decided for ever, and laid themselves at the feet of Napoleon as the instrument of a resistless destiny. The prayers and the curses, the toil and the blood, offered up for Austria were offered up in vain; again she fell, and in 1810 gave her daughter as a hostage to the conqueror. "Encore trois ans, et je serai le maître de l'univers," said Napoleon in that year to General Wrede, who was with him on a hunting party,—boring his stick into the ground.

The alliance with France, brilliant as it seemed, was equally hateful to the Emperor, the nobles, and the people of Austria. The feeling of the former with regard to it was expressed in his own peculiar language to Prince Metternich, after the battle of Lutzen and Bautzen. "Z'earst will I von Napoleon d'Allianz z'rück haben, derweil kann I mi in alli Sattel richten! z'earst bringen's mi d'Allianz zurück*."

The people, in a dialect, and with a humour very like that of their Emperor, expressed their satisfaction in terms not very flattering to their ally, and still less so to their government and themselves. Vienna was brilliantly illuminated in honour of the marriage of Napoleon and Maria Louisa. But while such inscriptions as "Ex Unione Pax," etc. etc., gleamed from the stately palaces of the nobility, the motherwit of the Viennese broke forth in the streets in such expressions as these: "Now he's done for!" "Now we have caught him!" "Now we've inoculated him with Austrian ill-luck and Austrian stupidity!"

In the preceding years, Austria had gained much in the estimation and the sympathy of Germany, by her vigorous and noble efforts to break the bonds of Europe. She had waged an unfortunate, but a glo-

* "First I will have back the alliance from Napoleon, then I can seat myself in any saddle. First get me back the Alliance."

rious war. Amidst all her calamities, the courage and devotedness of the nation had never failed, and she had evinced great military ability and a lofty patriotism. But the marriage of an Archduchess with Napoleon destroyed her *prestige*. When the great uprising of nations took place, the inflexible resolution with which Frederic Willliam III. had resisted every proposal to connect his family with that of the invader, was urged as entitling him to take the lead in that great revolt; and contrasted with the conduct of Austria, Bavaria, Baden, and Würtemberg, who had intermarried with a family execrated by the people.

Little testimony is needed to convince us that this alliance was odious to the Austrian public, however it might be accepted as a necessity. Even those classes most practised and skilled in concealing their sentiments could not wholly disguise their repugnance to their new allies. "Even in the brilliant Austrian Embassy at Paris," says Varnhagen, "after the marriage of Maria Louisa, a German could easily perceive, through all the politeness, a settled aversion to the new alliance, and a constant recurrence to the thought of future resistance.

"As to the public temper of Vienna, which I was very anxious to understand, it was remarkable how

two opposite and apparently incompatible tendencies flowed on in perfect silence side by side. To judge by outward expressions, all were for friendship and union with France,—and these passed current without dispute; but in secret, the very contrary appeared, and all indirect movements were obviously in an opposite direction. At the feast given by the French Ambassador, on the birth of the King of Rome, the Imperial Court of Austria appeared in great splendour; but out of eight hundred persons invited, scarcely six hundred were present, and the greater part of these quitted the room the instant the Emperor left it. This was on the 20th of May; on the 21st, the anniversary of the battle of Aspern was celebrated with extraordinary demonstrations at Prague. Private soldiers who had been present at that battle were fetched by the colonel and staff officers in open carriages, and had places of honour assigned them at table."

We throw together, almost at hazard, a few of the gloomy and terrific pictures of Germany during the days of her bondage, drawn by faithful witnesses; some of them, by master hands. We are perhaps guilty of repetition; but, though the misery and the ruin were common to all Germany, they had, in

every place and to every witness, a different aspect and character. Their descriptions are like the facettes of a prism—each has a colour of its own.

Let us first quote the illustrious Niebuhr. "Even close to Königsberg, you see ruined and deserted houses; in the villages, more than half are uninhabited; there are no cattle in the fields—here and there, but very rarely, a scanty flock of sheep or swine; scarcely any people to be seen;—everything bespeaks misery and fear. We passed through a part of the country which has suffered the most grievously from devastation and disease. The country from Braunsberg to beyond the Prussian March is, for ten miles (German), magnificent, stretching away in hills of considerable height; a very fruitful soil, inhabited, before these disastrous times, by opulent peasants in pretty villages, scarcely exceeded by those of the finest parts of Holstein. But the roads are in the most deplorable state, from the passage of troops and the transport of artillery, since which it has been impossible to mend them; for there are scarcely any men, and still less horses, to be found in the country. The land all lies fallow, and bears, as our hostess sadly said, only flowers."

Even in the Memoirs or Correspondences of men who took no part in public affairs or in the war, por-

tentous incidents and appearances startle us as we read. Take, for example, this, from the memoirs of the quiet scholar, Peter von Bohlen. In 1810, when he was apprentice to a tailor, he was ordered, with a great many other boys, to appear before the French authorities. They were taken from their parents, and sent away, whither they knew not. "We filled two waggons," says he, "and on the road we met with several caravans of boys. It is still unintelligible to me what the French meant to do with these boys, or what they did do with them. It was said that they were to be sent to military schools; but, to the best of my knowledge, nothing more was ever heard of any one of those who were taken away." Bohlen was lodged with sixty more in one inn at Ansich. They, and many more, were measured, and the undersized, of whom he was fortunate enough to be one, were sent back to their homes*.

"Frightful executions," says Immermann, "were part of the lessons which were presented to our young eyes [in Magdeburg]. I was thirteen years old, when I saw two pale men led through our street to the gate of the city. The one was young, the other aged. They were chained together, and the young man spoke encouragingly to the old, who looked ex-

* Autobiographie von Dr. Peter v. Bohlen. Königsberg, 1841.

tremely dejected. Gendarmes rode before and behind, and a company of infantry followed. I heard they were a father and son, led out to be shot for serving in Katt's corps.

"A few weeks after I heard firing: it was Schill fighting with the Westphalians at Dadendorf. The people never would believe that Schill fell;—it was a French fable; he was alive, and would re-appear at the right moment. The people suffer not their idols to die*.

"Then came the noble retreat of Brunswick-Oels. We were mere boys, but I can affirm that we felt all the grandeur of the situation, when we heard that the Guelph had visited his city in his march, and, refusing to sleep in his palace, had passed the night watching under the starry heavens.

"The wounded feelings of youth were worked up to a romantic intensity of hatred. The state of mind of the young men of my time was rather intense than enlarged; more prone to feeling and determination, than to observation or reason. It was a state of noble barbarism—and in such a temper they met the war."

Varnhagen puts into his own beautiful language the sentiments which were common to all the young men

* See note, p. 359.

capable of feeling and reflection, just after the occupation of Berlin in 1811.

"Full of grief and indignation, a stranger to every ray of enthusiasm, in a state of continual expectation, without support or rest or encouragement, I see the fleeting days pass by. The public cause, for which I cherish the highest hopes with unshaken confidence, lies still in the dim, dim distance.

"As each German land and city in former ages represented the strength and the prosperity of the nation in its own peculiar manner, so now does each land and city express the universal misery. What different pictures are exhibited by Hamburg, Münster, Halle, Wetzlar, Hanover, Regensburg; or again, by Hessen, Baireuth, Tyrol; in each it is another, a peculiar ruin, and in all the cause the same—the domination of strangers. How melancholy stands this once so proud and happy Frankfurt! The old Imperial City, that formerly saw within her walls the election and coronation of Emperors, glad in her freedom and her prosperity, how is she fallen!

"The cities of Westphalia look as if they were for sale—beautiful gothic churches and no people. In the last few years they have belonged to six different masters.

"A severe conscription,—under a native govern-

ment the most just of measures, but under a foreign, the most fearful,—drags away the youth of Germany. The blood of her sons is shed in a strange cause, on the Tagus and the Wolga, only to cement the bonds of those who remain at home. The proposal to procure substitutes, as in France, was rejected with the utmost harshness. But, though in this, and many other respects, it would be better for the people to become wholly French,—though Frankfurt has for years been the centre of French intercourse with Germany, and is connected by innumerable interests with France, the spirit of the people is only roused to more determined opposition. I was assured that for the last fifteen years no Frankfurt lady had married a Frenchman. Like some romantic island parted from us by wild and waste waters, the so-called 'Empire' still lives in affectionate remembrance. Now the noisy French drum is daily heard under our windows. I ought to be more used to it. I shall never be used to it."

"What cares he," says Arndt, "whose sole desire is to conquer and to rule, if hundreds of thousands perish from hunger, or groan under Asiatic despotism? Go to Swabia and Bavaria, and see the aspect of the land; and not in those spots alone where hundreds of thousands have met on the field. Famine

and pestilence follow in the train of war, and a whole generation sinks helpless into depravity and degradation. The sacred bands of society are loosed. The citizen turns cheat, and the peasant robber; the oppressed, infuriated people become murderers and incendiaries. Listen to the description of those lesser calamities which sound but faint and insignificant amidst the great scenes of carnage, and imagine the rest!"

Prussia was inundated with French troops, who lived at free quarters; whilst Napoleon, in defiance of the treaty he himself had dictated, gave orders that everything the land afforded should be given up for the use of his troops, and the inhabitants abandoned to famine and despair. Spandau, Pillau, and Königsberg were taken and occupied by French troops; Berlin had a French garrison and a French governor: war could have scarcely brought greater evils on the country than such a peace. Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Boyen were dismissed, as the French had long urged; Chazot, Dohna, Lützow, Müffling, and other distinguished officers, immediately resigned, and entered the Russian service, in the hope of aiding under her banner the beloved country they could not serve at home.

The worst feature of the war was the hatred of

German to German, which it engendered or aggravated. We have heard it said at Berlin, and confirmed from Mecklenburg, that the inhabitants entreated to have French soldiers quartered upon them, men of any nation—"nur nicht Baiern!" (only not Bavarians!) Among the gifts which Napoleon distributed among the Princes of the Rhine-Confederation after the battle of Ratisbon (Eckmühl), was Mersentheim, which belonged to the Teutonic Order, and which he gave to King Frederic of Würtemberg, one of his earliest allies. This caused a sort of revolt among the peasantry, which was put down in the most savage manner by Würtemberg troops; some were hanged, others shot, and a proclamation issued to the intent that, "wherever one of the Würtemberg authorities was injured or insulted, the whole village should be burnt down, and every adult male should be put to death." If such was the conduct of even Swabians to their countrymen, what might be expected from Germans of less kindly race?

Contempt of Saxony, on account of her tardy desertion of the French alliance, is still alive in Prussian hearts; and not less so, dislike and fear of Prussia in those of Saxons, for the large share of their country she acquired by the severe sentence of the Congress of Vienna. Even the experience of the

calamitous weakness and ruin which Germany owed to division, and all the mighty force she gained by union, has failed, as the events of late years have shown too well, to bring about that cordial reconciliation of German with German, upon which, and not upon any violent political or territorial changes, the much talked-of Unity of Germany must rest.

Let us sum up the aspects of Germany at this time in the words of a very enlightened and disinterested observer from another country.

"The spectacle of the profound humiliation of Germany was calculated to afflict every generous heart.

"Austria, which during the struggle had displayed such admirable energy, seemed to have lost the sentiment of her existence; the prostration of her moral, as well as of her physical strength was complete. The matrimonial alliance contracted with France put the seal to the new and melancholy destinies of the Empire, and it appeared that the future safety of what remained of Austria depended entirely on the good-will and the generosity of her ancient foe, now become her master. The country was exhausted, the continental system was felt there in all its severity, and a national bankruptcy appeared imminent. As to the head of the State, adversity had had no effect in softening or elevating his heart; Francis II. was

as insensible to the fate of Hofer, the valiant leader of the Tyrolese insurrection, as he was afterwards obdurate to that of Gonfalonieri.

"Prussia, already annihilated, had been unable to do more than put up impotent vows during the glorious but disastrous struggle of Austria against France. The chances of war had raised her hopes for a moment, only to replunge them into deeper discouragement. If insurrectional movements were attempted by a few Prussian patriots, it was evident that they had acted less from any hope of success, than from an imperious desire to fulfil what they thought a duty. Generous and devoted victims, they sacrificed themselves, in order to prove to Europe that all thought of resistance and of liberty was not extinct in German hearts. Some, led by the heroic Schill, perished on the field of battle; others, escorted by German gens-d'armes, traversed as captives the countries they had sought to liberate: though they well knew the fate that awaited them, all of them were calm and dignified, and full of noble pride.

"Yet, however desperate were these efforts on the part of Prussia, then so feeble, so hemmed in, they proved at least that the sentiment of nationality was not dead in the hearts of her children, and promised a certain and glorious resurrection in the future.

"The rest of the ancient Germanic body, forming the Confederation of the Rhine, was completely under the influence of its all-powerful protector; and this new organization obliterated the last trace of the Holy Roman Empire.

"The condition of the people belonging to the new kingdom of Westphalia was the least tolerable; and they would have better liked to see their country openly annexed to France as a province, than *exploité* as a separate kingdom. In spite of the antiquated usages it had destroyed, and the useful institutions it had introduced, the Westphalians were most impatient to throw off the French domination. Nor was this impatience peculiar to Germany: I remarked it also in Switzerland and in Italy*."

* "La Russie et les Russes," par N. Tourgueneff. Vol. I. Paris, 1847. M. de Tourgueneff, the author of the valuable and interesting work quoted above, was formerly Minister of Public Instruction in Russia, and was banished for his supposed complicity in some plot, in which he had no share whatever. His brother, Alexander Tourgueneff, must be remembered by many in England; he had known almost all the eminent men in Europe, and his conversation was singularly entertaining and instructive. Though in no way implicated in the charge brought against his brother, he voluntarily quitted Russia, and shared his banishment. The last time I saw him (in 1844) he was on his way to Moscow. While there, he collected funds to alleviate the sufferings of a party of exiles going to Siberia. The morning of their departure was one of the most intense cold; but ill and feeble as M. Tourgueneff was, he persisted in going at an early hour to distribute these succours himself to the poor exiles. He

But the moment now drew nigh in which the people of Germany could lose no more, and might possibly regain all by a manly resistance. Even the Princes of the Rhine-Confederation could no longer deceive themselves as to their situation. The King of Westphalia wrote to his brother: "The ferment has risen to the highest pitch; the maddest hopes are entertained and enthusiastically cherished; the example of Spain is quoted; and if war breaks out, the whole country between the Rhine and the Oder will be the seat of an immense and formidable insurrection. The main cause of this movement is not alone the hatred of the French, and the impatience of a foreign yoke; but the misery of the times, the ruin of all classes, the insupportable load of duties, war taxes, contributions, maintenance of troops, and continually recurring exactions of every sort. The despair of the people, who have nothing more to lose, since everything has been taken from them, is to be feared. The fire will not break out only in Westphalia, and the countries subject to France, but in all the States of the Confederate Princes. They will fall the first sacrifices to their subjects, if they do not take part in the revolt. The people are indifferent to high poli-

went home and returned to his bed, from which he rose no more: he died in the exercise of courage and charity worthy of a Christian.

tical combinations; they only feel what immediately presses upon them."

Napoleon shut his eyes to this state of things, and dismissed the letter with the following remark: "If the King's troops are not to be relied on, whose fault is it? The King maintains too many troops, and spends too much." Napoleon's contempt of the people was too profound for such representations to have any effect on his plans.

Fouché well knew what was concocting throughout Germany, especially in the vengeance-breathing armies of Prussia; but he left it to Davoust to impart this to Napoleon. Yet it appears that, however others might endeavour to conceal, or he himself to disregard, the menacing appearances which now thickened around him, occasional gleams of the dangers to be apprehended from a people driven to despair, passed before the conqueror's eyes. At the time of the attempt made on his life by the heroic boy Stapss, whose calm contempt of death and devotion to his country would have been worthy of all honour had they been differently displayed, reports of so threatening a kind had reached Bonaparte from Tyrol, Carinthia, Styria, and elsewhere, that at length he uttered to Champagny and others the remarkable words: "Si la paix ne se fait pas, nous allons

être entourés de mille Vendées. Il est temps de finir*."

It was indeed time to have done. But the torrent was now beyond his control, and hurried him on to the accomplishment of his destiny. The fateful year 1812 arrived. Austria, sustained by the universal enthusiasm of her people, had a fourth time declared war, "a fourth time," says Count Alexander de Laborde, with the admiration of a generous foe†, "rose superior to her reverses, and appeared more formidable than ever in the arena. Those who had hitherto only deplored the fate of their country, now determined to avenge her." The mass of the people, in whom the feeling of intolerable oppression had kept alive the hatred of the stranger, and the trust in deliverance through God's help and their own exertions, were full of zeal and ardour. "They are," says Stein, "firmly and unalterably in favour of the continuance of the war for independence, and their efforts are great and strenuous. It is delightful to witness the noble sentiments and the readiness of this excellent people, to endure and to sacrifice everything in order to save their country from destruction."

* Lebensbilder, etc.

† M. de Laborde had been sent to Vienna in 1810 with Berthier, to demand the hand of Maria Louisa.

Nor were the higher classes less resolute or less self-devoting. We have heard the state of Prague at that time described, both by those who went to the wars, and by those, more to be pitied, who were left behind. Of all the numerous and wealthy Bohemian nobility, only two men capable of bearing arms remained in Prague. No ties availed as against those of country*.

In the meanwhile the unhappy King of Prussia was alternately making such preparations for war as were least likely to attract the suspicions of the French, and then, in consequence of Napoleon's threats, desisting from them. Among other things done to propitiate the tyrant, Blücher was dismissed the service. In January, 1812, Napoleon dictated to Prussia the terms of an alliance with France against Europe. Under the most difficult circumstances, surrounded by hostile troops, far from all succour, the

* One of the incidents which awoke in me the full sense of what war is, and what recollections it leaves, was this. I complained of the steep and rough descent into Prague along the Kleinseite—the street in which most of the stately palaces of the nobility are situated. In the course of the conversation that followed, a lady, then the honoured mistress of one of them, described what she had suffered as she lay in bed with her first and new-born son in her arms, at hearing the shrieks and groans of the wounded who were drawn in waggons down that hill. The young husband and father was away, serving as a volunteer with many a noble comrade and trusty follower.

King was called upon to declare for or against France. This was perhaps the bitterest moment of his life. The hope of deliverance which he had nourished for years, he must now resign for ever, and must surrender all the means so wisely and carefully prepared, and all the resources of his unhappy country, to a ruthless and treacherous foe. The Emperor Alexander had promised him assistance, but these promises he dared not rely on; and, after some vain struggles to gain less grinding and humiliating terms, he signed the treaty (24th February).

But things were getting beyond the control of feeble kings, or even of powerful emperors. The elements and the spirit of man were about to decide the matter in their own way, and with an entire disregard of treaties. "All men lived," says Steffens, "in that strange state of internal excitement, engendered by expectation of change, and hope of relief from a state of intolerable suffering, yet before the moment for decisive action is arrived. The 29th Bulletin had appeared, and the cautious tone in which it was written sought in vain to conceal the boundless disaster. In the more thoughtful minds, there awoke a presentiment of a wonderful and eventful future, with all its hopes, and all its secret terrors. A half-articulate voice sounded at first as from afar out of the depths

of men's breasts, and appeared to announce something incredible. Even those who had always thought that mad ambition would find its limits in the boundless and desert plains of Russia, could not believe in the horrible destruction of the victorious army which for fifteen years, with ever-increasing power, had excited first admiration, then awe and alarm, and lastly stupifying terror, in peoples and their rulers. The event surpassed in wonder all the wonders of victory. But it was there;—unquestionable accounts arrived, distant voices approached, the dark fateful word sounded clearer, and at last became a loud and warning cry. Then the rushing waves overflowed the banks which had divided the minds of men. The long down-trodden germs of better thoughts sprang up; the love for King and Fatherland awoke even in the most supine; and what, in the better sort, had been maintained amidst struggles of all sorts, often timid and doubting, like the faith of a pious soul, now showed itself in a confident zeal for action. And yet the moment for action was not come; but it was already ripe in thousands of minds, whose compressed emotions rose with elastic force.

"In Breslau the ordinary cares for the day and its quiet occupations were lost sight of in the great event. The streets were thronged with people; each

awaited the order, all looked at each other, as if the commander who should call them together, and arm and lead them, must suddenly appear.

"The first and greatest anxiety was for the King. It was feared that the French garrison at Berlin would, in their fury, commit some outrage against his person. It was thought expedient for his safety to remove to Breslau. He arrived, accompanied by the Royal children, by Hardenberg, and a number of ministers and generals. A countless multitude of people, particularly young men, flocked to Breslau; every house was filled; Scharnhorst was there, Gneisenau expected; one only thought filled the whole multitude, and yet a dark doubt hung over this thought. The King had disapproved General York's brilliant exploit, for which it appeared he was to be brought to trial. The French ambassador accompanied the King, and, spite of the universal enthusiasm, it still seemed doubtful whether Prussia was to throw herself into the arms of Bonaparte and combat Russia, or, combined with Russia, declare war on France.

"In a day or two it was known that the King's 'Call to the Nation' would be published; but even then the enemy was not named, and the general anxiety was excited to the highest pitch."

We know, generally, how this "Call" was responded

to by the nation. Fain would we let our philosopher go on to tell with what ardour it was hailed by the youth of Breslau, and give his naïf and amusing account of his own transformation into a most awkward soldier, in which character he made the whole campaign.

But we must enter into the details of domestic life before we can form any adequate idea of the circumstances under which men prepared themselves for the final struggle; and for this purpose we will shift our scene.

George Kessler was the son of the pastor of a most primitive village in Saxe Meiningen. His father died when he was a child*. He studied law at the University of Jena, and was afterwards tutor in a noble family at Berlin, where he lived at the time of the battle of Jena. The following words from his journal show the impression made on youthful and generous minds by the state of Germany at that time. "I am tortured by the impossibility of getting away from this public calamity. If I try to pray, doubts arise in

* One of the early incidents of his life was the dancing in a ballet of children at the rejoicings for the birth of Princess Adelaide (1792), afterwards Queen of England.

my mind; I feel how feeble is my trust in Providence. Hope I have none; if I try to discover a way in which to offer up my life, I feel my impotence. This robs me of the power to supplicate earnestly that God would grant me a glorious death for Germany. Reason tells me that Germany is now no Fatherland; and yet my feelings contradict this truth. Nothing can console me for the nameless misery and infinite disgrace of this beloved land."

In 1806 he entered the service of the State, and was in Berlin when the French army took possession of it. "Without seeing it," he says, "nobody understands the meaning of the words,—an army has conquered, or an army is beaten. People are so stunned that they don't care to look beyond the present moment; and if they are forced to look into the future, they start back affrighted."

We pass over the intermediate years of gloom to the moment of deliverance.

In 1811 Kessler married his cousin, a daughter of the Privy Councillor Heim. In 1812, as the crisis drew near, Kessler, who was at Potsdam, took his wife to her parents at Berlin, and prepared to join the army. He writes to a friend, "I trust there will be no debate in the family as to your brother. He who is not ready to risk himself now can never again have a voice

in the country. Heim is determined to go; he will have a little assistance for his arms, etc., out of the money collected by the Government, to which I have added my mite—ten thalers; that is the third of all I possess. If everybody would give in the same proportion, we might fit out a regiment. People here are in high spirits, and determined; and I am the same." In this determination he was strengthened by his young wife, though at that moment she might have been pardoned if she had used her influence to detain him near her. In the midst of the gloomy forebodings of the French garrison at Berlin, and the suppressed excitement of the inhabitants, she gave birth to her first child. Kessler hurried over to greet the mother and her new-born son, and returned to Potsdam and to his comrades, who were preparing to take the field.

The complete exhaustion of the country, and the poverty to which even the more affluent classes were reduced, come out strikingly as we read the details of the difficulty with which these brave young men got together the necessary implements of war. "My first anxiety is," writes he to his wife, "how I am to procure arms and accoutrements. Ask Arnim, whether he cannot lend me a pair of pistols and a musket for the service."

The orders for the *Landwehr* of 17th March, 1813, were, that the men who entered it should provide their own uniforms. But experience soon showed that this was a mistake; very few were able to do it without assistance, which the city accordingly undertook to furnish. The whole cost of the outfit, with exception of the clothing and linen collected by the patriotic zeal of the inhabitants, was eighteen thousand thalers; and every man received one-third of a thaler (a shilling) on marching.

Kessler writes to his wife: "Here we are, hard at work exercising, manœuvring, firing; you will see that I shall become a capital soldier, whom you will be proud of. I shall willingly encounter every danger and every suffering, in the thought that I possess in you and our son a Fatherland and a Future, for which I now joyfully sacrifice every other good."

We are then initiated into all the difficulties of procuring himself a horse and accoutrements, and the various expedients for getting together a few thalers. We hear also of schemes for raising seven thalers—a guinea,—to buy a sword for another young 'Freiwilliger,' who is ready to give his life to his country, but has nothing else to give.

In the midst of these preparations came the news of the battle of Gross Görschen, where Blücher and

Scharnhorst were wounded. The storm approached. Kessler received orders to hold himself ready to march. The same day his wife wrote to him: "The French are fortifying Berlin, and will defend it. My father has just been ordered to furnish spades, axes, etc. Farewell, dear husband! stand firm, we shall certainly meet again." Well might he answer, the night before the march, "Your confidence,—the strength and clearness of your mind, are a profound comfort to me. Remain true to yourself, my Augusta, and Heaven will be merciful to us."

On the 4th June she writes to him, "Unhappy as I am, often overwhelmed with grief at a separation which may last for years, reflection tells me how just and honourable was your decision; and that I ought to thank Heaven which prompted you to co-operate in the great cause,—to do what honour and duty command." Then comes a description of the sufferings of the men from hunger, thirst, and want of all things, and the efforts of their wives to raise money to send them. "You must have twenty Friedrichsdor," says she; "if I have nothing left, I shall not starve."

It is interesting to follow him through this unparalleled campaign, but we can only recommend the narrative to our readers. After the battle of Dennewitz, in a letter written on his knee, he tells his wife,

"Spite of the great hunger we have been suffering for several days, our men stood under a shower of bullets admirably. It is a joy to see the courage, zeal, and fearlessness of the young soldiers. We have neither straw to lie on, nor roof to cover us; but the heaven is clear, and the moon bright. Formerly I used to pray with shut eyes, but now I look up to the clear North star, and how differently one prays thus! I think of you and our child, and thank God that I am permitted to take part in this noble conflict. You cannot think what a sublime feeling danger—the floating between earth and heaven—for justice and the good cause, awakens."

His description of the battle of Dennewitz, the great achievement of the gallant and chivalrous Bülow, is one to be read and deeply considered by all admirers of war, or by the still more odious and criminal crowd who speak of war with careless levity. "O God!" he writes, the following day on the battle-field, "what misery! what horror! The fury of the fight is nothing to this." And it was for having inflicted this, that he saw "the troops, with their faces turned towards him, all kneeling and bare-headed, singing with one voice, 'Herr Gott, dich loben wir'" (We praise thee, O God)! Nor were these thanksgivings profane, for they had rescued their country.

All that we read of the free-corps is wonderfully earnest, spirited, and touching. Of such materials were formed those Prussian volunteer Jägers, with whose appearance Friedrich von Müller was so struck as "they advanced decked with fresh green boughs, full of youthful ardour, and singing the most inspiring war-songs." Among such did Theodor Körner sing and die.

But war, even when undertaken in so holy a cause and with such self-devoting zeal, still leaves behind it somewhat of its own spirit of disorder and destruction. Many a wife who received back her husband with rapture, after his long toils and dangers, had to make the painful discovery that the habits of a camp, and a life of continual excitement and reckless disorder, are not easily exchanged for the quiet and dull routine of civil and domestic life. Many a family dates its ruin from the change wrought in its head by the glorious campaigns in which he took an honourable share. Many a man lived to regret, in weariness and dejection, that he had not slept on the field of battle. This may not apply to men of steadfast character and settled habits, but it deserves to be counted among the innumerable evils attendant on war.

"The more intimate features of those unparalleled times," says an eloquent historian of them, "must be gathered from the records of individual lives." This is so strongly confirmed by our own experience, that, though at the risk of far outrunning our allotted space, and perhaps wearying our readers, we shall venture to lay before them two more brief sketches of individual lives deeply tinged with all the colours of the events that changed the aspect of the world. They answer the purpose we announced at the beginning of our article, exactly in proportion as the subjects of them belonged to the humbler stations and more peaceful walks of social life. It is not the consequences of War to those who share the glory or the spoil, that we are interested in showing. We want to see how it affects the peasant, the tradesman, the man of letters. And lest we should be suspected of a stupid and ignoble contempt of the virtue of courage, without which no other virtue is safe, let us add, that we have it at heart to show how peaceful peasants and thriving citizens, unwarlike and awkward scholars, could fight and die for the independence of their country.

There is a little memoir of Heinrich David Stüve, Bürgermeister of Osnabrück, a most honourable and useful citizen, which shows to what an extent the

most remote corners, the most secluded communities, the most tranquil lives, of Germany, suffered under the universal scourge. Stüve was born in 1778. In the Introduction, his biographer speaks of the general longing for improvement and change, the vague and formless morality, the fantastic and perverted notions of virtue then prevalent, of which we have before spoken. We recur to this fact, as often as we find testimony to it, because we regard it as a very important element in this history: important not only to its early and disastrous period, but to that resurgence where so much depended on the national susceptibility to enthusiasm. The same affection of mind, which was weakness when expended on self, became strength, as soon as it was devoted to noble and generous objects*.

From the moment when the Comte d'Artois, in

* This is peculiarly true of the women of Germany. The heroism of Madame Kessler and Madame Perthes is by no means singular, nor even rare. Women of all ranks took their full share in the sacrifices made to country. It was impossible that there should not be among them a larger display of patriotic, as of any other, sentiment, than is usual among our undemonstrative selves, and rather more *emphase* about the "Vaterlandsvertheidiger" than we may think consistent with rigorous taste; but the earnest self-devotion of the women of Prussia entirely covers any exaggerations of manner by which it was accompanied. All were eager to lay something on the altar of country. They gave up money, time, comfort, strength, to mitigate the sufferings of their countrymen.

Among other examples was that of the beautiful and accomplished Madame Herz, the friend of Schleiermacher. After some deliberation

January, 1795, entered Osnabrück at the head of his small corps of emigrants (*"who not unfrequently served the enemy as spies"*) to the day of his death, —the day of the victory over the French at Lützen—Stüve's whole life was one continued effort, rarely successful, to avert from the fellow citizens who loved and trusted in him, some of the innumerable evils that follow in the train of war. Though gifted by nature with a serene and cheerful temper, incessant care and grief and toil, not for himself, but for the city to whose franchises and institutions he was so ardently attached, made him prematurely old, and brought him early to the grave. First came the grievous consequences of the dissolution of the Empire,—the secularization of the public property; then the destruction of the independence of the city by Hanover, and its occupation by Hanoverian troops; so hated by the people, that the rumours of war and change which arose after the

she decided that she could do most good by adopting the orphan daughters of men who had fallen in battle, and educating them to maintain themselves as governesses; which she did, as I was told, with great success.

At nearly eighty, when I knew her, she was still beautiful. She told me, with all the simplicity with which she could have mentioned any other historical fact, that when she was a mere child she was walking with her mother, and they met Frederic the Great on horseback, attended by his aides-de-camp. He looked hard at her, drew rein, and taking off his hat, bowed to her. A singular homage to beauty from the aged warrior!

Peace of Amiens were listened to rather with hope than with fear; a hope however soon rudely crushed. The French troops, with the disrespect of sacred things which then characterized them, marched into the town through the middle of the procession of the Corpus Christi, and immediately threatened it with pillage. It was Stüve's business to negotiate with the victors,—the hoped-for liberators. For his share in the liberation, General Drouet received 125,000 francs. It is impossible to read the history of this war without admitting that sordid rapacity was one of its most striking characteristics.

The people of Osnabrück had however been too often handed over to new masters, with utter disregard of their wishes, to retain attachment to any. The "light strangers" were agreeable to the women of the higher classes, and the great Fatherland, of which their city had almost ceased to form a part, was well nigh forgotten by all. But the fatal charm was accompanied by its antidote. The oppressions and exactions of the agreeable strangers at length reduced the citizens to such despair, that Stüve had great difficulty in keeping up their courage.

In 1806, another change; the province was taken possession of for Prussia; and even the city which had not sworn fealty to any sovereign since the

Thirty Years' War, was now called on to take the oath of allegiance to that country. The Council debated seven hours before it could be brought to accept this new humiliation. The harsh and domineering tone of the Prussian administrators was more unwelcome to the inhabitants of the free city than any preceding form of tyranny. "They did not, like the Hanoverian commission, inquire anything about rights or laws, but solely about the economical and financial state of the country." The army was rough and overbearing; the officers,—boys or worn-out old men,—despicable; and desertion, the order of the day. It was a perfect picture of an effete government, founded, not on national or civic feeling, but solely on an administrative machinery.

Osnabrück was subjected to Prussia, only to be involved in her ruin:—

"With such prospects before us," continues the author, "we saw the rise of the Confederation of the Rhine, and the fall of the venerable Roman Empire. On that had the freedom of Osnabrück rested, with that it hopelessly perished. It was a solemn warning of the degradation of Germany, from which the revival of a true German spirit alone could raise her. Hence the declaration of war by Prussia against

France was welcome, for we thought we had endured the worst that could be endured. We all prayed for the success of the Prussian arms: for it was not the cause of Prussia (whom nobody loved) that was at stake, but of Germany."

But on the 18th of October, the very day on which the Prussian authorities at Hanover summoned that deeply irritated country to prepare for its own defence, came the news of the battle of Jena, and the death of the Duke of Brunswick.

The wretched and worn-out little land now fell under the dominion of Loison; and forced contributions, the disarmament of the citizens, the confiscation of English goods, followed of course; the refractory were threatened with death. Stüve, who had been thrown into a dangerous illness by all the agitations and fatigues he had undergone, was appointed to accompany a deputation from the kingdom of Westphalia to Paris. Here they were received in a friendly manner by the King, and introduced to the Emperor, who had just dismissed the Göttingen deputies with a rough rebuke for being too late. "He knew what their dispositions were; but he would have them believe, that, till an English three-decker lay before Hameln, he would not give up Hanover!" The Westphalian deputies saw with deep grief the

overthrow of all their remaining institutions, and the uselessness of any attempt to prevent it. "If," wrote Stüve to his wife, "all Germany is destined to be melted down in the furnace, how can we expect to escape? So Providence wills it."

Osnabrück being incorporated with the kingdom of Westphalia, Stüve had now to witness new scenes of base exaction and base compliance at Cassel. His spotless integrity, his zeal and intelligence, were however appreciated by the French government of the country, and he hoped to be useful to his fellow-citizens; "but his satisfaction in his work was embittered: he was no longer the free magistrate of a free state, but oppressed with mechanical labour, and the executor of despotic measures, the odium of which fell in part upon him." The most hated of all was,—most justly,—the military conscription. "He to whom the lot fell might be accounted as lost."

Already these wrongs and sufferings had produced their inevitable effect in the small corner of Germany we are considering. Osnabrück had learned by bitter experience, that no yoke is so galling, no burden so heavy, as that of the stranger.

"In the summer of 1809, the victories of Austria awakened the warmest hopes, while the attempts of Schill and Dörnberg in Hessen, and the daring re-

treat of the Duke of Brunswick, excited infinite sympathy."

And as it is appointed that falsehood, and wrong, should defeat themselves, we find that "the care taken to suppress all intelligence caused the most absurd things to be believed,"—thus adding to the excitement sought to be kept down. In like manner, the distress to which the country was reduced by the ruthless exactions of the invader, found a singular mitigation in the infraction of his preposterous edicts. "There was some compensation in the winter of 1808–1809, from the immense activity of the colonial trade (*i. e.* smuggling), which was carried on under the favour of the native authorities, and *even of the King*. Transports of more than a hundred waggons were often brought over the frontier escorted by an armed guard, and were safely conveyed into the interior through Osnabrück. Large sums were thus put in circulation through the country, and trade flourished to a degree never witnessed since. At length the public burning of English goods, or, as the people would have it, of empty boxes, and other rigorous measures imposed by France, put an end to it."

"But another and a sudden change awaited Osnabrück. The northern part of the Kingdom of West-

phalia, Osnabrück included, was incorporated into the French Empire. Little as Stüve had liked the former state of things, this complete severance from Germany struck him with the deepest grief; and he rebuked his daughter with unwonted severity for lightly asking, what harm the change would do? Yet in truth, were not *Country* the most sacred of earthly words, the following sentence would seem to justify the unthinking question: "The Westphalian troops marched out, first taking care to plunder the city treasury, and French troops marched in, making exorbitant, measureless exactions."

Under the Westphalian Government, Stüve had had a salary which, though small, enabled him to live; but under the French system there were no salaries, only "office expenses;" and in order to liquidate these, it was necessary to know how to conciliate prefects and secretaries-general; an art the good citizen did not understand.

And now the seed sown by Napoleon had borne its natural fruit, and began to be ripe unto the harvest. Osnabrück was traversed by the continual march of troops to Russia; the people were rendered desperate by taxes, contributions, and the dearness of provisions; and all social and domestic intercourse was trammelled and embittered by the secret police, which

lurked behind every door and window. All scientific intercourse with Germany was cut off; books could only be got through Hamburg, and "inspectors of the bookselling trade were appointed, *who learned with wonder that such things as German books existed.*"

In the midst of the total ignorance of all that was passing, in which the people were kept, the news of the burning of Moscow fell like a thunderbolt upon them; "alarmed and exasperated the French, and rejoiced the Germans, who here learned how men must fight who are determined to be free." The Emperor's retreat, or rather flight, the vague rumours, the state of the funds, and, above all, York's defection, which was attributed to policy far more than the fact warranted, raised the hopes of the country still higher.

We shall finish this sketch of the sufferings of a small secluded province, by a fact honourable to the German character, honourable to human nature, and the truth of which rests upon various and unquestioned testimony. We have heard from eye-witnesses and actors in these fearful scenes, details which to our mind shed a far brighter glory on Germany than any that success in arms can give.

"Whilst the Emperor talked of peace," says the biographer, "and the capital expected it, war was seen in its most horrible aspect at Osnabrück. During the

whole of February and March, the sick and wounded from the Grand Army were continually arriving in the most appalling condition. Almost without clothes, or in wretched rags, with frozen limbs, covered with vermin, and afflicted with malignant fever, they tottered into the city leaning on sticks, or were brought in heaped upon waggons, often the living lying on the dead. Many days we counted above a hundred such waggons. Nothing whatever was done for them by the French authorities. At first they were deposited by force in quarters, but many lay in the streets unable to crawl. At length the Town-house was fitted up as a hospital by contributions from the more affluent citizens, and food given to those who still needed it. A vast number died every day. Human misery here showed itself itself in its most terrific form, and in their sympathy with it, our citizens forgot their bitter hatred."

Such forgetfulness was nearly universal. There is, we believe, no instance on record of the people of Germany taking advantage of the fearful and abject condition of their fallen foe, to avenge themselves of their accumulated wrongs. Even in Prussia, where the humiliation, the wrong, and hence the hatred, was the most intense, it not unfrequently happened that men were received, nursed, fed, and clothed in the

very houses they had plundered, by the very people they had outraged. Nor are these admirable proofs of the placability of a great and generous people, forgotten by the just and generous in France. We have frequently heard the most cordial testimony borne by Frenchmen to the goodness of heart shown by the German people to an enemy utterly at their mercy.

We have it on the authority of Count Alexandre de Laborde that, after the battle of Aspern, "a conflict in which all the passions of the Austrians had been roused to the highest pitch, however strong the motives which they had to desire our defeat, they were not the less willing to succour our unhappy wounded, who covered the highroad, or crawled to the hospitals. Spite of the entire dearth of bread, the innkeepers and wine-sellers on the road took them in, fed them, and helped them along. A troop of country-people who were waiting at the door of a baker for their rations, gave each of them a portion of the food intended for his family, to allay the hunger of a waggonful of wounded that stopped before the door. A poor girl led a wounded soldier to his lodging, and carried his musket all the way.

"Excellent people! in whose hearts humanity was stronger than vengeance!"

Before we quit this part of Germany, we must give a brief reminiscence which comes recommended by the dear and honoured name of Grimm. There is a book, probably little known in England, called 'Das gelehrte Hessen,'—a sort of biographical dictionary of the learned men, to whom that small but prolific State has given birth. The lives of the illustrious brothers Grimm are written by themselves; and from that of Wilhelm we extract the following passage.

"The day of the overthrow of all existing things will be ever before my eyes. On the evening of the last day of October I had seen with some alarm the French watch-fires in the distance; but that Hessen should fall under a foreign yoke, I could not believe, till on the following morning I saw the French enter in full military splendour. Everything was soon utterly changed;—strange men, strange manners, and a strange tongue loudly spoken in the streets. No town has undergone so many changes as Cassel; and I often feel as if I had slept away several lives when I think what totally different states of things I witnessed then. As to the period of the Westphalian government, I must make one remark, which frequently recurs to my mind. I have often felt the shame of a foreign yoke; of harsh and intolerable measures, and injustice of every kind, there was enough; and I

well remember with what feelings I saw the poor men totter through the streets to execution; but this state of things did not depress me as one much less intolerable would have done, had legality and order presided over it. But here the injustice sprang from the very circumstances, which were in many respects more potent than the will of the despot.

. . . . . .

"The interest in the great events of 1809 was universal. It was in that period, the last wherein there was a gleam of hope of deliverance. The seat of war was not very distant; the corps of the Duke of Brunswick-Oels and a division of Schill's Hussars marched one after the other through Halle. I saw the Duke halt in the market-place; and his earnest features, shaded by his long white eyebrows, assumed a momentary cheerfulness as he leaped from his horse, and stretched out his hand to a burgher of Halle whom he had formerly known. At that time his retreat seemed to us perfectly desperate; we looked on him as doomed; but he was right to trust to fortune*.

* "When the Duke passed through Halberstadt," says Stein, "an immense concourse of people from the Harz, Brunswick, and Halberstadt, assembled and accompanied him with shouts of joy; and the graves of the Brunswickers who had fallen in battle were decked with flowers. A third of the prisoners and officers took service under him."

"After the unfortunate peace was concluded, everything seemed lost, and the whole continent of Europe so enchained by the French power, that it could not move a limb without its leave. But in such apparently hopeless situations, trust in God's help springs up in the heart of man. In the autumn I went to Berlin, which was then stiller and more deserted than ever. The royal family were in Königsberg.

"In 1813 the end of the French domination drew near. Strange, how in such moments the external world seems to sympathize with the inner. The outlines of the mountains and the country, even the forms of buildings, seem changed to our eyes, or in a strange light. The state of things was already known, when, a day or two before his departure, the King [of Westphalia] rode once more, with his usual brilliant retinue, slowly through the streets. Before the window at which I stood, one of the red French Hussars who acted as guards, fell after the King had passed. He rode back, stopped, and I was able to observe him accurately. On his yellow, delicate, Italian face was a studied coldness, and his whole bearing expressed solicitude about appearance. He gave orders and rode on. The loss of his throne, acquired as in a dream, may have been annoying to him; but he could have felt no real sorrow at leaving

a people for whom, though he did not seek to injure them, he could not have the feeling of a real sovereign. Besides, he was accustomed to changes of fortune. On his flight, two of his escort, who rode near the carriage, sang merrily a *refrain* out of the old opera 'Hieronymus Knicker,' which was not ill suited to his position; he inquired what it meant, and laughed when he heard the oracle, which, as *he had learned no German,* he had never understood. The restoration of Hessen was celebrated by us with the purest joy, and I never saw anything more touching than the solemn entry of the princely family. The people dragged the carriage, not with a noisy tumultuous excitement, but like those who are bearing home a blessing of which they have been long deprived. At that moment it seemed to me as if no hope for the future could be unfulfilled."

That was the universal sentiment, from the plains of Hungary to the shores of the Baltic, from the mountains of Styria and Tyrol to flat and fertile Hessen; peoples of all races and creeds, well or ill governed, all, as we find from testimony the most varied and unquestionable, received back their princes with the joy and the emotion of loving children. It is no part of our duty, and we are glad it is not, to inquire how this attachment was deserved, how it has been

requited, or how much of it still subsists. These are questions which those must answer *à qui de droit.* We can only observe that if, by any means, that sentiment has been lost, it is difficult to say who will be the greatest losers—princes or peoples; a bond of strength, a rallying-point in danger, is lost, which it will take centuries to replace; if indeed it be ever replaced.

The last and most touching of our domestic pictures is drawn from the greatest of the noble Hanse Towns; the northern nurses of Commerce, and her attendant Freedom. The history of Hamburg is marked by striking vicissitudes. More than once she must have succumbed under misfortune, had she not been upheld by those twin guardians of civilization.

Among the Germans who were dazzled by the light which appeared breaking on mankind at the French Revolution, we mentioned Friedrich Perthes, then an obscure apprentice in a bookseller's shop in Leipzig. This young man afterwards became the most eminent bookseller in Hamburg, the friend of Niebuhr, the Stolbergs, Johannes von Müller (before his apostasy), Görres, and a number of the most distin-

guished men in Germany. He married a daughter of Claudius, the author of the 'Wandsbecker Bote,' a journal of considerable celebrity in North Germany.

After the disasters of Germany and the invasion of Hamburg by the French, Perthes perceived that the liberty of which he had been so fervent a worshiper in his youth, was not to be brought to Germany by the armies of an invader; and, with an enthusiasm unquenched by years, though directed to saner and more proximate objects, he set himself to the great work of resistance. From this he never for one moment flinched or paused. He risked life and health, and, what was more to him than either, the welfare and happiness of his incomparable wife and their eight children. He lost the whole of his property, and saw the fabric he had with the care and industry of ten years raised up, overthrown by the breath of a tyrant. The life of this excellent and distinguished man is one of the most interesting biographies of the period now under our notice. It affords a perfect insight not only into the recesses of German life in those hard and troublous times, but into the very hearts and minds of the actors and sufferers. Nor can we imagine a more touching picture of love and faith, than that exhibited by Friedrich Perthes and his valiant and affectionate wife.

As our main object is to catch tones and glimpses of domestic life through the din and glare of war, we will give a few passages from the letters of this admirable couple, written during the worst days of their beloved Hamburg.

Immediately after the battle of Jena, Mortier had taken possession of Hanover, and on the 19th November entered Hamburg. Though it had nominally remained a free and sovereign city, it was occupied by French troops. French, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, German troops, under French commanders, succeeded each other in rapid succession. Every trace of practical independence was lost.

In 1810, the three Hanse Towns, with all the north-western part of Germany, was declared an integral part of the French Empire. "Hamburg, built by Charlemagne," said the decree, "shall no longer be deprived of the hereditary happiness of belonging to his great successor." So Hamburg became a French city, and its inhabitants, French subjects.

"Freedom of thought is the first conquest of the age," declared Napoleon; and accordingly, on the 5th of February, 1810, he published ordonnances restricting the number of printers and booksellers in each department of the Empire to a small number of men whose devotion to his will was beyond suspicion.

The effect of these ordonnances was, that not a single German book could be printed in any of the French part of Germany, or imported from any of the German part, without a *permis* from Paris. It seemed therefore that the business of bookselling was completely at an end.

The public revenues had no other source than trade, and the ancient trade of Hamburg was annihilated by the Continental System. "All that existed," says Perthes, "is destroyed. Trade, as it used to be carried on, is utterly impossible in the new world which is ordained in the councils of Napoleon. The 'genial' decree against England is a proof of this. We are worse off than other towns, in proportion to the extent of our former commerce."

Perthes individually lost all he had acquired in the extensive business he had created; he estimated his loss in Mecklenburg alone at twenty thousand marks. Above three hundred Hamburg ships lay dismantled in the port, and the insurance companies suffered within three years a loss of twenty millions of francs. While incomes were diminished to an incalculable extent, the hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants of the city and territory were delivered over to the unheard-of pillage of the French Government, and the shameless extortion of the French authorities,

among whom Bourrienne especially distinguished himself. From this single city, between the 1st November, 1806, to the 1st November, 1809, the French extorted 44,381,311 francs. Bourrienne alone received bribes, from the city, to the amount of 558,000 francs, from the merchants, of several millions; and the table of a single General, calling himself disinterested, cost 200,000 francs in six months. Many of the wealthier citizens quitted the town, in order not to lose their all, and those who remained went about dejected and depressed, a prey to care and want. Trade and commerce were annihilated. Out of 428 sugar-refineries, only one remained. All the cotton-printing establishments were utterly destroyed; and almost every branch of manufacture shared their fate. Numerous oppressive taxes and burdens were introduced, and levied in the most vexatious manner. The charitable institutions were stripped of their funds; land had hardly any value, and the interest of the public debt could not be paid. The once proud and wealthy city presented a picture of gradual decay and ruin. All these oppressive measures were carried into effect with the utmost brutality, and the inhabitants had not even the comfort of being secure from molestation in their own houses. Every hope seemed lost. In 1812 the citizens hardly dared to believe the vague

rumours of reverses which crossed the official accounts of victories in Russia. On the 24th December, just as they were preparing with heavy hearts to celebrate Christmas, came, unexpected to almost all, the 29th Bulletin, which left no doubt of the annihilation of the French army in Russia. Christmas-eve was kept in Hamburg as it had not been kept for years.

In February the people rose and tore down the French eagles; but they had no leader and no military force, and the French garrison and authorities remained in possession of the city, though dispirited and alarmed. On the 12th March they marched out, "all very grave,—the officers pale as death," says Madame Perthes; "I am beside myself," she adds, and know not what I am doing, since the great life-and-soul-burden was taken off us." On the 17th, Tettenborn, with his small band of Cossacks, entered Hamburg, and were received with transports of joy. "All the misery of the past," writes she, "and all the peril of the future, were lost in the joy of the present. Scarcely a German mile off was the enemy, and in a few hours might return and lay waste the city with fire and sword; but nobody thought of him or his rage. The city presented a wonderful spectacle to one who, after the tumultuous joy of the day, wandered alone through the streets in the mild spring

night. Everywhere deep stillness and careless repose; —not a sentinel, not a patrol, not a policeman to be seen. The bright moonbeams fell on the houses with their sleeping inhabitants, and completed the picture of peace and security. The joy-wearied city had committed itself to the protection of God alone."

But Hamburg's security was short-lived. In May the French, having been reinforced, returned, and the almost unarmed citizens had to defend their premature conquest. They enrolled themselves in a sort of burgher militia, to the number of 7000; and these, with a few regular troops from Lübeck, formed the Hanseatic Legion. While this small and unwarlike band was in the outskirts of the city, endeavouring to defend it against their mighty foe, now advancing in great force on the left bank of the Elbe, their situation and that of their families may be gleaned from the following passage, written when the enemy were in sight of Hamburg.

"Since the 9th of May," writes his wife, "Perthes has been one-and-twenty nights without taking off his clothes or going to bed. Every day I had to fear for his life, and he only now and then came home for half an hour. My three youngest children I had sent away, the four eldest would stay with me. I had no man in the house; all were on guard. All

day long people came out and in, wanting food and drink; for not one of our acquaintances had any household in town. I had filled our large sitting-room with sacks of straw, upon which day and night lay citizens who came in to rest. Day and night I was on the balcony, looking out to see whether Perthes or any of our nearest friends were among the wounded who were carried past."

In the night of the 19th May the city was bombarded. Perthes writes the next day to his wife, "I entreat you, from the bottom of my heart, command yourself, and place yourself and me in God's hand; and next to Him, trust in me, and believe that what I am about to do I shall be able to answer before the judgement-seat of God."

In the night of the 22nd there fell about five hundred grenades in the city; but even then the spirit of the citizens was not broken. With unwearied activity and undaunted courage, day and night, Perthes went about exhorting them to persevere, and taking every possible means for the provisioning and defence of the city.

When all chance of successful resistance vanished, Perthes removed his wife and children over the Danish frontier. He remained behind, but with what hopes these few words will show:—"I think it is all

over with us, and I know not what more to do, but to trust constantly in God. Farewell, dear friend; I go with my wife and seven children into the wide world, not knowing whether in a week we shall have bread. But God will help us."

Nothing can be imagined more full of tender love, heroic devotion to country, and pious resignation, than the letters which passed between this noble pair during their agonizing separation. He, in hourly danger, and in certain ruin, fleeing from imprisonment, or from death by the hand of the executioner; she and her seven helpless children, to whom another was soon to be added,—fugitives in want of all the comforts and almost of the necessaries of life; and, what was worse than all, in utter uncertainty of his fate. Yet never for an instant did she quail before danger, or cease to encourage and cheer her husband. In the beginning of June they met in a solitary garden-house on the shores of the Baltic, which had been lent to them by Count Reventlow. "Here we wept our fill," says she, "which in all our misery we had not been able to do before. At first I forgot the woes of the whole world, for joy that God had preserved my husband; I thought neither of past nor future, but thanked God continually."

Perthes had lost everything he possessed. His

shop and warehouse were sealed up, and his house, after being stripped of all moveables, was occupied by a French General; he had no ready money for the support of his wife and children; yet he writes, "Think not that I complain;—he who has nothing to repent of has nothing to lament; but where, in what strange land, and how, I am to find bread for my wife and children, I know not as yet." The greatest grief of the honourable man was that he could not pay his debts,—"To injure others,—that is hard, very hard for me!" But worse was in store.

There was a gathering of considerable men in Mecklenburg, and Perthes resolved to join them. "Now," she says, "the scales fell from my eyes. I knew what Perthes would, and what he must, do; and the whole misery burst upon me. Perhaps it will be weeks, perhaps months, perhaps only in another world, that I shall see him again. For my dear husband is my soul full of grief and care and anxiety. Pray to God that I fail not."

On the 8th July, under the dark firs in Count Reventlow's garden, he took leave of his wife, and set out along the dreary shore of the Baltic. Here a gleam of German sensibility to the influences and language of Nature falls across our gloomy path. "A little beyond Lütgenberg the country changes

with wonderful rapidity. Everything is wild and stunted, and the inn at Bröchel presented a picture of horror. Not a blade of grass was growing on the solitary waste; the host lay in his coffin; strangers went indifferently about the house; even the poodle before the door was hardly to be called a dog, and, though intended to be black, could not get beyond the dull grey of the surrounding country. But after crossing a few hills one comes into another world. It is true there is neither tree nor bush, but it is covered with the finest wheat; and between the green expanse of earth and the bright expanse of heaven, stretches out, connecting both, the deep blue sea." With such an imagination and such a heart for Nature no man is thoroughly destitute or unhappy.

He determined to go to Rostock, to see what was to be done. "I have seriously weighed before God and my conscience," says he, "whether to follow the inward voice which drives me forth again into the tumult, and I find that I must obey it. Ambition does not lead me; for whatever be the result, I shall return, if I live, to the business which I love. Caroline will forgive me, and to my children I leave the inheritance of honour."

At Heiligenhafen he crossed over in a boat to

Warnemünde. He passed a dark and stormy night on the sea; and "at daybreak, immediately before us, lay Admiral Hope's ship, a colossus of 74 guns, surrounded by four-and-twenty other ships under the English flag. Far beyond, the moon cast a silver line along the sea, and the sun a rayless red light. Never did I receive such an impression of grandeur as in this voyage."

Through the whole of this dismal time we find the thoughts and prayers of the Hanse Towns turned to England, the last stay of despairing Europe.

Though some rays of hope now began to gild the future, the present was still dark enough. Perthes was one of the ten Hamburgers who were declared enemies of the State, banished from the French dominions, and had all their property confiscated. "Thank you from the bottom of my heart, my dear Perthes," writes his brave wife, "that your name stands amongst those of the ten enemies of the oppressor; that will be an honour and a joy to us as long as we live."

And while the noble woman wrote so, this was her situation. Not far from a farm-house near the sea, and in the midst of a wood, was the small garden-house, consisting of one large room and two or three small chambers, in which Caroline and her children had

found a refuge. Except the farmer, there was not a human being near. From him they could get nothing but milk and butter. For bread, salt, soap, and all other necessaries, her sister and children had to go a league. In eighteen weeks they had not tasted white bread or meat. The kitchen was forty paces from the house; the kitchen utensils consisted of four copper pots and a few plates. Except a few spoons and knives and forks, which she had brought, all the rest was done without; and yet she says, "In comparison with many others, we are rich." She was far advanced in pregnancy. The house, damp and exposed to the weather, made them all ill. There was an old horse-doctor in Eckernford, but no other medical man nearer than Kiel, five leagues off.

Inexpressibly beautiful and elevating are some of her letters to her husband, written in this privation of all earthly comforts.

"I have need of hope," says she, "for the present is gloomy, and my situation is more solemn, and my desolation greater, than you, in your active and hopeful life can know. Should I bide my time here, and remain without tidings of you, knowing you in constant danger, I shall not outlive it.

"If I die, take care, if you love me, that my children, and especially the little ones, are committed to

hands where they will learn to love God, before, and without, being conscious of it. That is the main thing,—all the rest is not suited to little children, whose hearts, in which so much lies sleeping, must be awakened first.

"Dear husband, to fulfil your slightest wish, if I should have the misery to remain in this world without you, will be the only happiness I can think of. Tell me still more, that I may do all you wish."

These, and many more such touching letters, and their no less touching answers, wandered about for months. Those of Perthes are full of tenderness and grief, but also of unswerving faith in God and the good cause.

"That in times like these," says he in one of them, "in which the conflict of the Bad with the Good, of lies with truth, is so fierce, a man can do nothing unless he first lays it down that he must risk life and limb, property and safety, to bear his testimony to the Truth and the Right, you, my noble wife, know as well as I. I have courage and strength and humility, and I am at one with God and myself. I can pray as I never prayed before, and I pray much."

And again: "About one thing I have never doubted; that no people and no individual ought to endure a foreign yoke; and in order not to endure

it, they ought to sacrifice every earthly good. To this simple truth I held, and it has hitherto sufficed me. I had no call to torment myself about good, better, or best form of government."

From the 7th of August to the 2nd of October Madame Perthes never heard from her husband, and knew not if he was alive or dead.

The greater part of Germany had for some time been rid of the French, but Davoust still maintained himself in Hamburg. He was confined to the city and its immediate neighbourhood by General Benningsen, who had succeeded General Woronzoff in the conduct of the siege. *What* Davoust did, may perhaps find an apology in the position of a besieged general; but *how* he did it, can only be explained by the stupid rage of a barbarian. Boundless exactions, robbery of the Bank, and barbarous oppression of the citizens, were the first steps; then, from Christmas time, all the suburbs and villages, all the beautiful country-houses on the Alster, were burnt down after a notice of only eight hours. Twenty thousand souls were driven out of the city; first the young and strong, as dangerous, then the old and weak, as superfluous; the children out of the Orphan House, the infirm out of the almshouses, the criminals out of the prisons, were driven outside the gates, and there

left to their fate; and, on the afternoon of the 30th of December, Davoust ordered the Hospital, containing eight hundred sick and insane persons, to be cleared. The following day it was set on fire.

While bands of drunken soldiers fought with the sick for their few possessions, plundered the neighbourhood, set fire to the houses, and committed outrages and horrors of every kind, the hospital was, by the great exertions of the worthy citizens, entirely cleared. But the mortal terror of the wild tumult, and the bitter cold of January, cost nearly six hundred of the expelled sick their lives, within the next few days. The news of these horrors, which reached Perthes and his friends assembled in Flottbeck, froze their blood; nor was the misery which they had before their eyes less intense.

For leagues around, the country lay like an ash-heap, covered with ice and snow, out of which nothing appeared, but here and there a broken wall or a charred tree. Women and children wandered seeking the remnants of their goods in the midst of the ruins; and still, night after night, the sky was red with the glare of burning houses. In the streets of Altona, in all the high-roads and villages of the neighbouring country, half-frozen, shivering beings were seen, imploring clothing, food, and shelter, in the icy winter

nights; and on the roads to Bremen and Lübeck were long trains of old and sick, of women and children escorted by Cossacks, going to seek some help in the sister cities. "You will have heard of the misery of this country," writes Perthes to his wife, "but no words can suffice to describe it; all the wretchedness that I have endured and witnessed in the last three years is nothing compared to this; how will it end? May God shorten it, and lead us through it!"

Much was done, much was given, from far and near, to alleviate this unheard-of misery; "but all our efforts," adds he, "can do little,—the Present is beyond our aid; may God save the Future! We must summon every power we have to preserve the unhappy city and its inhabitants from a ruin out of which there is no recovery."

This was written in the first days of 1814. Who that has not reflected on the wondrous creative and restorative powers of peaceful industry, would believe that, within the forty years which have elapsed since the noble city was reduced to this extremity by a ruthless conqueror, she not only once raised herself into more than pristine wealth and importance, but had afterwards to struggle out of the devastation caused by fire, and a second time reared her head more vigorous, more stately, than before?

The day on which Madame Perthes and her children were to leave Blankenese and return to Hamburg drew near. "Suddenly the white flag waved from St. Michael's tower, and now those who had been driven out streamed from all sides towards the city. We lived near the Elbe, and could see all who returned from Hanover. Among others was a whole carriage-full of little children whose parents had died in the hospital at Bremen. Numerous bands of starved creatures, with their many children and their few goods, passed our windows; and wonderfully great and moving was the visible love to house and hearth, although most had nothing to expect there but misery and want. As the poor people touched the land, they broke green twigs from the trees, and old and young, to the smallest child, had boughs in their hands, and thanked God, amidst cries of joy and tears of grief, for the deliverance from the general evil; though well knowing that each carried with him his own particular share."

On the 12th of May, the French evacuated Hamburg; on the 26th, the former Senate met; "and from henceforward," says the excellent citizen, "I can take no other part in public affairs than that which my rights of citizenship assign to me."

These are some of the episodes of this remarkable war, and they are sufficient to justify its claim to the name given to it by the Germans themselves, of the People's War. Perhaps no other ever penetrated so deeply into every recess of civil and domestic life. We have come to the end, not of our materials, but of our space, and, we fear, of our readers' patience. We have no intention of following the course of the victorious armies, as step by step they swept the oppressor from their soil. The sufferings of the French armies, so far from affording us any satisfaction, are among the heaviest charges we have to bring against the man who used them as tools and delivered them over to destruction. We utterly disclaim any intention of pointing the moral of our history against a particular nation. If the many fine qualities of the French people are mingled with an excitability which has made them more easily the dupes of ambition and the instruments of violence than some other peoples, it must be remembered that they have only pursued with greater eagerness that which all nations and ages have agreed to call glory, and have rewarded with their highest admiration. The important thing is to correct the morality handed down to us from barbarous times; and to show that restless ambition, craving for excitement, love of the sort of celebrity

called glory, contempt of peaceful men and peaceful pursuits, and disregard of what is most holy and most awful on earth—the affections and consciences of men—are, under whatever name, pretext, symbol, or banner, deserving of nothing but the eternal execration of mankind.

Nor in truth do we utterly despair of the general diffusion of this sentiment. Facts and appearances of great significance are daily presenting themselves in that direction; and people are learning more and more to distinguish between the solemn duty, and the pure and luminous renown, of a defender of his country, and the fierce and lurid glare of a conqueror's fame. This England of ours, whom the very women and children born on her noble bosom would rise to defend, has been the first to denounce the crime of aggressive war. The further we advance toward civilization, the more do we become aware of the arduous conquests we have yet to make at home, before we can attain to anything deserving the name; and of the paramount importance of the victories over barbarism, ignorance, and crime, which we have to achieve. In contemplating these, territorial or numerical aggrandisement not only appears in all its barrenness and insignificance, but as the greatest obstacle to the grand and beneficent achievements for which all our energies and resources are not too much.

These considerations are gradually forcing themselves upon the more civilized nations of Europe, and will gain strength with every advance in civilization; till the notion that glory attaches to the ruling over men against their will, or advantage, to the possession of tracts of desolated country, will be left to the barbarians of whom it is worthy.

We need not fear that the heart of man should ever be so drained of its warmest and reddest blood as to cease to beat high at heroic devotion to Country, loyalty to the great institutions and traditions that make Country what it is, or contempt of danger and death for a great cause.

We see what the Germans became; of what heroism the least martial of their men, the tenderest and most timid of their women, were capable, when the object was to deliver their country.

In endeavouring therefore to draw together some of the more striking incidents which marked the War of Liberation, our object has not been so much to exhibit the faults or crimes of the victors, as the peculiar character of the resistance provoked, and to hold it up to admiration and respect. The profound sense of the immorality of the oppressor, and of his instruments and means of governing, and the resentment awakened by the insults offered to all that they them-

selves had been accustomed to hold in honour, were among the strongest motives to engage in a conflict which they knew must be deadly, and which many engaged in with no other hope than of an honourable grave. In all parts, among all classes, we find these sentiments.

Nothing so much contributed to lower the French people in the eyes of Germany as their blind and slavish submission to a man who poured out their blood like water; who saw unmoved the flower of his people swept off time after time, rather than relinquish one scheme of ambition or revenge, or one dream of intoxicated self-love. If the attachment of Germans to the princely houses with which their own history and condition had for centuries been identified, was "canine," what, they said, was this?

We have heard this sentiment expressed often; never with greater force and vivacity than by one now no more, who in her early youth had witnessed the horrors of which beautiful Dresden was so often the scene.

"My hatred to the French for what I saw them inflict," said she, "was nothing compared to my contempt for what I saw them endure. In 1812 I had seen them pass our door on their way to Russia,—tens of thousands of gallant men, never to return; the

magnificent regiments, seen like a pageant, once and never again; the Neapolitan guard, "tall as trees;" Poniatowsky's splendid Ulans, in their gorgeous crimson uniforms; all gone, vanished; not a wreck marched back through the gates they had left full of confidence and daring. And he who had led them to destruction? The heart turns from the ignoble story. The sledge in which Napoleon returned from Moscow drove to the door of the French minister, opposite the Kreuzkirche; the minister was in bed, —he rose, and the Emperor threw himself into the warm place his servant quitted."

During the Congress of Erfurt, as our readers probably remember, Napoleon had sent for Talma, Mdlle. Georges, and the whole troop of the Théâtre Français. In August, 1813, while Napoleon had his head-quarters at Dresden, the same troop acted there. The first night of their performance, tickets were issued to all the officers above the rank of captain. The pit was one dense mass of brilliant colours, gold and silver embroidery, and all the gorgeous trappings of war; the boxes were filled with Saxon and French ladies, glittering in diamonds, and gay with feathers and flowers.

"At the moment," said the narrator, "when the carriages were setting down their gay burdens at the

doors of the theatre; at the moment when Napoleon's own carriage, escorted by a guard of thirty lancers who concealed him from the eyes of the people, drove to the splendid scene; at that moment I saw another procession move over the bridge from the Neustadt, and meet the stream of imperial festivity. I saw a long train of peasant *women* crowding along on wheelbarrows the wounded soldiers of the Old Guard. Carts and horses had long ago been out of the question; the fields were drained even of men; and in this torturing way were these gallant veterans brought, shrieking with agony, to the hospital." She covered her face with her hand, shuddering, and added, —"When I saw the bodies of shrieking, suffering men—men who suffered for him—crowded along the streets like the vilest carrion, by poor innocent country-women who were dragged from their homes and children and forced into so heart-sickening a service,—when I saw *that*, and afterwards entered the theatre, and heard the applause with which the Emperor was greeted; when I continued to see that he was the object of the enthusiastic attachment of the very men whose lives he evidently reckoned at less than the least of his desires; when I saw that they had not sufficient moral dignity to resent, or even to feel, the insult offered to human nature in their persons,—a

scorn of them took possession of my mind, which will never be effaced.

"Of the conduct of the French army to us Saxons, we had no reason to complain; they were here as allies, and the strictest discipline was observed. While not a single inhabitant of Dresden was known to perish from starvation, two hundred French soldiers died of hunger in our streets. I myself saw two fight for a raw bone which they found in a dungheap;—but they attempted no violence against the natives. Typhus fever broke out in the hospitals, and we saw the naked bodies pitched out of the windows of a third story into the street, to be piled upon baggage-waggons, and taken out of the town to be buried. Some were said to be seen to move. I need not enumerate more horrors. You will now understand my feeling about the French."

The retreat from Moscow has been so often described, that it seems a useless and ungrateful task to recal the imaginations of men to a scene unparalleled in horror; but it cannot be too often repeated, that to such scenes the love of war and conquest naturally lead. If this exceeded every other in its gigantic suffering, it was only in proportion to the

gigantic ambition and rage for warlike excitement which preceded it.

It is also useful to contemplate the so-called heroes of the war stripped of all the glitter of success and victory,—to see their brutified indifference to human suffering, their cowardly selfishness, their base rapacity. Even after death in every terrific form had swept away hundreds of thousands, avarice survived in breasts which seemed dead to everything else. Dying men, covered with rags, were seen dragging sacks of plunder with the last tenacious grasp of a desperate resolution.

Nor ought it to be forgotten that this wretched remnant of the great army, half-naked, starved, frozen, unarmed, crawled through a country which in 1812 had been the scene of their exactions, plunder, and insolence, when they traversed it *as allies*. "One hint from a single man in authority," says Arndt, "and not one Frenchman would ever have gone from the Niemen to the Pregel. No such hint was given."

"Here," says an eye-witness, "limps the cuirassier without horse, without sword, his frozen feet bound with matting and rags,—he who six months before had torn from the miserable peasant his last loaf, split it in two, and scooped out each half to

form a sort of *sabot,* in which he walked about. There another, whose hands were never weary of clutching plunder, holds out his miserable frozen stumps, and receives with his mouth the gifts extorted from pity.

"The whole country is desolate,—houses unroofed, villages burnt; even the poor animals feel the war. The horses and cows are half-starved. The way is strewed with dead bodies, mostly (oh shame and woe!) Germans (Bavarians).

"It was a horrid sight to see so many human beings, greeted at their birth with love and joy, ministered to with tenderness, still in the bloom of youth, torn from parents and country by a remorseless tyrant, dragged along like brute beasts without the least show of decency, their heads downwards, often knocking against the ground, their whole bodies deformed with filth, vermin, and disease.

"I saw a prisoner, pale and bent double, limping before me, stop, and look attentively at the dead body of one of his comrades, and then stir it with his stick. It was as if he anticipated his own fate. At this moment the sound of singing came from the hill, and presently priests in solemn vestments and sorrowing friends in black accompanied a coffin to its last resting place, with all the pious decencies of Christian

burial, while sledges were driving past heaped with the naked and disfigured bodies of the soldiers. So differently does man go to his last home!"

From the time of this retreat the fate of Europe was decided. Germany wanted nothing but union and determination to free herself from the load that had so long crushed her, and these, born of suffering and desperation, were at length matured by hope. "The hatred of the French yoke, which had been rather exasperated than repressed by all the various measures of severity, coercion, cunning, and corruption that had been resorted to, became more and more bitter. Napoleon, by his invasion of Russia, had brought a far more wasting ruin on his own army, than he had ever done on that of any other country; and Germany began to feel that her hour of deliverance was at hand. The whole existence of her population was merged in the one feeling of returning freedom, and all the weight of years of suffering fell at once from their resuscitated minds. From all the depths in which it had been forced to hide itself, arose the expression of genuine, intense and long-suppressed emotion, and broke forth in one loud shout of enthusiasm."

But it was not till after the battle of Leipzig that confidence, crushed by years of defeat and disgrace, returned. The character of that decisive battle, and of its effect on the people of Germany, is thus described by one who took part in it.

"In the conflict waged by Napoleon against the independence of Europe, it was on the field of Leipzig that he suffered his first great and irremediable overthrow. The destruction of his army in Russia a year before had profoundly shaken his power in Germany; but this last reverse made France totter, and threatened her very existence.

"The defeat of Napoleon in the three days' battle of Leipzig was not accomplished by a single and equal antagonist, but by the fraternal co-operation of whole peoples. And the consequences of that important victory manifested themselves rather in a strongly excited feeling of nationality, than in an exterminating pursuit of the enemy in his long retreat from the centre of Germany to the Rhine,—a pursuit not only practicable, but quite in the spirit of a great and decisive warfare.

"We regard the insurrection of the collective German people against their oppressor as the immediate consequence of the victory of Leipzig. Prussia had entered the lists at the beginning of this war as

champion of Germany, for the recovery of the most precious possession of a people—independence. She was now followed by the whole of Germany.

"The German States sacrificed the immediate advantage of the great victory they had gained, to the far higher object of achieving in common the recovery of their freedom, and thus awakening in the people the consciousness of their unity and strength*."

It was our purpose to bring our narrative, if so fragmentary a work may deserve the name, down to the Liberation of Germany. We are arrived at the point where that is no longer doubtful; and though we have left a thousand peculiar features of society during this great movement untold, we must hasten to a conclusion.

We will watch the allied Germans as they cross that sacred river through which "flows the stream of old tradition,"—and then we will leave them. From the moment they quit the soil of Germany, our concern with them is at an end.

On the first day of the year 1814, the first division of the Prussian army, and the Russian corps under

* Geschichte des Feldzuges von 1814, von Major v. Damitz, 1842.

General Langeron, crossed the Rhine at Caub. It was half-past two in the morning before the arrangements were made, and Major Count Brandenburg and Captain v. Arnauld, with two hundred fusileers, got on board the boats and opened the passage over the Rhine. The night was starry and clear, but the valley was in shadow, so that the movements there could not be seen. The landing was ordered to take place close to the French sentinels, without the least noise. "The passage lasted a quarter of an hour. The light in the custom-house was still burning, and no change was perceptible, so that it was clear the enemy had notperceived our movements; not a shot fell; all was still; till the Prussian fusileers, leaping from the boats, contrary to orders, greeted the left bank of the Rhine with a loud hurrah*."

Nor can we enter into the question of the results of their successes, or of the degree to which the high hopes then excited have been fulfilled. The biographer of Wilhelm von Humboldt justly remarks: "That a certain retrograde movement afterwards took place, was natural. During the war the public spirit had become so powerful and excited, so many soaring hopes had been raised and disappointed, that a calm observer, especially one intimately acquainted with

* Damitz, Feldzug von 1814.

the state of Prussia, might have seen the ebb coming, that must follow such a flood."

This is the natural consequence of all periods of high excitement, especially among a people so little prone to look realities in the face as the Germans. But if all was not obtained that was hoped, the one thing without which a nation can hardly be said to exist—National Independence—was obtained.

It is our comfort to believe, with the excellent Perthes, that "a race which has so raised itself will not sink again, but will go from strength to strength."

With Germany, and with the kindred nations of Scandinavia, the nearest sympathies of Englishmen must ever dwell. There are a thousand points on which we (often unconsciously) meet, in those regions of profound sentiment and conviction which lie far below the superficial structure of social life, or the conventional peculiarities of manners. No one can have enjoyed much and intimate converse with Germans, without feeling that the deeper they descended together to these hidden fountains, the more sure they were to find that they drew from a common well-head.

May even this humble attempt to bring into a compacter and more accessible form some of the many recitals of the fortunes of Germany during half

a century,—of the faults which prepared her fall, and the virtues which achieved and adorned her restoration,—contribute to strengthen the sympathies of which it is an imperfect expression!

APPENDIX.

I.—Page 15.

Grimm, the well-known correspondent of the Duke of Saxe Gotha, was one of those who lived to witness a complete transformation of manners. It is impossible to conceive, within the range of civilized life, two modes of existence more different than the one which Jacobs describes as prevailing at Gotha, and that which his countryman Grimm witnessed at Paris.

II.—Page 32.

"Richardson was the inventor of a conventional morality. His moralizing and sentimental heroes and heroines had already been brought into fashion in Germany by Rousseau, at the same time with the idyllic dreams of Gessner. The English novel, alas! was, even as at present, the only picture and the only instructor of a giddy life, in the case not only of many individuals, but of whole ranks and classes. The novel

shows, like other kinds of literature, the progress of the age from the natural to the fictitious;—from true and practical morality to moralizing and effeminacy, from real feeling to affected sentimentality."—*Schlosser, Hist. of Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii.

III.—Page 35.

The following is the description of the state of the book-trade in Germany at the end of the last century, extracted from the 'Life of Perthes,' published in 1848.

"Up to the end of the last century, the German book-trade was confined to the north-west of Germany. In the south-west, from Vienna to Regensburg, with the exception of some few who dealt in works of ascetic Catholicism, there were none; from Regensburg to Tyrol, only one, in Augsburg. Nürnberg supplied all the small demands of this extensive district. There were flourishing trades in Tübingen and Heidelberg; but the whole north-west, in which Münster was the last literary advanced post, was scantily provided for by Frankfurt. On the other hand, in the whole north-east of Germany, the bookselling trade had for some time made a great stride, though toward the end of the last century it was pretty nearly restricted to the sale of scientific works. Newly published books were not sent to the various booksellers of Germany, but the publishers who had any considerable business met together at Easter and Michaelmas in Leipzig, and each brought a catalogue of his newly published works with him. They called on each other, showed each other their lists, and, after much discussion on the merits and prices of their books, agreed on the number of copies they would take one from the other. As what they had once taken could not be returned, the greatest caution was used; the consequence

of which was, that the booksellers, thinly scattered about the country, were often unable to execute the orders of their customers. Application had then to be made to the publisher, but at a great expense of time and money. To obviate these difficulties, a few enterprising men, first in Frankfurt and then in Leipzig, established warehouses for the reception of all the considerable works published in Germany, where every bookseller could obtain what he wanted."

Böhme, the master of Perthes, had a large commission business, as it was then called, of this sort. Perthes was bound apprentice to this singular man in 1787. The terms of his indentures, and the history of his hard and rigorous servitude, are very curious illustrations of the manners of the time.

IV.—Page 88.

In the 'Life of George Kessler' we find mention of the "gnädige Rockkuss" (the gracious petticoat-kiss), to which he, a boy of ten years old, and his companions, were admitted, after the ballet which they performed on occasion of the birth of Princess Adelheide of Meiningen.

V.—Page 108.

"Wer den Zustand der Bayerschen Verwaltung würdigen will, findet davon in den Denkwürdigkeiten des Ritters K. H. von Lang ein nach der lebhaften scharfen Natur des Verfassers hoch gefärbtes aber gewiss in allem Wesentlichen wahres Bild.

. . . . . .

"Wie die französische Constitutionsmacherei in Bayern

nachgeahmt ward, ist in des Ritters von Lang Denkwürdigkeiten erbaulich zu lesen."—*Leben des Freiherrn von Stein*, vol. ii. p. 596.

VI.—Page 110.

Steffens, whom no one can suspect of indifference to freedom, speaks of the delight with which he first contemplated the "fürstlichen, bürgerlichen, amtlichen, häuslichen Leben der noch glücklichen kleinen Staaten."

VII.—Page 110.

"Wise men like Humboldt did not require impossibilities for Germany (at the Vienna Congress). He regarded with liking many things which fast-sailing patriots would have thrown overboard. He acknowledged the necessity of a strong bond of union among Germans; but he did not acknowledge strict national unity to be the sole salvation of a people whose character is unsuited to it, and who are unprepared for it. Even those small States, whose existence is an anomaly, and which are hardly suited to our present condition, Humboldt took under his protection; and on grounds which, if we look to the past, may be defended. In the most melancholy period of our history, it was exactly these small points that sent forth buds of the Beautiful and the Good, which were no longer to be hoped for from the greater masses. What do we not owe to the hereditary division of Saxony? what, to so small a country as Weimar?"

VIII.—Page 121.

Kessler's Life contains a very curious account of the village of Herpf, in Saxe-Meiningen. It not only illustrates the manners of the period, but shows how great were those characteristic varieties in the structure of Germany society which rendered, and the vestiges of which still render, Germany the most interesting of all countries to travel in.

IX.—Page 125.

"Has Hungary a constitution? A tumultuary Diet, the exemption of a class from all taxation and contribution, the serfage in its harshest form of three-fifths of the nation—form no constitution."—*Stein, from a letter to Hardenberg, dated* 1810.

X.—Page 131.

The following illustrations of the manners of Germany in the last century show that Lang's descriptions are not such broad caricature as they seem. They are extracted by Schlosser from the journal of a tour of pleasure made by Count Lynar in 1731, and from Keyssler's Travels, of about the same date. Count Lynar visited Würtzburg and Bamberg at the time in which a member of the family of Schönborn was bishop.

"The bishop kept up a complete court in Würtzburg and Bamberg, where he had at least thirty chamberlains and sixteen sets of carriage-horses. At table, the prince-bishop sat at the top on an arm-chair covered with crimson velvet and

adorned with golden tassels: the table was covered twice with fourteen different dishes each time, and as many afterwards for the dessert: nine pages stood round and set on the dishes, which were brought up by bearers. The bearers wore boots and spurs, and the sling of a carabine over their shoulders; they were preceded by one officer with his hat under his arm, and followed by another."

We are made acquainted with the kind of morality which prevailed at these spiritual courts by Keyssler's Travels. At the court of Würtemberg, which was famous for the qualifications of its drinkers, Keyssler found a Würzburg privy councillor and minister whom none of the Würtembergers could match. He relates that this spiritual minister was in the habit of drinking ten quarts of Burgundy in a day, and boasted that there were four or five others at the court of Würzburg who could keep him company.

At the time of Count Lynar's journey, Prince-Archbishop Clement resided at Bonn. From the description of the entertainments at the court of Cologne, it appears that nothing but foreign customs were to be seen there. Archbishop Clement maintained a court of not less than one hundred and fifty attendants: even in Lent his table was served with twenty dishes and a suitable dessert, and in his palace gentlemen and cavaliers stood round the table in rows: French was spoken, and everything was got up in the French style: a crowd of servants brought the dishes into the last antechamber, then another crowd of gentlemen clothed in black received them and set them on the table. In the audience-chamber of this German prince there stood a throne, under the canopy of which a likeness of the Pope was suspended; and in this German country the Pope's nuncio bestowed livings, and kept up a species of court and chancery, at German cost; he had a reporter and chancellor, two chamberlains and two grooms of the chambers, two chaplains, and eight servants; he kept six horses, and, besides all this, sent large sums for himself and for the Pope to Rome.

Then follows a description of the boundless and infamous luxury and extravagance of Count Brühl's household at Dresden in 1744, the army of servants, and the ostentatious preference of everything French.

XI.—Page 133.

The following is a description of the manners of Von Busche, the Minister of George II. and the friend of Queen Caroline.

"He could not endure clothes, neck-handkerchiefs, or other things of certain colours, such as blue and blue-mourant. On one occasion, Bergrath (Councillor of Mines) Bütemeister went to dine with him. The Minister no sooner saw him than he called out, 'Groom! Groom!' and ran away. The groom came back, and told Bütemeister, that his Excellency could not endure his dress, and he would therefore be good enough to go and choose another from the Minister's wardrobe. This he did; but as Bütemeister was a short thick man, and the Privy Councillor tall and thin, the former cut a singular figure in his clothes. But the Privy Councillor was peculiarly gracious to him at table, and rejoiced that things had been done according to his wish."—*Busching's Contributions towards the Biographies of Remarkable Persons*, pt. i. p. 309. (Halle, 1783.)

Herr von Nüssler relates, that the Minister being enraged at his brother and Heiliger for maintaining that what he thought was lamb was really veal, caused his valet to call up the cook, who, being previously warned, decided the matter in his favour. The Privy Councillor now shouted out, "Herr Heiliger! Herr Heiliger! are you still eating veal?" "Yes," answered the latter, "your Excellency, it is, and will remain veal; and your cook only agreed with your opinion in order to please you." The Minister became angry, and said, "Herr

Heiliger never ate such a ragoût at his own table, and he should not interfere in things he does not understand; he had better now give over such a foolish defence." Heiliger wished to prolong the dispute, but the party brought it to an end by agreeing with the Minister; and those who sat near Heiliger begged him to let it drop, which he did. But when the Minister continued repeatedly to cry out, "Herr Heiliger, is the ragoût still veal?" he rose from the table, put on his hat, and went away.

XII.—Page 163.

Talleyrand writes: "Vous y verrez que presque toutes les grandes maisons de l'Allemagne désirent qu'il soit pris des arrangemens convenables à la République sur les frontières vers le Rhin; que la cession de la rive gauche n'éprouvera point d'obstacle sérieux de leur part, pourvu qu'elles soient dédommagées sur l'autre rive par des sécularisations équivalentes. Quant à la Prusse, elle paraît un peu confuse du rôle qu'elle a joué en réclamant l'intégrité de l'Empire Germanique, tandis qu'elle est liée avec nous par une convention secrète qui suppose la cession à la République de toute la partie gauche, moyennant un dédommagement pour le stathouder, également pris sur la rive droite du Rhin."

On the 19th of August, when Talleyrand was already Minister, he writes: "C'est dans ce système de sécularisation auquel il faut en venir tôt ou tard, et qui est déjà consenti par la Prusse, la Hesse, Würtemberg et Bade, que l'Empereur trouvera à la fois un dédommagement plus ample, et un arrondissement plus convenable à ses états héréditaires, que dans de provinces Italiennes, agitées par les principes de la démocratie, et qui d'ailleurs seraient pour sa maison des sujets perpétuels de guerre."

XIII.—Page 169.

Schlosser calls Dohm "an honest man, filled with the spirit of the finest period of Germany, full of love for freedom and his country, and as well acquainted with affairs of State as with books;—the only man who combined the learning of the old method of education, and the capacities of an able man of business, with that eager zeal which would have enabled him thoroughly to reform the dead German life, benumbed by indifference and pedantry."

XIV.—Page 188.

The Emperor Francis was not peculiar in his accomplishments as a linguist. A little earlier, the following answer was sent by Frederic William I. of Prussia to a protest of Count Dohna's against a horse-tax, which was to be substituted for a duty on horned cattle, and which ended, "Tout le pays sera ruiné." To which the King answered, "Tout le pays sera ruiné? Nihil credo, aber das credo, dass die Junkers ihre Autorität wird ruinirt werden. Ich stabilire die Souverainetät wie einen Rocher von Bronce."

XV.—Page 202.

"All these men," says M. de Varnhagen, speaking of the remarkable constellation then assembled in Hamburg, of which Klopstock was the brightest star, "were more or less favourable to the French Revolution; and, while abhorring the cruelties into which it degenerated, persevered in their approbation of the principles out of which it sprang. The most zealous adherent of the new order of things was Syndic

Sieveking, a man of uncommon energy and talent, who, as Envoy to Paris, had maintained good relations between the Republics of France and Hamburg with great address."

He says of himself and his contemporaries, in 1804–5: "Napoleon's victories frightened us, but our wishes for his enemies were easily dissipated; and when we for a moment represented to ourselves the brave French soldiers as the champions of liberty, we readily turned our inclinations towards them. The dubious conduct of Prussia held us for a while in anxious expectation, but she soon passed from warlike menaces to peaceful agreement."

XVI.—Page 211.

"Joseph's Life is a history of the disappointments of a prince, who, inspired with the best intentions, contends against the existing state of things, without finding any assistants or fellow-labourers, or without even seeking any. He opposed his own common sense to prescriptive right and feudal institutions, to politics and pedantry, to the study of the law, and to the then-prevailing superstition,—nay, even to the constitution and to charters of every description; he was often obliged therefore to act the tyrant against his will, in order to carry into effect those measures which form a subject of rejoicing to all men of understanding in Austria, even to the present day. He alone was able to diffuse the little light, which all the friends of progressive improvement hailed with joy, and for which many yet bless the Emperor in secret." —*Schlosser.*

XVII.—Page 217.

It was on his return from this interview that Francis, after a long silence, said to his aide-de-camp Lamberti, with that pe-

culiar expression of intense anger which his eyes and mouth conveyed, "Jetz weil I'n gesöge hab, jetz kann I'n gar nimmer leiden."—*Lebensbilder, etc.*

XVIII.—Page 233.

I extract a few remarks from Friedrich von Schlegel's 'Kritik von Woldemar,' because they apply to this whole class of books, and they appear to me profoundly just.

"They (Woldemar and Henrietta) talk incessantly of the lofty ideal of friendship, and formally discuss that concerning which people of real delicacy would have understood each other in silence—the nature of their connection; on the other hand, where the most prompt sincerity was necessary, they brood in secret over real or fancied wrongs.

"There must of course be many contradictions arising out of a relation, the very groundwork of which is a contradiction. Henrietta's friendship must not be love, and yet it is nothing else. The feeling of want, dependence, and absorption which characterize it, is totally distinct from friendship, which must not be founded on a sense of mutual dependence, and must be kept as free as possible from all feeling of want. . . .

"It is true that friendship between a man and a woman is quite possible,—a friendship so passionate as to resemble love, yet essentially different from love. But, in such a case, the man must not be vain, or sensual, or feeble, but master of himself. The woman must not only be capable of looking beyond the horizon of women who live only in their beloved or their children; she must be able to love Ideas actively and practically, not merely to talk about them; for friendship is a common attachment to, and enthusiasm for, Ideas; and she must be got beyond the wants and the anxieties of a girl.

"The truth is, not a day passes in which such friendships between persons of different sexes, as that of Woldemar and Henrietta, are not begun, terminated, or troubled—by

their own fault, and other people's; for nothing is more common than this mixture of strength and weakness,—of pure love and pure selfishness. Nor is this freedom-destroying, boundless devotedness, which Jacobi so often, directly or indirectly, lauds as the fairest virtue of woman, at all rare; it is the ordinary quality of all women who are good-natured, and incapable of raising themselves to any independence of character. This is what Woldemar requires from his friend as well as from his wife; and his ideal of friendship is only too often realized in ordinary marriages. One might call such a friendship an exaggerated marriage."

"The tendency to find their characters, actions and relations, severally and mutually, extraordinary, strange, and incomprehensible, is a characteristic of all this class of heroes and heroines. They cannot do the most trivial act without falling into ecstasies at their own singular nature."

"It is a great misfortune for a man to become the pet of those immediately about him; he has often only his faults to thank for it, and these it increases."

"Woldemar's relations and friends seem to exist only for his sake; when they are not acting or suffering for him, they are holding council about the state of his heart and soul. How intolerably disturbing and oppressive must the consciousness of this be to a healthy-minded man! Such a man as Woldemar is only confirmed in his vanity by it, and sunk deeper into those speculations about himself to which he is so prone. This '*Grübeln*' is the best means to weaken and destroy a mind already diseased, as continued physicking destroys the body.

"Woldemar, who is active only where one is sure to meet with no resistance whatever,—in the domain of the imagination,—makes it a regular business to register all his feelings.

"The tone which is diffused over the whole book, and

gives it a monotony of colour, is exaggeration (over-excitement—*Ueberspannung*); a tension of every object of love or desire beyond all the bounds of truth, justice, or propriety, into the measureless void."

XIX.—Page 260.

"I honour the King for his piety and virtue, and his pure love of all that is good; I love him for his kind and benevolent nature; and I pity him for living in an iron age, in which his gentleness and rectitude only accelerated his fall, and in which the one thing needful is an overwhelming military talent, united with reckless selfishness."—*Stein.*

XX.—Page 304.

There is a letter of his to the Duchess, admirable for its simplicity, dignity, and calmness, and for the affectionate and unexaggerated respect with which he addresses his noble wife.

"*A. S. A. S.*

"*Madame la Duchesse régnante de Weimar.*

"*Havelberg*, 27 *Octobre*, 1806.

"Monsieur de Spiegel m'a atteint avant-hier. Un détachement des corps que je commandais, avait pris la route de Hameln; il a suivi celle-là, croyant m'y trouver, et c'est cet incident-là et plusieurs autres qui l'ont induit en erreur, et ont été la cause de ce qu'il m'a trouvé si tard.

"J'ai expédié le capitaine de Bose, au service de Saxe, au Roi de Prusse, pour supplier sa Majesté de renvoyer tout-de-suite mon bataillon à Weimar, et j'ai adressé mes vœux au

Roi, pour qu'il décidât, si avec honneur je pouvais quitter son service à présent, ou non.

"J'attends journellement la réponse. Vous savez, que je n'ai eu dans le dernier temps aucune influence à Berlin, que l'on ne m'y aimait point, et que j'aurais quitté le service Prussien cet été, si les lois de l'honneur ne m'avaient pas forcé de suivre l'armée à cette guerre-ci.

"Il y a vingt ans que j'y sers. Je ne pouvais m'en détacher sans un blâme; et la persuasion d'avoir fait son devoir, et une réputation pure, c'est la seule consolation véritable, qui ne nous quitte jamais, si le malheur nous dérobe les agrémens de l'existence.

"Il m'est connu, que l'Empereur honore le soldat qui fait son métier avec zèle; il ne pourra donc jamais me mépriser. Sa volonté suprême décidera du sort de ma famille et mon pays.

"Il est à espérer que le haute clémence de sa Majesté Impériale inspirera à ce monarque vainqueur des sentimens équitables par rapport à notre Saxe. Elle est dans ses mains.

"Je désire qu'il s'adoucisse, et que sa Majesté Impériale m'accorde son estime.

"Par rapport à ce que vous avez fait pour Weimar, avec quelle constance et avec quelle courage vous avez supporté les adversités, il n'y a qu'une voix là-dessus: votre propre conscience seule peut vous en récompenser complètement. Vous vous êtes fait une réputation digne des temps passés! Que la Providence vous bénisse et vous fasse jouir du fruit de vos bonnes actions! Je n'écris à personne qu'à vous.

"Adieu, ma bonne amie! Que vous soyez heureuse, comme vous le méritez!

"C. A., Duc de Weimar."

XXI.—Page 271.

"As his faithful attendants bore him in a litter, in his flight across the Danish frontier, blinded and tortured by his wounds,

Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand's deepest agony was the disgrace. 'Quelle honte, quelle honte,' he groaned forth. Bonaparte had refused his prayer to be allowed to die in the castle of his fathers."—*Lebensbilder, etc.*

XXII.—Page 318.

I intended to translate the very curious conversation between Napoleon and Wieland, related by Fr. von Müller, who heard it, but I cannot task my readers' patience further. They will find it in the 'Erinnerungen, p. 249.

XXIII.—Page 320.

Immermann thus describes the influences of literature in his student days, which fell within the period of the French domination. "Lessing was somewhat out of fashion. His adorers were to be found among men of a maturer age. But Klopstock was by no means so neglected. It was esteemed a sacred duty to possess the 'Messiah,' and, if possible, to master the first ten books. His odes gave us no trouble; they filled us with a sort of rapture. Wieland's elegant raillery passed with us for the flower of wisdom. Voss's 'Louisa' was in high honour; above all, Schiller and Goethe, the former dead a year before the national downfall, and still beaming in the full glow of sunset; the latter living, and sowing the richest treasures in the furrows of the miserable times.

"The poetry of Germany," he adds, "was peculiarly adapted to be the consolation of an oppressed people. Goethe and Schiller were the two apostles whose preaching elevated the German people to courage and to hope. The relation in which the youth of Germany stood to their great writers was one of passionate affection. They appeared to us saints, whose footsteps it was the highest happiness to behold. Criticism was not thought of by the young men of that day; nor were our

eyes distracted. Literature formed our only intellectual food. *The arts of design, which now occupy so many minds, were never even mentioned among us.*"

XXIV.—Page 336.

The following letter was printed in a little volume of fragments from German prose writers published in 1841; but, as that is little known, and is now I believe out of print, it may not be amiss to place once more before the public so noble a production. The Queen very likely views the conduct of her husband in a more favourable light than an impartial judge would do; but who expects or wishes to find in such a woman as Louisa of Prussia an impartial judge of her husband?

Louisa, Queen of Prussia, to her Father, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

"*Memel, June 17th*, 1807.

"With the deepest emotion, and tears of the tenderest gratitude, I have read your letter of April last. How can I thank you, best and kindest of fathers, for all the proofs I have received, of your love, your favour, your indescribable goodness to me? What a consolation, what a support are they to me in my afflictions! The object of such love cannot be utterly unhappy. Another enormous calamity has overtaken us, and we are now on the point of leaving the kingdom. You may think what is my state,—what are my feelings. Yet, in the name of God, I conjure you, do not misunderstand your daughter! Believe not that any pusillanimous sorrow bows down my head. There are two main sources of courage that raise me above all that fate can do: the first is, the thought that we are no sport of a blind chance, but that we abide in God's hand, and under the guidance of His providence; the second, that we fall with honour. The King has proved,—to the whole world he has proved,—that he prefers honour to

shameful submission. Prussia will not wear the chains of a voluntary slavery. Nor is there a single point on which the King could have acted otherwise, without being false to his own character, and a traitor to his people. What strength the consciousness of this gives, he alone can know through whose whole being the feeling of honour flows like life-blood. But to the point. By the disastrous battle of Friedland, Königsberg has fallen into the hands of the French. The enemy presses hard upon us, and if this danger approaches but a little nearer, I shall be compelled to leave Memel with my children. The King will rejoin the Emperor. I go, as soon as the peril becomes imminent, to Riga:—God will help me to endure the moment when I must pass the frontier of Prussia. There I shall stand in need of strength; but I look up to Heaven, whence come both good and evil, and my fast faith is, that it sends not more than we can bear. Once more, best of fathers, we fall with honour, respected by other nations, and we shall never cease to have friends, because we deserve them. How tranquillizing this thought is, it is impossible to say. I bear all with a calmness and composure which only a peaceful conscience and pure intentions can give. Be assured therefore, dearest father, that we can never be completely unhappy, and that many who are loaded with crowns and successes are not so cheerful as we. God send every virtuous man peace in his own breast, and he will ever find cause of rejoicing. Yet one thing more for your consolation:—nothing will ever be done on our side that is not consistent with the strictest honour, and with fidelity to the common cause. Think not of the possibility of any pitiful concessions for our own peculiar interest. This will be a comfort to you, I know, and to all who belong to me. I am ever your true, dutiful, and most loving daughter, and, God be thanked, I can say, since your gracious kindness permits me,

"Your Friend,

"LOUISA."

XXV.—Page 340.

The most remarkable example of silent and ceaseless brooding over the means of delivering Germany from her yoke. is that of General von Knesebeck, for the details of which we refer the reader to General Müffling's Life, which is doubly known to the English public, through a translation and an able article in the 'Quarterly Review.'

XXVI.—Page 360.

Varnhagen joined the Austrian army just before the battle of Wagram (July, 1808). "It was still the old Imperial army," he says, "formed by the union of the most different peoples, and bound together by the unbroken tradition of centuries. You might think you saw the very soldiery described by Schiller, in 'Wallensteins Lager,'—the brutal, reckless, jovial fellows, to whom the fanfaronade of war was utterly unknown. A grenadier had his musket curled up in his hand by a cannon-ball, like a hunting-horn; he looked at it, and said, with pitiful look, 'Such a good musket!' An officer asked a small party of grenadiers, who had just been charging, where their battalion was: 'We are the battalion,' said one, simply."

XXVII.—Page 366.

I must be excused for giving the following beautiful sentence in the original; I found it among innumerable anonymous scraps, and from its style must attribute it to the pen of M. de Varnhagen.

"Es ist viel über jene Zeit geschrieben geworden;—wer sie in gesunder Jugend frisch durchlebt hat, dem wird keine der Beschreibungen völlig genügen; sie hatte Das mit der Liebe gemein; dass, obgleich sie in Aller Herzen widerhallte, jeder Einzelne sie ganz anders durchfühlt, durchlebt oder durchträumt zu haben wähnt, als seine Genossen."

XXVIII.—Page 367.

Bohlen speaks of the disappearance of whole troops of boys torn from their parents. This is not wonderful; for of what value to conquerors are human beings who cannot fight? But we read with surprise of the disappearance of works of art, which were supposed to be taken to adorn France.

"Berthier asked M. de Varnhagen and his friends, then in Paris, if they had seen all the galleries of art; upon which an elderly French general, whose name they could not hear, spoke of the Musée Napoléon, and expressed his surprise at finding so few of the conquered works of art in Paris, since he had, as he said, seen at least three times as many packed up in foreign countries. A great portion of them seemed to disappear between their departure and arrival. The following may serve as an example how carefully they were treated. Napoleon chose to carry away the simple sandstone pillar, erected in commemoration of the battle of Rosbach; all on a sudden it was missing, and at the Peace was nowhere to be found. The Emperor was in a rage, and inquiries were made underhand as to what it looked like: they were very near substituting a false one. At last the true one was unexpectedly found at Brest, and is now restored to its original place."

XXIX.—Pages 368, 403.

I must add a recollection of my own childhood to those I have borrowed from others. I was at Yarmouth when the Duke of Brunswick-Oels and his gallant band of Black Hussars landed; I heard they had escaped from the French, and had passed through incredible hardships and dangers. Of all this I had but a very faint and imperfect conception. But I distinctly remember the black uniforms, the white death's-head and cross-bones on the caps, the worn and squalid looks of some, and the extremely youthful appearance of others,—above all, the long fair hair twisted round these young but

weather-beaten heads. What struck me above all, however, was to see groups of them in the confectioners' shops, eating barley-sugar and other such wares with astonishing avidity. The English code of morals, which condemns a taste for "sweet things" as childish and almost disgraceful, made me feel the sight of these hardy warriors so employed to be most strange and incongruous. Poor fellows! I have often thought since, with profound compassion, of the long and dire privations which rendered the first attainable "*Süssigkeiten*" so irresistible.

XXX.—Page 380.

Even the Bavarians, who had been among the earliest allies of Napoleon, were beginning to follow him with a reluctant and hesitating obedience. The following is a very characteristic letter of his to the Bavarian General von Wrede, of which Ritter von Lang obtained possession :—

"Monsieur le Général de Wrede,—Je suis mécontent des troupes Bavaroises. Au lieu de se battre, elles clabaudent et font des intrigues contre leur chef. Je viens de traduire le Général Stenzel à un conseil d'enquête pour avoir abandonné Golling. Pourquoi n'y mourait-il pas? On n'abandonne pas une poste sans l'ordre de son chef. Les troupes Bavaroises sont démoralisées. Montrez ma lettre à Duroc, et dites-moi *si les Bavarois veulent mériter mon estime ou mon mépris.* Lorsque des troupes sont démoralisées, c'est au chef et aux officiers à rétablir leur moral, ou à périr. Il y a eu des traits de lâcheté de commis, qu'il est à l'honneur de l'armée Bavaroise de dénoncer et de faire punir; tels que de s'être laissés prendre prisonniers dans les gorges de Tyrol, plutôt que d'effectuer la retraite. *A l'armée il n'y a pas de Prince.* Il est possible que le Prince-Royal ait à se plaindre du Duc de Danzig; *mais cela n'a rien de commun avec l'honneur des armes:* il fallait marcher à l'ennemi lorsqu'il insultait aux drapeaux Bavarois

jusqu'aux débouchés de Salzbourg. Je voulais faire un ordre à votre armée. Cet ordre fut resté dans l'histoire. J'ai préféré vous écrire,—à vous, que j'estime pour vos talens et votre courage. Parlez à vos camarades, et faites qu'ils ne soient point déshonorés. Qu'on ne m'oppose ni Si, ni Mais, ni Car; je suis un vieux soldat. On doit vaincre ou mourir. J'aurais voulu qu'au premier soupçon de l'attaque, le Prince eût couru aux avant-postes, et eût redonné du moral à sa division. Comme je sais que vous êtes attaché au Prince autant que je le suis moi-même, vous ne ferez de cette lettre que l'usage que vous jugerez convenable.

"Sur ce, je prie Dieu, etc.

"NAPOLEON.

"Schönbrunn, (*sic*)
"le 8 Oct., 1809."

XXXI.—Page 382.

The memory and the sentiment of these days is still fresh and living in German hearts. In the sitting of the 1st May, 1847, of the Prussian Chamber, the venerable Minister at War, General von Boyen, having alluded to the days of the struggle for independence, an eminent deputy from the Rhine provinces, and a member of the opposition, Herr von Beckerath, said, "An honoured member on the ministerial benches had led us back to the hallowed ground of our great national recollections. We followed him willingly, for that ground is an evergreen spot, fanned by the breath of that love of country which inspires us with strength for the noblest efforts; we followed him willingly, for the speaker was one of those men on whom the people look with veneration, because they fulfilled the great mission at that time confided to them; we followed him, moreover, willingly into those times, because they afforded brilliant proofs that the army and the people are not two, but one living whole; proofs, that in every breast,

whatever were the colour of the coat that covered it, there beat but one heart for king and country."

General von Boyen was one of the few men who enjoyed the complete and unalterable confidence of the late King, and to the last hour of his long life the profound respect of the people.

XXXII.—Page 399.

This was the Government of which Johannes von Müller, the historian of Germany, had become the servant. Steffens describes his appearance in the train of King Jerome as Conseiller d'État and head of the University of Halle in 1811. Both had been overwhelmed by the same calamity; but Steffens had continued poor, unpatronized, an object of suspicion to the French Government. Von Müller had been promoted, decorated, salaried. In this unequal condition, Müller the *Chef* of his former colleague, they met after three years' separation. The man whom the conqueror had infamized by his favours "had lost all hope; he was completely dejected, and did not conceal it. He warned me," says Steffens, "that he had heard of my imprudent expressions. 'I can protect no one,' said he; 'I am forced to witness in silence the ruin of the imprudent.' After I had been with him about half an hour, he reached out his hand to me with a melancholy air; the tears were in his eyes. 'You must go,' said he; 'a longer interview might seem suspicious.' This was the man who had preserved and uttered the great traditions of the German mind. Such a spectacle was dreadful: it was terrible to be compelled to change respect into pity."

There are some letters from Perthes to Johannes von Müller, after the latter had taken office under the French, which show the struggle between reluctance to believe his old and admired friend a traitor to his country, and disapprobation

of Müller's conduct. He thought the historian had been seduced not so much by self-interest, as by a fantastic and infatuated enthusiasm for a striking historical figure,—a thing not impossible in Germany.

XXXIII.—Page 412.

A citizen of the middle class gave 20,000 marcs to fit out a squadron under his own command.

A collection made among the servants alone of Hamburg amounted to 10,000 marcs.

XXXIV.—Page 417.

The following are examples of the sentiments entertained by enlightened Germans with regard to England.

Perthes' strongest conviction was that the hope of Germany lay in union alone. He had no faith in anything that could be done by this or that sovereign. "How," asks he, "did the English obtain their Constitution? How extort their liberties from contending parties? How maintain them, against concentrated power and strong governments? Who kept them in sight? How was all this transmitted from father to son? Here is a mirror to hold up to Germany."

Letter from the Count F. L. Stolberg to Perthes.

"*Tatenhausen, February*, 1814.

"The present is a seed-time such as never was before in Germany. They who sought to make the country a desert, only made it fit to receive the seed.

"God called the scattered dry bones together, and vigorous men and manly youth stood erect, and conquered. . . . It was the most earnest endeavour of the German Jacobins,—

and how successful!—to make England contemptible and odious,—that country whose Constitution secures the liberty of the individual and the welfare of the nation more than any that ever existed; while, at the same time, it is the bulwark of the independence of every other country in Europe, defeats every attempt to subjugate any continental country;—has no desire,—can have none,—to make conquests in Europe, and has just freed the whole of Europe from the hardest and most ignominious yoke. To reproach England with acting from selfish motives, is to reproach her with having her welfare inextricably bound up with our existence, her freedom with our independence, no less than our freedom with her independence.

"We have not bought our regeneration too dear by the disgrace and the suffering of twenty years. May we but deserve the one as we deserved the other! May we preserve the community of spirit that has been awakened! May the political pusillanimity which has been, for centuries so peculiar to our nation, always so valiant in the field, be for ever banished! Napoleon's fall is certain; we have broken the French yoke, but much remains to be done. All ties are loosened. What concessions are required! what moderation on the side of the sovereigns! what willing sacrifices on the part of all!

"F. L. Graf zu Stolberg."

XXXV.—Page 428.

Hoffmann's Journal shows the utter and almost incredible ignorance in which the inhabitants of Dresden were kept of all that was going on and preparing. "On the 15th, Napoleon left Dresden by the Silesian road. The following days, 'deathlike stillness.' It is secretly reported that Austria has joined the Allies. It is said that the Russians and Prussians are approaching the city." The first authentic news of

their approach was conveyed by the thunder of cannon, and the sight of the wounded brought in on wheelbarrows. On the 26th he saw the batteries thrown up close to the town.

"At eleven o'clock on that day, the Emperor came riding at a brisk pace over the bridge, mounted on a little cream-coloured horse:—there was a dead silence among the people; he turned his head rapidly on every side, and had a manner I never saw in him before. He rode to the palace, alighted for a few seconds, and rode again to the bridge, where he gave orders to his aides-de-camp, brief, but very loud. He took snuff very frequently, and looked continually through a little telescope across the Elbe."

The same afternoon the city was bombarded.

"August 30.—Unbroken, dead stillness. Met the Emperor. With a fearful look and tone, he called to an aide-de-camp, 'Voyons!'

"October 22.—The Emperor is beaten, and has retreated to Erfurt.

"November 22.—Saw an Austrian and a Russian officer in full dress. A feeling of joy, like no other. Yes, it is true! —Freedom!

"December 21.—My feelings were utterly indescribable as I saw the French march out after the capitulation, without their arms. How ingeniously they have devastated beautiful Dresden you can have no idea. Now we breathe freely."

XXXVI.—Page 430.

I must relate two little anecdotes, which show how intense was the feeling of hatred to the conquerors, and how it overmastered every other feeling, even in persons removed by sex and age from any ordinary political influences. I was talking about the "French times" with my friend Adèle Schopenhauer, when she told me, but as nothing extraordinary, the following fact. In 1813, when the people of Weimar rose

against the French, M. de St. Aignan believed himself in danger, and made his escape through Madame Schopenhauer's garden. Adèle happened to be at home and alone. She hastened to his assistance, and conducted him to the gate. In doing so she spoke to him in French. He was startled, and said, "Mais, Mademoiselle, je ne vous ai jamais entendu parler Francais!" "C'est que je ne l'ai pas voulu," she replied. Yet M. de St. Aignan had been her mother's constant guest during the whole time of his residence at Weimar. A singular proof of the strength of the feeling of national injury in a young girl, who liked talking, and talked French well! Nor was she at all ignorant of, or blind to, the high claims of the French to the admiration of mankind.

The other incident relates to a woman of the humbler classes. We heard it from a lady at Berlin, who was intimately connected with many of the most eminent actors in the scenes we have described. A poor woman, who used to bring her flowers from a village near Berlin, had arrived at her door one day with her usual load, and while there was told that the Russians had set fire to the village she inhabited, and in which French troops were quartered, and that her own house was in flames. She clasped her hands with a sort of rapture, and exclaimed, "Let it burn! let everything I have burn, if it will help to get the French out of Prussia!"

THE END.

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 July, 2018